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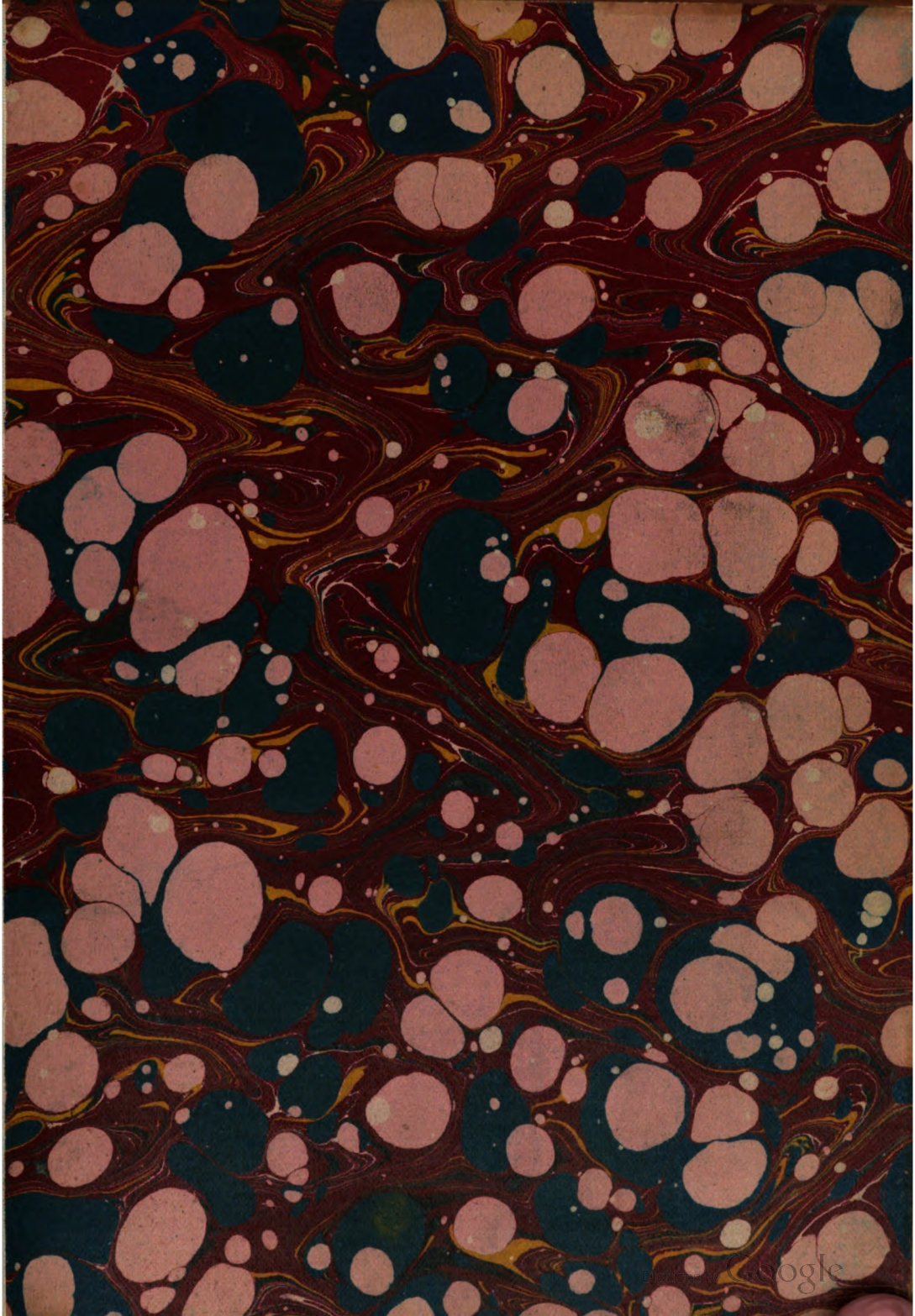

WORRALL
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J. P. Collier

Miscellaneous Tracts

Temp. Eliz. & Jac. I.

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PERIMEDES
THE BLACKE-SMITH.

A golden methode, how to vſe
the minde in pleaſant and pro-
fitable exerciſe:

Wherein is contained ſpeciall principles fit for the higheſt
to imitate, and the meaneſt to put in practiſe,
how beſt to ſpend the wearie winters nights, or
the longeſt ſummers euenings, in honeſt
and delightfull recreation:

Wherein we may learne to auoide idleneſſe and wanton
ſcurrilitie, which diuers appoint as the end
of their paſtimes.

Heerein are interlaced three merrie and neceſſarie diſcourſes
fit for our time: with certaine pleaſant Hiſtories
and tragicall tales, which may breed delight
to all, and offence to none.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit vtile dulci.

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LONDON.
Printed by Iohn Wolfe, for
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INTRODUCTION.

WHAT follows is one of Robert Greene's later productions, because four years afterwards he died in great poverty and misery. If search were made in the registries of Norwich, it is probable that the date of his birth might be ascertained, as in that city he first saw the light, and he was fond of stating that he was a Norfolk man. His birth can hardly be fixed earlier than 1560 (making him some four years older than Shakespeare), as he took his degree of A.B. at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1578, became M.A. at Clare Hall in 1583, and was admitted *ad eundem* at Oxford in 1588—the date when the pamphlet before us was published. It seems probable that he always subsisted mainly by his pen; and we do not for a moment believe the assertion that he was at one time in orders, that he held the living of Walkington, and still less that he was one of Queen Elizabeth's chaplains in 1576, only one year after he had been entered at St. John's College. ("Greene's Works," I, iv.) A coincidence of two such common names proves nothing.

When, then, did he begin to write? "Mamillia", dated 1583, has hitherto been considered his oldest production; but as early as the 20th March 1581, two years before he took his Master's degree, we found an entry at Stationers' Hall where the name of Greene is interlined, and which attributes to him "a ballad," entitled thus minutely—"Youth seeing all his ways so troublesome, abandoning Virtue and leaning to Vice, recalleth his former follies with an inward Repentance." If this memorandum

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refer to our author's "Groats-worth of Wit, bought with a million of Repentance", or to his "Farewell to Folly", it shows that they were in existence considerably before their appearance in print in 1591 and 1592. We do not believe that it applies to either of them, but to a separate and kindred poetical work, which has not come down to us. See "Bibliogr. Catalogue", 1865, vol. ii, p. 316. The "ballad" must have been written while Greene was still at Cambridge; and it may have had, even then, a personal application.

Although in various of his works, particularly in his "Never too Late" (which is full of curious information, well deserving reproduction in its first shape) Greene laments over the "faults and follies of his youth," he never seems to have reformed; and his death, in September 1592, was owing to a debauch of which he and some of his friends partook, and from the effects of which he never recovered.

His "Perimedes" was evidently a hasty production, written in a rather careless and, in some respects, easy style: it has more simplicity (in accordance with the two main characters) than was usual with Greene, but at the same time it is full of most inappropriate classical and other references, with an abundance of conceited and fanciful allusions, proceeding from what a contemporary humorously called Greene's "mint for the coinage of beasts, birds, and fishes," with such properties as were convenient for the illustration of his subject.

Although Greene calls the poems at the end "bad sonnets," they are among the most natural and graceful pieces of the kind.

J. Payne Collier.

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To the Right worſhip. *Geruis Cliffton* Eſquire, *Robert Greene* wiſheth increaſe of worſhip and Vertue.

NO *ſooner, Right worſhipfull, was* Alexander *come to ripe yeares, but his father* Philip *preſented him a booke and a horſe; the one, to ſignifie his delight in letters; the other, his deſire to martiall indeuours:* Pallas *had hir ſpeare, and hir pen, counted as well the patroneſſe of ſchollers, as of ſouldiers; and* Alexander, *forenamed, no ſooner laide off his helmet, but hee tooke in hand* Homers Iliades: *ſcarſe come from handling his weapon with his maiſter* Parmenio, *but he fell to parlee of ſtudie with his Tutor* Ariſtotle; *counting the profit that hee reaped by philoſophie, little leſſe then the gaines he got by his great conqueſt. Theſe premiſes conſidered, hearing how your worſhip, in the prime of your youth, not onely delighted in martiall actiuity, but fauored the ſtudy of good letters, as a Mæcenas and patron of ſuch vertuous labours, I reſolued, if I could not hang at the ſhryne of Apollo beautifull inſtruments, yet to deck his aulters with Bay garlands: and if my want hindred me*

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from offering to Minerua *great volumes, yet I aduentured to ſtrew her temple with looſe papers: though my abilitie was not ſufficient to preſent your worſhip with any worke worth the viewing, yet I preſumed, as ſpurred forward by the report of your courteſie and fame of your vertues, to dedicate this little pamphlet to your worſhip, conteyning the tattle betweene a Smith and his wife, full of diuerſe precepts interlaced with delightfull hiſtories; which if they profit ſome, and pleaſe others, let them returne the end of both to your worſhip, for whome this worke was firſt taken in hand: but howſoeuer it delights or diſcontents, ſo it fit your humour, and paſſe with your gratious acceptance, I ſhall hit the marke I aimed at; and ſo, leaſt I ſhould ſhape* Hercules *ſhoo for a childs foote, I commit your worſhip to the Almightie.*

Your worſhips to command,

ROBERT GREENE.

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To the Gentlemen readers,
Health.

GENTLEMEN, I dare not ſtep awrye from my wonted method, firſt to appeale to your fauorable courteſies, which euer I haue found (howſoeuer plawſible) yet ſmothered with a milde ſilence: the ſmall pamphlets that I haue thruſt forth, how you haue regarded them I know not, but that they haue been badly rewarded with any ill tearmes I neuer found, which makes me the more bold to trouble you, and the more bound to reſt yours euerye waie, as euer I haue done. I keepe my old courſe, to palter up ſome thing in proſe, vſing mine old poeſie ſtill, *Omne tulit punctum;* although latelye two Gentlemen Poets made two mad men of Rome beate it out of their paper bucklers; and had it in deriſion, for that I could not make my verſes iet vpon the ſtage, in tragicall buſkins, euerie worde filling the mouth like the faburden of Bo-Bell, daring God out of heauen with that Atheiſt *Tamburlan*, or blaſpheming with the mad preeſt of the ſonne. But let me rather openly pocket vp the Aſſe at *Diogenes* hand, then wantonlye ſet out ſuch impious inſtances of intollerable poetrie: ſuch mad

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and ſcoffing poets, that haue propheticall ſpirits as bred of *Merlins* race, if there be anye in England that ſet the end of ſcollariſme in an Engliſh blanck verſe, I thinke either it is the humor of a nouice that tickles them with ſelſe-loue, or to much frequenting the hot houſe (to vſe the Germaine prouerbe) hath ſwet out all the greateſt part of their wits, which waſts *gradatim*, as the Italians ſay, *poco à poco*. If I ſpeake darkely, Gentlemen, and offend with this digreſſion, I craue pardon, in that I but anſwere in print, what they haue offered on the Stage. But leauing theſe phantaſticall ſchollers, as judging him that is not able to make choice of his chaffer but a pedling chapman, at laſt to *Perymedes the Black Smith*, who ſitting in his holi-dai-ſute, to enter parlee with his wif, ſmugd up in her beſt apparrell, I preſent to your ſauors. If he pleaſe, I haue my deſire; if he but paſſe, I ſhalbe glad. If neither, I vowe to make amends in my *Oepharion*, which I promiſe to make you merry with the next tearme: and thus reſting on your wonted courteſies, I bid you farewell.

Yours as euer he hath beene,

R. GREENE.

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AU R. GREENE, GENTILHOMME,

SONNET.

Euphues qui a bien connu fils-aiſné d'Eloquence,
Son propre frere puiſné te pourroit reconnoiſtre
Par tes beaux eſcrits, GREENE, *tu fais apparoiſtre*
Que de la docte Sœur tu as pris ta naïſſance.
Marot & de-Mornay pour le langage François :
Pour l'Eſpaignol Gueuare, Boccace pour le Toſcan ;
Et le gentil Sleidan refait l'Allemand :
GREENE *& Lylli tous deux raffineurs de l'Anglois.*
GREENE *a ſon Mareſchal monſtrant ſon arte divine,*
Moulée d'une belle Idée : ſa plume eſſorée
Vole viſte & haute en parolle empennée ;
Son ſtile d'vn beau diſcours portant la vraie mine.
Courage, donc je-dis, mon amy GREENE, *courage !*
Meſpriſe des chiens, corbeaux et chathuans la rage,
Et (glorieux) endure leur malignante furie.
Zoyle arriere, arriere Momus chien enragé,
Furieux maſtin hurlant au croiſſant argenté,
A GREENE *iamais nuyre ſauroit ta calomnie.*

J. ELIOTE.

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PERYMEDES.

THERE dwelled, as the annual records of Egypt makes mention, in the Citie of Memphis, a poore man called Perymedes, whome Fortune enuying from his infancie, had ſo thwarted with contrarie conſtellation, that although hee had but his wyfe and him ſelfe to releue by his manuell labours, yet want had ſo wrong him by the finger, that ofte the greateſt cheere they had was hungar, and their ſweeteſt ſauce content: yet Fame, willing to ſupplie what fortune had faulted with defect, ſo rewarded poore Perymedes with the glorie of report, that he was not onely loued and liked of all his neighbours, but knowen for his contented pouertie through all the confines of Egypt. The man coueting, although hee were poore, to be counted vertuous, firſt eſchewed idleneſſe, the moath that foreſt and ſooneſt infecteth the mynde with many miſchiefs, and applied him ſelfe ſo to his woorke, being a ſmith, that he thought no victualles to haue their taſte which were not purchaſed by his own ſweate. Proude he was not, as one whome pouertie had checked with to great diſgrace; and yet we ſee that ſelfe loue hanges in the heart, not in the habite, that Plato durſt say (*Calco faſtidium Diogenis*) meaning that the poore Cynick was as inſolent in his patcht cloake, as Alexander the great in all his royaltie. Enuie, of all other vices hee did eſchewe, as a cancker ſo peſtilent to an honeſt minde, that it ſuffereth

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quiet not ſo much as to pry into the motions of the heart. Couetous he was not, as one that ſought by his handes thrift to ſatisfie his owne neceſſitie; and if any ſurpluſage were graunted by good lucke, hee ſlept not ſoundly on ſaturday at night, till he, his wife, and his neighbours had merilie and honeſtlie ſpent it at a homelie banquet. He wanted nothing, as one that againſt all ſpight of Fortune oppoſed patience, and againſt neceſſitie content: and yet Fortune, that ſhe might not be thought to iniurious, in lieu of all her other disfauours, lent him a wife of his owne conditions, whome he loued more then himſelfe; for the poore woman, although ſhe was barren and had no children, yet was ſhe of a verie pure and perfect complexion, and withall of ſuch good behauiour, firſt in loue and dutie to her huſband, and then in friendly and familiar conuerſation with her neighbourrs, that ſhee was thought a wife fit for ſo honeſt a husband. Theſe two, thus beloued of all the inhabitants of Memphis, preſcribed them ſelues ſuch an order of life, as diuerſe men of great calling ſought to be carefull imitators of their methode: for ſuffring no priuate jarres to come within their poore cottage, as a thing moſt prejuditiall to an oeconomicall eſtate, no ſooner had theſe two paſt away the day, he at his hammers, and ſhe at the bellowes, for boy they had none, but that ſitting them ſelues to ſupper, they ſatisfied nature with that their labour did get, and their calling allow; and no ſooner had they taken their repaſt, but to paſſe the reſt of the evening merely, they fell to pleaſant chatte betweene them ſelues, ſometime diſcourſing of what came firſt in their heads, with *pro & contra*, as their naturall logick would graunt them leaue, other while with merie tales, honeſt, and tending to ſome

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good end, without either laſci[ui]ouſneſſe or ſcurilitie. Thus euer they paſſed away the night; and for that the Egyptians, as a great monument, kept diuerſe of their diſcourſes, which ſome by chance had ouerheard, and put downe as a jewell in their librarie, I meane, as their recordes doe rehearſe, to ſet downe in brief two of their nightsprattle, which although homely tolde, yet being honeſt and pleaſant, I thought they would breade ſome conceipted delight to the hearers, and therefore thus.

The firſt nightes diſcourſe.

No ſooner had Perymedes and his wyfe Delia, for ſo was her name, ended their dayes worke, and taken their repaſt, but ſitting ſafely in their ſimple cottage by a little fire, Perymedes began thus ſolemnly and ſadlie to enter into a diſcourſe. I can not thinke, wife, but if we meaſure all our actions with a true proportion, that wee haue ſupt as daintely as the proudeſt in all the cittie of Memphis; for the ende of delicates is but to ſatisfie nature, which is ſo partiall in hir deſires, that were not our vitious mindes drowned in gluttonie, content would ſeale vpp hir requeſt with a very ſmall pittance: but ſuch is the courſe of the world now a daies, that euerie man ſeekes, with Philoxenus, to have his necke as long as a crane, that he may with more pleaſure ſwill in the ſweete taſt of their ſuperfluous deinties. But, wife, ſince I can remember here in Memphis, Pſamnetichus, our king, was of ſo ſparing a diet, that being demaunded by an ambaſſadour what caters he had for his houſhold, made anſwere, his cooke and his ſtomake; in ſeeming by this, that his cooke bought no more in the ſhambles than woulde ſatisfie what his ſtomack deſired.

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But now, wife, euery meane man muſt be ſo curious in his fare, that we are rather to be counted Epicurians than Egiptians; and our Chaldees haue more ſkill in a cup of wine than in a librarie: which ſuperfluitie bredeth both beggerie to manie, and diſeaſes to all. For ſo they drowne them ſelues in the bottomleſſe ſea of gluttonie, as at laſt they make their bodies a ſubject for the phyſition, thinking that the temperature of their complexions can neuer be well affected, vnleſſe their ſtomacks bee made a verie apotecaries ſhoppe, by receiuing a multitude of ſimples and drugges, ſo to ſettle their wauering conſtitution. Thoſe men that wed them ſelues to ſuch inordinate exceſſe, finde diuerſe and ſondrie paſſions to torment the ſtomack and all the body; which no ſooner paynes them, but ſtraight, as experience is a great miſtreſſe, they calculate the nature of the diſeaſe, and ſtraight flye to purging, to phlebotomie, to fomentacions, and ſuch medicinall decretalls, according to the interiour or exteriour nature of the diſeaſe; where as perhaps ſome ſlender fault is the efficient cauſe of ſuch a momentanie paſſion, better to be cured by time than phyſick. But exceſſe in diet (wife) breedeth this reſtleſſe deſire, and ſo manie are the diſeaſes incident by our owne ſuperfluities, that euerie one had neede to haue an herball tied at his girdle. Well, I haue heard my father ſay, that he was but one daie ſicke in all his life time, being then alſo through ouer much labour fallen into a feauer. And this perfect temperature of the bodie did not proceede from the diuerſities of potions and daintie delicates, but by a true proportion of exerciſe and diet; which Zeno, the philoſopher, noted well to be true, who beeing of a verie weake and tender conſtitution, ſubiect oft to ſickneſſe, yet neuer

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kept his bed, being demaunded of a Lacedemonian, what preſervatives he did uſe, Zeno, willing to be brieſe in his anſweres, ſhewed them a peece of bread and a diſh of water, with a ſtrong bowe of ſteele; meaning by this enigma to diſcouer vnto them, that he raced out his diſeaſes by exerciſe and faſting, as two eſpeciall pointes neceſſarie for the perfecting of mans health.

You ſay truth, husband, quoth Delia; for oft haue I heard my mother ſay, that three thinges are the chiefeſt delicates, which who ſo vſeth ſhall liue long and happely, hunger, quiet, and mirth; but to auer your ſayings to be true, euerie one ſeekes to attaine the contrarie, which cauſeth ſuch ſodaine death and perilous diſeaſes: mo periſh by gluttonie than by the ſworde, for in ſteade of hunger men ſeeke to ſatisfie nature with exceſſe; for quiet, enuie at others happineſſe preſentes a ſtratageme, for mirth melancholie, and couetous humours how moſt greedily to gaine. Thus euerie one ſeekes that time and experience proues moſt prejudiciall; but the time hath bene, yea, Perymedes, and within my remembrance, when the inhabitantes of Memphis knewe not what ryot and ill diet ment, but euery man, applying him ſelſe to frugalitie, coueted to be thought honeſt and vertuous, where as, nowe a daies, the meaneſt doth deſire to be thought proud and ſumptuous. While Numa Pompilius baniſhed exceſſe out of Rome, there was no drugges brought to the cittie from Africa: while Romulus drunke no wine, exceſſe was not noted amongſt his ſubjects; neither had a phyſition any palme in his dominions, till his ſucceſſors Caligula, Nero, and the reſt, aſſigned trophees and triumphs for ſuch as beſt could play the part of epicures. And becauſe, my good

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Perymedes, we be ſet alone by the fire (and with this ſhe recht him a friendlie *Bezo les labros*), and none here but our ſelues, thou ſhalt ſee what long I haue kept cloſe in my cheſt,—certaine precepts of phyſick that long ſince were giuen by one of the Caldees to Pharao, the laſt king of Memphis of that ſirename: which, for that they were pretious as wel for the doctrine as the methode, I haue kept them as dere as I did my virginitie before I met thee. And with that ſhe hied her to her hutch, where ſhe ſet out an olde peece of parchment, where was written as followeth:

Certaine preceptes of houſhold phyſick, given by Rabby Bendezzar, one of the Chaldees, to Pharao, the king of Memphis.

Conſidering, right mightie ſoueraigne, that dutie brooketh not exceptions of time, but that the reuerent ſeruice of an honeſt minde is tied to his lord as carefully in ſickneſſe as in health, although want, the enemy to deſire, hath not ſtored my librarie with Galen, Auicen, nor Hyppocrates, yet dutifull affection, willing to make ſupplie, preſented from the garden of my thoughts certeine receipts, compounded of ſundrie ſimples, which I beſeech your highneſſe to apply as ſhall beſt ſtand with your fauourable opinion.

Firſt, to preſent an aphoriſme, which Auicen grudged to pen down, as an enemie to that ſcience, receiue twenty ounces of merrie conceipts, pounded in the mortar of a quiet reſolution: vſe this pouder in your morning and euening potions, forbearing to much exerciſe of minde, as prejudiciall to the body: ſith the world, the paimiſtreſſe of vertuous indeuours, hath all her coffers filled with forgetfull ingratitude.

The world the worſt paymaſter.

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2. And ſith ſickneſſe deſires companie, and ſondrie ſorts preſentes them ſelues to a ſolitarie man, vſe a charme ſo pretious, as Galen feared to bewray amidſt his principles: write over your chamber dore in ſiluer letters, *Neque medicus ſi moroſus.* By this ſpell you ſhall forbid Melancholie entrance, the foreſt enemie to mans helth, whoſe operations, as they are ſecret, ſo they are mortall. If this ſhould faile, receiue an experiment confirmed with *Probatum eſt.* Take the ſweete herbe called pleaſant content; with that make a perfume about your bed chamber and where you dyne: the ſavour of this is as ſure a repulſe to exile melancholie, as the oſtraciſme was to the noble of Athens.

Melancholie, the foreſt enemy to mans health.

3. Science, a monſter that wayteth upon oportunitie, preſents by her ſelfe to a ſicke perſon in ſondrie ſhapes, ſome breeding proffit, others prejudice to auoide hir illuſion. Note this: when ſhe comes with a plawſible ſpeech, hir attier black in damaſke or veluet, a ſide gowne, a large cape, holding in the one hand a glaſſe of goates milke to reſtore, in the other ſome ſecret drug to purge ſuſpect, and graunt no admittaunce, vnleſſe you ſee about her three markes:—in hir forehead the figure of myrth, in hir boſome the pourtraiture of conſcience, and the mouth of her purſe ſealed with the ſignet of content, marked thus: vſe hir as a friend, and ſend hir away rewarded.

The diſcription of a phyſition.

The marks of a good phiſition.

4. In that ſickneſſe is paſſionate, and choller, the heralt of melancholie, inflicteth many griefes by ouerflowing of the gall, to ſuppreſſe his enuious furie, take an herbe of a mild ſauour, yet verie precious, called patience: his vertue is reſtrictiue and expulſiue, knitting content to the minde, and driuing out diſquiet from the thoughtes.

Patience a precious ſimple.

5. The auncient Alcumiſts repoſed great truſt in their

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philoſophers ſtone, as the moſt neceſſarie jewell to drawe out quinteſſes for reſtoratiues. But our late phiſitions haue found out a ſingular minerall, called Hope; applie this to your ſtomack as a ſoueraine ſimple againſt diſquiet and feare, two paſſions incident to many patients.

Hope a ſingular preſeruative.

6. Albertus Magnus, in his Secrets, ſets downe the nature of ſundrie herbes, ſome to procure mirth, other ſleepe, according to their particular vertues; but our late practicioners haue found a roote, whoſe operation comprehendeth all thoſe properties which they call Hearts eaſe: this applie to your leſt ſide, both day and night, in ſickneſſe and in health, as a defenſorie againſt enſuing griefes, a preſeruer of preſent quiet, and a medecine generall for any paſſionate diſeaſe. Thus, right mightie ſoueraigne, though not as a phiſition, for that our times and diets brooke not hir axiomes, yet as a poore and dutifull wellwiller, I haue ſet downe ſondrie ſimples fit for receites; which if it ſhall ſtand with your highneſſe good liking to applie, I ſhall reſt, as euer I haue done, an earneſt ſuter to the Almightie, that their operation may take wiſhed effect, as well for recouerie, as for preſeruing your health.

Harts eaſe a defenſorie againſt griefe.

RABBY BENDEZZAR.

They had no ſooner ſcanned over this wryting, but Perymedes began to accuſe the iniquitie of their time, that had made ſuch difference in medicinal precepts, and therefore burſt forth into theſe tearmes. Well, wiſe, thus fares the courſe of the worlde, to decline euer to the worſt, for when Rabby Bendezzar ſet downe theſe principles to Pharao, no doubt epicures had not yet erected any academie in Egypt; but ſince his time, exceſſe hath taken ſuch an

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intereſt in the mindes of men, that his reaſons would be counted follies, in that every axiome ſheweth not the art of an apothecarie. But leaving ſuch to their follies, how happie are we that eate to liue, and liue not to eate; who count it a banquet to ſuffice nature with any thing, hauing our health, when greater potentates are pained with ſurfets. Well, husband, quoth Delia, ſeeing we are content with our pouertie, and make a vertue of neceſſitie, let vs not (*nimis altum ſapere*) ſtretch our ſtrings ſo hie as to medle with our ſuperiours, but reſt quiet at the delight of our owne eſtate: and therefore, ſeeing the night is yet long, and our fire is like to laſt, and this diſcourſe ſufficiently diſcuſſed, ſay husband, how ſhall we ſpende the reſt of the euening? for what you ſet downe I hold for lawe. In deede, wife, quoth Perymedes, it is ill medling further than the latchet: the fox had his ſkin pulled over his eares for prying into the lyons dennes: poore men ſhould looke no hier then their feete, leaſt in ſtaring at ſtarres, they ſtumble. If others offend and become vitious that are rich, it little booteth vs that are poore to reprehend them, for it reapeth often reuenge, but the beſt reward is enuie. Clytus, who was a mightie lord and friend to Alexander, was ſlayne for his good admonition: mightie men cannot brooke the touch of their ill, and, therefore, wife, we will this night paſſe away the time in telling ſome pleaſant and merie tale; ſo ſhall we beguile the euening with ſome pleaſure, eſchewe idleneſſe, the welſpring of many miſchiefes, and baniſh vaine thoughtes that breede diſquiet and diſcontent. My ſelfe will tell one, and thou ſhalt tell another. Delia by being ſilent ſeemed to conſent, and ſo Perymedes began his tale in this manner.

The huſbands wit, a law to an honeſt wife.

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Perymedes tale.

In the kingdom of Tyre, while Euribates reigned as ſoueraine, there gouerned vnder him as his lieutenant one Preſtynes, a noble man, better beloued for his juſtice then fauoured by fortune; who, hauing a ladie of no leſſe parentage than vertue, and yet accounted the moſt honorable matron in all the Eaſt parts, liued peaceably in his prouince, till Voltarus, king of Sydon, attempted the inuaſion of Tyre, and finding fortune favourable to his deſires, made a conqueſt of the lande, killing Euribates, and leading Preſtynes priſoner to Sydon. Which newes no ſooner came to the eares of his wife Mariana, for ſo was hir name, but fearing the violent handes of the enemy, being big with childe, and hauing an other of two yeares of age, ſhee, with a fewe jewels which ſhe had kept ſecret in a caſket, imbarked hir ſelf in a little frigot, intending hir courſe to Lippary, where hir friends dwelt. But fortune, who ment to make hir a mirrour of hir inconſtancie, as it were entring a league with Neptune, droue hir vpon the coaſt of Decapolis, wher perforce ſhe was forſt to lande; not remaining on ſhoare three dayes, before, in the companie of an other gentlewoman that was nourſe to hir ſonne, ſhe was brought to bed of a man childe, whome ſhe called Infortunio. Diſtreſſed thus, ſhe paſt away many daies till a faire winde might ſerue to tranſport hir to Lippary; which comming about according to the marriners minde, they cauſed the lady to ſende hir two infants aborde with their nourſe, ſhe hir ſelfe ſolitarilie walking by the ſhoare till the cockboate came againe to fetch hir. But the deſtinies, who are impartiall in their reſolutions, hauing intended a worſe

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miſhap, gaue hir a ſorer mate in this maner: no ſooner had they ſhipped the ſely babes, but that a barke of Courſayres and pyrates came by, who, ſeeing this ſhip not greatly manned for defence, bare towardes it, and borded it, carrying away both veſſell and marriners as a pryſe; which Mariana ſeeing, ſhe ſent foorth ſhrikes as intreaties to perſwade them to retourne, and moſt pittifull renting of hir hayre made ſignes of hir ſorrowes; but in vaine, for ſhe gat nothing but doleſull echoes of hir complaints, which ſtrake ſuch a grief into hir minde, that ſhe fell downe in a ſounde, till at laſt comming to her ſelſe, finding ſhe was deprived of husband, children, countrie, friends, yea, and left all alone in a deſert, ſurcharged with griefe, ſhe ſat her downe by the ſhoare, and fell into theſe piteous paſſions.

Infortunate Mariana! whome fortune, or ſome contrarie fate above fortune, hath ſought to make a ſpeciall obiect of hapleſſe and diſtreſſed miſerie, ſeeſt thou not a diſmall influence to inflict a diſpairing chaos of confuſed miſhaps? art thou not firſt by the vniuſt deſtinies bereſt of Preſtines thy husband, exiled thy countrey, a place as precious as life, ſeperated from thy friends, the ſweeteſt comfort, but nowe deprived of thy children, in whoſe companie there did conſiſt the ſalve for all the forenamed miſeries? Ah, Mariana! ſigh and ſob at theſe ſorrowes; but what auayles ſhowers when the harueſt is paſt, or grieſe when actions cannot be amended by paſſions? Nowe Mariana, doeſt thou ſee that fortune, that fiend and graceleſſe monſter, the double faced daughter of Janus, whoſe pleaſure is inconſtancie, whoſe thoughts are variable, whoſe temples are ſtrewed with roſes and nettles, and whoſe ſacrifices ſauour of moſt infectious incenſes, are not all hir gifts perilous,

Friends and countrey deare to a man.

The diſcription of Fortune.

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ſeeme they never ſo pretious? doth ſhe inriche thee with treaſure, feare that in the other hande ſhe holdes pouertie to checke thy preſumption; doth she aduaunce thee with honor and dignitie, knowe ſuch fauours are brittle, and hir braveſt feates are made of glaſſe; if with friends, alas, she preſents amidſt their troupes fained affections and flatterie. Thus euerie way hir favours are mortall, and the more gliſtring, the more prejudicial. Too late, poore ladie, haſt thou tried theſe premiſſes for trueth, thy ſelfe an inſtance of hir inconſtancie: what then shalt thou do, being thus infortunate? hope thou canſt not, ſith thy preſent mishap tels thee fortune hath reſolued thine overthrowe. Diſpaire then, Mariana; diſpaire and die; ſo shalt thou glut the ruthleſſe deſtinies with a moſt balefull ſtratageme. Since thy husband, thy children, haue bene the firſt actors, end thou deſperatly ſuch a dolefull tragedie: let fortune ſee how thou ſcornes to be infortunate: feare not death, which is the ende of ſorrowe and beginning of bliſſe, but to thee, Mariana, that lying in diſtreſſe, yet dye happie: let not diſpaire euer enter within thy thoughts; grace not fortune ſo much in hir wilfulneſſe; bee patient, and ſo ſpight hir with content, for hir greatest griefe is to ſee hir croſſes borne with an indifferent minde. Time, Mariana, is the nourſe of hope, and oft thwarteth fortune in hir decrees: then, chere vp thy ſelfe, and leade here a ſolitarie life in this deſert, with ſuch patience, as making a vertue of neceſſitie, thou drowne all diſpairing conceipts with content. I, but alas, my children, my poore babes, ſcarſe knowen to fortune, before enuied by fortune! And with that caſting hir eye to the ſea, ſhe was ſo ouerpreſſed with ſorrowe, as ſhe could not vtter any worde more, but melting into teares

Patience the beſt ſalve againſt Fortune.

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ſat a long time in ſecret and ſorrowefull meditation, till at laſt with a deepe ſigh ſhee groned forth theſe wordes, hope and patience. And with that ſhe roſe, and reſolued to liue as a ſauage woman, till death, or ſome better deſtinie, might mitigate ſome part of hir martyrdome. In this reſolution, ſhe went and ſought her out a caue, which ſhe trimmed vp with boughes, making her, in ſteede of hir beddes of downe, a couch of moſſe and leaues; hir ſauce was hunger, hir foode the fruites of the earth. And thus she lay there by the ſpace of two or three yeere, vnſeene, or vnknowen of any bodie. Fortune, not brooking hir owne bitterneſſe, ſeeing how patient the ladie was in hir miſeries, determined to adde ſome reliefe to hir paſſions, which shee brought to paſſe in this manner. The Deſpot of Decapolis and his wife, for ſolace ſake, being one day rode on hunting, by chaunce, in purſute of a ſtagge which they had in chace, loſt their way, and happened into that deſert; where they had not wandered long but they met Mariana in ſauage manner, almoſt naked, her haire of amber couler hanging downe to hir feete, hir face shriueled and parched with the ſunne; in ſo much as thus diſguiſed and deformed, as well with hir ill diet and the weather as with hir ſorrowe, ſhee ſeemed ſome Satire, borne and bread in that deſert. The Deſpot and his wife, amazed at this ſodaine ſight, ſtoode ſtill, narrowly marking the geſture of Mariana, who was playing with a little fawne which ſhe had nourſed vp; till at laſt ſhe, caſting vp her eyes and ſeeing them there, aroſe haſtely, and was ready to depart; but the Deſpot, who deſired to know what ſhe might be, drawing more nie, perceiued by the lineament of hir face that ſhe had bene a woman of good proportion, began to ſalute hir

A comfortable meditation.

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in this maner. Woman, Satyre, Nymphe, or whatſoeuer thou be that liueſt thus as a ſauage creature in the deſerts, tell me of courteſie, as to a ſtraunger that pitties thy eſtate, whether thou be bred here, and ſo naturally wedded to this brutiſh kinde of life, or if ſome misfortune hath led thee to this extreeme miſhap, that ſo either I may marueile at ſuch a ſtrange breede, or els both pittie and ſeeke to reliefe thy miſerie? Mariana, hearing the Deſpot ſpeake thus honorably and friendly, made no anſwere at all, but ſtaring in his face, called to remembraunce hir former eſtate, and ſhamed at hir preſent wretchedneſſe; ſo that the teares ſtanding in hir eyes, the burden of ouermuch ſorrowe made hir a long while ſilent, yet at laſt, comming more nere, ſhe made him this anſwere.

Ingratitude ought neuer to be vſed.

Curteous ſtraunger, if I ouerſlip either dutie or reuerence due to thy calling, thinke my ſauage life leades me to ſuch ignorance, and therefore the more worthie of pardon; but whatſoeuer thou be, king or keiſar, know this: I am no Satyr, but a woman diſtreſſed, and placed here by the enuie of fortune, where time and patience hath learned me to liue content: for thy pitie I returne thankes, as one whome theſe woodes haue not yet pierced with ingratitude; for thy reliefe I refuſe it as a thing contrarie to my reſolution, for in this life I meane to die. No ſoner had ſhe made this reply, but ſhe was tourning hir back, had not the Deſpots wife intreated hir to tell the courſe of hir abode in theſe deſertes, and of what parentage ſhee was. Mariana, hearing the ladie pitifull though importunate, began to reſolue hir in this maner. Madame, for no leſſe your countenance and behauiour imports, long it were to diſcourſe of my former eſtate, and a taſke worſe than death to recount my misfor-

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tunes, ſith the rubbing of halfe healed ſcarres would but renewe olde ſoores, which should greue me greatlie to rehearſe, and would little proffit you to heare. Yet ſomewhat to ſatisfie your demand, know I once taſted of honor, as deſcended from noble parentes, and as you, and felt my ſelfe ſafe, ſeated in pleaſure: welth I had, as fauoured with rich poſſeſſions, but nowe fates that cannot be auoyded, and fortune that will be miſtreſſe of hir decrees, taught me honor was brittle, and riches as bloſſomes that euerie froſt of fortune can cauſe to wither; ſo that both dishonored and poore, yet I liue more happie, for that I haue oppoſed my minde againſt all mishaps, not caring for fortune, becauſe too low for fortune. Thus, madame, you haue heard what I haue bene, and ſee what preſently I am. The Deſpot, ſeeing she would faine be gone, hearing she was of honorable parentage, ſtept more nigh and tooke hir by the hand, adiuring by the loue she euer bare to him she liked beſt, that she would tell hir name, hir countrie, and the cauſe of hir aboade in theſe deſerts. Mariana, a long while vnwilling and yet at laſt ouercome with their importunacie, diſcourſed vnto them whoſe wife she was, and from point to point diſcouered the fore rehearſed premiſes. The Deſpot and his wife, who knew very well Preſtines, hearing ſuch a tragicall cataſtrophe, tooke ſuch compaſſion of the ladie, that, ſitting downe by hir, they fell into teares; which ouerpaſt, they ſought by perſwaſions to driue hir from that miſerable reſolution, the Deſpots wife offring hir to be ſecond ladie and miſtreſſe in hir houſe, wher she should be entertained, not as a friend only, but as hir own ſiſter. Mariana was thankefull, but not to be intreated, till at laſt wonne with ſuch carneſt proteſtations, ſhe graunted to

Ineuitabile fatum.

Riches not permanent.

Courteſie is honorable.

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go with them ; which greatly contented the Deſpot, ſo that caſting his mantell about hir, and taking hir vp behind him, he roade forward to ſeeke his companie, whome when he had ſound, leauing all his ſport, he hied home to his houſe, a ioyfull man of ſuch an incounter. Where we leaue him, and retourne to the Courſayers and pyrates ; who, comming at laſt with their pryſe to Japhet, a promontorie ſeated by the ſea, they ſolde the nourſe and the two children to the gouernour of the citie, who was called Lamorag, being brother to the Despot of Decapolis ; who, when they came to age, kept them vp as ſlaues, ſetting them to all kinde of drudgerie. The nourſe, although of meane parentage yet paſſing wiſe, feared to betray from whence the children were iſſued, and therefore called them hir owne ſonnes, naming the eldeſt, whoſe name was Caſtriot, Procidor ; but the yongeſt ſhe ſuffered to retaine his ſyrname. The children, thus kept ſeruile and miſerable, being come to ſome yeares of diſcretion, their nourſe tolde the eldeſt whoſe ſonne he was, charging him vpon his life not to bewray his progenie, leaſt it might be greatly preiudiciall to his eſtate, but to content him ſelſe with hope till time did allowe better fortune. Procidor, for ſo we will now call him, as he grewe in yeares, ſo he grew in wiſedome, that he couertly concealed what his nourſe gaue him in charge: and as the palme tree cannot be brought from his height by preſſing downe, nor the diamont bereaued of his vertue, though he be ſet in braſſe, ſo Procidor, although he was in the ſtate of a ſlaue, poore, miſerable, and acquainted with labours, yet his minde reaching at honor began to be impatient of commande. So that in a day, finding fit oportunitie, without taking his leaue of his

Pouertie hinders not wiſdome.

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nourſe, he ſhipt him ſelfe in a barke of Alexandria, to ſeeke his fortune; where, paſſing away three or foure yeeres at the ſeas, and getting little or no preferment, hearing alſo that his father (whome he ſuppoſed to be dead) was yet liuing, and priſoner in Sydon, as one in diſpaire, and paſt hope, he traueled many ſtraunge countries, till at laſt he came to Decapolis: where he had not long bene reſident, but the Deſpot, ſeeing him a young youth very well proportioned, of good grace, and of a reſolute diſpoſition, intertained him into his ſeruice; ſo that hee liued in the houſe with his mother vnknowen, for the ſpace of a yeare: in which time, Marcella, the daughter of the Deſpot, noting the perfection of Procidor, began at the altars of Veſta to offer ſmoaking thoughts at the ſhryne of Venus. For womens eyes delight in the varietie of obiectes. The mayde, ſeeing that the ſharpneſſe of his wit (a ſparke that ſooneſt inflameth deſire) was anſwerable to the ſhape of his bodie, and that his minde was adorned with ſo many ſundrie good qualities, that, if his fortune had bene equall to his face, his deſerts might haue made him a prince, she began ſo ſarre to enter into the conſiderations of his vertues, that, hazarding too raſhlie into ſo dangerous a laborinth, ſhe felt hir minde begin to alter and her affections to ſtoop to ſuch a ſtate, as repent ſhe might, but recall ſhe could not. But taking theſe thoughts for paſſionat ioyes, that might be thruſt out at pleaſure, curſing loue that attempted such a chaunge, and blaming the baſeneſſe of hir minde that would make ſuch a choice, to auoide the Syren that inchanted hir with ſuch deceitfull melodie, she called to hir bedfellowe, Mariana, for a lute, whereupon, warbling a merie galliard, she thought to beguile ſuch vnacquainted paſſions;

Loue a perilous laborinth.

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Muſick mitigats not loue.

but, finding that muſicke was but to quench the flame with oyle, feeling the aſſaultes to bee ſo sharpe, as hir minde was ready to yelde as vanquished, she began with diuers conſiderations to ſuppreſſe the franticke affections; calling to minde that Procidor was hir fathers ſeruant, a man of meane and baſe parentage, for his birth not to be looked at of the daughter of a Deſpot, much leſſe to be loued of one of hir degree; thinking what a diſcredit it were to hir ſelfe, what a grieſe to hir parents, what a ſorrowe to hir friendes, yea, what a mightie shame should be guerdon to ſuch a monſtrous fault, blaming fortune, and accurſing hir owne follie, that should be ſo fond as but once to harbour ſuch a thought, as to ſtoupe ſo lowe as to hir fathers hyerling. As thus she was raging againſt hir ſelfe, loue feared, if she dallied long, to looſe her champion; and therefore ſtepping more high, gaue hir ſuch a fresh wound as pierſt hir at the verie heart, that she was faine to yelde, maugre hir former conſiderations, and forſaking all companie, to get hir in hir cloſet, where being ſolemnlie ſet, she burſt forth into theſe paſſionate tearmes.

Vnhappie Marcella! hath fame hetherto feared to ſpeake ill of thy thoughts, and shall report dare to miſconſtrue of thine actions? hath Decapolis honoured thee for thy vertues, and shall now all the worlde wonder at thee for thy vanities? haſt thou vowed thy ſelfe to Veſta, and wilt thou runne after Venus? wilt thou be counted a preſident of virginitie, and yet ſubiect thy ſelfe to vnbriddled fancie? No, Marcella; there is no ſweeter friend than libertie, nor no worſe enemy than inconſiderate affection: the thoughtes of ladies, Marcella, as they are worthy, ſo ought they to looke no lower than honor. Blush, then, at thy fortunes,

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thy choice, thy loue, ſith thy thoughts cannot be contriued without ſecret shame, nor thy affections vttered without open diſcredit: farre are theſe fancies, or rather follies, vnfit for thy byrth. Haſt thou not heard, Marcella, as an oracle from Apollo, that it is better to perish with high deſire, then liue in baſe thoughts. And yet, Procidor is beautifull, a fauour, fond foole, framed to feede the eye, not to fret the heart: he is wiſe, truth, but poore, and want is an enemy to fancy. Tush! being both beautifull and wiſe, why should he not be loued? Wilt thou ſo farre forget thy ſelfe as to ſuffer affection to intangle thee with ſuch bad coniectures? no, conſider how ſuch a match will be moſt diſmall to thy father, moſt grieuous to thy friendes, preiudiciall to thy ſelfe, and moſt gladſome to thy foes, the greateſt griefe of all, ſith the ſmyle of a foe, that proceedeth from enuie, is worſe then the teare of a friend that commeth of pittie. Theſe premiſſes then duely conſidered, preferre not a barly corne before a precious iewell; ſet not a fading content before a perpetuall diſhonour; ſuppreſſe thy affections, and ceaſe to loue him whom thou couldſt not loue, vnleſſe blinded with to[o] much loue. As thus ſhe was perplexed with ſundrie paſſions, Mariana came to ſeeke hir in hir cloſet; whereupon ſhe ceaſed hir complaintes, hoping that time would weare out that which fond loue and fortune had wrought, but all was in vayne; for ſo did the remembraunce of her late conceiued loue alienate hir thoughts from hir wonted diſpoſition, that ſhame and diſhonor, the greateſt preuenters of miſhap, were no meanes to diſwade hir from hir determined affection: in ſo much that, not poſſible to hyde fire in the ſtrawe, nor to ſmother vp fancy in youth, ſhe bore ſuch a fauourable countenance

Vnpoſſible to conceale loue.

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to Procidor, that not only hir ſelfe, but the reſt of the houſe marueiled at hir ſubmiſſe familiaritie. Yet in that ſhe had hetherto troden hir ſhoe ſo euen, as no ſteppe was ſo much as thought awry, they conſtrued all to the beſt, and thought hir ſauours toward Procidor proceeded as a reward for his vertues, not from a regarde to his beautie. But at laſt, being Venus ſcholler, and therefore daring with hir to daunce in a net, played not ſo cloſe, but Procidor could iudge of colours, and eſpye of the halfe what the whole ment: puffed vp, therefore, a little in conceipt with the fauour of his maſters daughter, ſeeing oportunitie layde hir hairie forehead on his lappe, he began ſomewhat peartlie to prie into the exquiſitneſs of hir perfection; noting that ſhe was paſſing beautifull and young, and that vertue added a grace vnto nature, and that being of noble parentage, beautie decked nature with dignitie. This interchange conſidered ſo charmed the poore gentlemans affections, that fayne he would haue made requitall of hir ſauours with like courteſie, if her honourable eſtate had not quatted his preſumption with feare. Houering thus betweene two ſtreames, at laſt he burſt forth into theſe complaintes.

Doeſt thou not know, poore Procidor, that actions wrought againſt nature reape deſpight, and thoughts aboue fortune, diſdaine; that what byrd gaſeth againſt the ſunne, but the eagle, becommeth blinde; and that ſuch as ſtep to dignitie, if vnfit, fall; that thoughtes are to be meaſured by fortunes, not by deſires; how falles come not by ſtouping lowe, but by clyming to hie. Shall, therefore, all feare to aſpyre becauſe ſome hap to fall? No, Procidor, though thou art in ragges, yet thou art noble borne; thou art not

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inferiour to Marcella in byrth, though in riches: then dare to attempt, ſith ſhe ſhewes thee ſuch manifeſt fauours. Ah, nouice in loue! doeſt thou count euery dimple in the cheeke a decree in the heart, euery lims a warrant of loue? Venus, fond man, lookt on more than ſhe loued, or els [was] ſhe paſſing amorous: womens ſmiles are oft more of cuſtome than of courteſie, and paſſing prodigall they bee with their eyes when they are niggardes in their hearts: for thinke not, fond man, that eagles will catch at flies, cedars ſtoope to brambles, nor ſuch honorable dames at ſuch homely peaſants. No, no, thinke hir diſdaine is greater than thy deſire, for accounting thee but a ſlaue, and hir fathers mercinarie man, ſhe doth but repay thy labours with affabilitie: therefore ceaſe not onely to ſay, but to thinke ſhe loues thee.

Procidor, with theſe pithie perſwaſions, ſomewhat appeaſing the ſparkling flames of loue that already were kindled in his breſt, applied him ſelfe to his wonted labour, ſuppreſſing his affections with the due conſideration of hir honour, and his owne meane eſtate, and counting it frenzie, not fancie, to couet that which the very deſtinies woulde denie him to obtaine. Theſe two, thwarted thus with feare and ſhame, lingreth forth the time, till at laſt fortune, willing to preſent in a ſweete figge bitter wormewood, found ſuch fit oportunitie, that Procidor and Marcella met at ſuch leyſure, that not long after Marcella was knowen to be with childe: which newes no ſooner came to the eares of the Deſpot, but as a man inraged [with] furie and reuenge, driuing reaſon out of conceipt, he preſently cauſed Procidor to be apprehended, and his daughter Marcella, reſoluing that, according to the law of the countrey, they ſhould

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die. The mother, more pitifull conſidering the ſollies of hir owne youth, began to intreate hir husband to ſpare their liues, and aſſigne what puniſhment els, though the torture were neuer ſo grieuous; which by long perſwaſion, he conſented vnto, committing them vnto ſtraight priſon, where they lay in great diſtreſſe the ſpace of ten weekes, before euer the Deſpot made any queſtion of their impriſonment. While thus Procidor lay ſorrowing, more for the miſhap of Marcella than for his own misfortune, newes was brought to Decapolis that Euribates ſonne had gathered an hoſt, and ſought to driue Voltarus out of the confines of Tyre; which Procidor hearing, he began thus to meditate with him ſelfe. Vnhappy Procidor! ſee howe fortune intending thy good, the hapleſſe fates ſeeke to fruſtrate ſuch ſucceſſe: haſt thou theſe fourteen yeeres gone as a vacabonde about the world, unknowen and deſpiſed, hoping for this day that Euribates ſonne ſhould ſeeke reuenge on Voltarus, and art thou now in pryſon, when oportunitie offreth ſuch good fortune, yea and in ſuch a place as nought but death can redeeme thee? The iaylor ouerhearing Procidor, aſked him what he had to doe with the peace or warres of princes? Ah! my good friend, (quoth he) when I conſider in what eſtate my father whilome liued in that countrey, as I haue heard, and am able almoſt to remember, I cannot but grone to ſee my preſent ill happe. And who was thy father? (quoth the iaylor). Seing, anſwered Procidor, that time hath ſet the ſonne of Euribates almoſt in his kingdome, I feare not to diſcouer what I am. My fathers name is Preſtines, Lieutenant of Tyre vnder Euribates, and my name, not Procidor, but Caſtriot; and I doubt not but if I were there, for my fathers ſake to

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reape credit and authoritie. Without further queſtioning, the iaylor went preſently and tolde the Deſpot what he had heard; who making ſmall account of the matter, yet preſently conſidered with him ſelfe, if it were true, howe greatly he ſhould, by making ſuch a marriage, auoyde the ſhame like to befall to his daughter; therefore he went and aſked of Mariana what her eldeſt ſonnes name was, who made anſwere Caſtriot, and that, if he liued, he was about twentie yeares of age. The Deſpot, ſuſpecting it was he, went ſecretly to the pryſon, where examining Procidor of al his life paſt, found by probable circumſtances that he was Preſtines ſonne: whereupon he began to recount vnto him howe he toke him into his ſeruice, placing him in his fauour; then the iniurie he offred him by infringing his daughters honor; yet, for all this, crauing no other amends but that he would take hir to wife. Procidor made anſwere, what he had done was the fault of his youth, and that he was both ſorrowfull and repentant; and, that he might thinke it firme loue, and not fading fancie, that forſt him to commit ſuch a fault, he was ready at his pleaſure to take Marcella to his wife. The Deſpot, ſeeing ſparkes of his fathers courage in his reſolutions, embraſed him, and ſending for his daughter into the ſame priſon, there ſecretly betrothed each to other, then tooke them out, and ſent them to a graunge place of his in the countrey. Within ſhort time they recouered their former complexions, greatly impaired by their cloſe impriſonment. In the meane ſpace the Deſpot, prouiding all things neceſſarie for the marriage, ſeeing they were retourned into the former fourme, caried his wife, and madame Mariana, to his graunge; where by the way he demaunded of hir, howe happy it would be

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vnto hir, if he did marrie his daughter to hir eldeſt ſonne Caſtriot. Madame Mariana, ſmiling, told him it was impoſſible, ſith ſhe thought him dead. Being well arriued at his farme, he brought his wife and the ladie into the chamber where the two louers ſate very richely appareled, vnto whom at large he diſcouered what had happened. When Mariana knewe hir ſonne Caſtriot, noting very well the liniaments of his face, ſhe fell in a ſound for ioye; but being at laſt reuiued, after many and hartie embracings and ioy on al partes, they ſat downe to dinner, Caſtriot deſiring the Deſpot that he would ſend to Iaphet, where was one Lamoraq, gouernour of the towne, that helde his yonger brother and his nourſe as ſlaues. This motion was greatly agreable to the Deſpot, ſo that he preſently ſent a meſſenger to Iaphet, and another to Tyre, to heare of the eſtate of Preſtines. The meſſengers, making as much ſpeede as winde and weather would permitte, arriued fortunatly at their deſired places, where no ſooner the one was arriued, but he deliuered his embaſſage to Lamoraq; who muſing to heare ſuch news from his brother, the Deſpot, went to confirme his doubt the more, and ſubtely examined the nourſe, who confeſſed as before; whereupon to ſatisfie his brother, and requite the great iniurie he had profered to young Infortunio, hauing but onely one daughter of the age of fourteene yeares, he gaue hir with a great dowry to the poore gentleman; and withall ſhipping him ſelfe in a frygat, with his daughter, his ſonne in lawe, and the nourſe, he ſayled to Decapolis: at whoſe arriuall, great ioy being made betweene Mariana and hir two ſonnes, the marriage of the gentlemen was ſollemniſed the next weeke after; and to increaſe therein content, newes

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was brought that Euribates ſonne, hauing ſubdued Voltarus, and recouered his kingdome, he had ſet Preſtines in former place and authoritie. This newes greatly delighting the companie, when the marriage feaſt was ended, the ladie and hir two ſonnes, with their wiues, taking leaue of the Deſpot and Lamoraq, ſailed to Tyre, where they were moſt louingly entertained by Preſtynes.

Perymedes hauing ended his tale, his wife Delia, raging againſt fortune, that was moſt enuious to them that were moſt honorable, ſaid that poore men were like little ſhrubs, that by their baſeneſſe eſcaped many blaſtes, when high and tall ceadars were ſhaken with euerie tempeſt: concluding, therefore, that *mediocria* were moſt *firma*, ſeeing her fyre was out, and the night ſomewhat colde, they both hyed them ſelues to bed.

The ſecond nights diſcourſe.

The day was no ſooner ſpent in labour, but the poore Smith and his wife, according to their accuſtomed manner after ſupper, would not be idle, but ſitting cloſe by the fire, Delia brought out an olde payre of cardes to paſſe away the time at play; whereupon Perymedes taking occaſion began to diſcourſe in this manner. Theſe cardes (wife) may rightly be tearmed *glucupilica*, ſweete and ſower, double faced, bearing on their foreheads pleaſures and peace, and in their backes ſorrowes and ſtratagemes, preſenting us with delicates, which in the mouth taſte like hony, but in the mawe more bitter than gall; for although we vſe them for recreation to paſſe away the time, yet other ayme at two endes, lucre and couetouſneſſe, and yet their gaines but loſſe of time. And the effects of gaming

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here now a dayes in Memphis, as they are many, ſo they are monſtruous, as quarels, murders, blaſphemies, ſwearing, and couſinage, yea the ouerthrowe of houſes and families, teſtifying the infamous nature therof. Chilon, the Lacedemonian, being ſent in ambaſſage to Corinth, to treate of a league betwixt thoſe two cities, finding the rulers playing at dice, retourned back without once ſpeaking of his commiſſion, ſaying that he woulde not eclipſe the glorie of the Spartanes with ſo great an ignominie as to ioyne them in ſocietie with dice players. Delia, hearing hir husband enuying ſo much againſt playing, thinking he did it to check hir deſire to play at cardes, began thus to defend it.

And would you haue vs, husband, ſo farre from recreation in Memphis, as to be ſtoikes or cyniks? Well had I allowed (husband) of your ſpeeches, if they had ſauoured of anie exception; but ſo ſtrict an inuective deſerues ſome apologie, and therefore by your ſauour, husband, thus: I denie not but thoſe effectes which you repeated as frutes of gaming are greatly preiudiciall, both to the minde and bodie, but they proceede not of neceſſitie, as *cauſa ſine qua non*, but as infections that flowe from the abuſe being growen into an extremitie. For we ſee that many things, which of them ſelues are good, by exceſſe growe into the nature of euill, and ſo of this; for Salomon, whoſe deuine wiſedome was without compariſon, ſet downe his cenſure of time, that as there were daies of ſorrow, ſo were there houres of mirth; that the minde had as well paſtimes to recreate, as ſerious affaires to fatigate. Cato, the moſt ſeuere cenſor that was euer in Rome, amongſt all his ſtraight edictes, did not vtterly aboliſh gaming, but allowed the Purpurati to ſpende certaine houres at ſuch paſtimes

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as they thought neceſſarie, ſaying, that moderate ſport was a whetſtone to the memorie. I haue heard the Chaldees ſay, that the Lydians were the firſt inuenters of cardes and dice, and other games; and by them preſerued a long time the eſtate of their common wealth, which otherwiſe ſhould haue bene ruinated and ſubiected. Perymedes, hearing his wife to alledge ſuch found reaſons for gamſters, thought to ioyne action with her in this manner.

You reſemble, wife, thoſe ſubtill lawyers that onely alledge that clauſe in their euidence which beſt ſerues for the proofe of their plea, leauing out all other prouiſoes that are hurtfull in deede. I remember I haue heard that the countrey of Lidia, being oppreſſed with a great dearth and ſcarcitie of victualles, had almoſt ſubuerted their eſtate with famine, but that to reſiſt and ſuſtaine hunger the better, they inuented playes and gaming, ſpending euery other day in ſuch ſporte without any meate, which they continued for the ſpace of twentie and eight yeares; by that pollicie preſeruing their countrey from a generall famine by ſparing ſo careſully their prouiſion. But, wife, the caſe is altred in us: we are ſo farre from recompencing the fault of ſo vile an occupation by faſting, that contrariwiſe, we foſter it vp with all kinde of diſſoluteneſſe, gluttonie, riot, and ſuperfluitie; in ſo much that we are not aſhamed nowe adayes to vſe this prouerbe (that a man had better looſe than to be idle); but if thoſe leud philoſophers which ſet downe this principle knewe their ineſtimable loſſe, not of mony which they abuſe, but of the riches and moſt pretious thing that may be ſpent, and which can neuer be recouered, I meane time, they would be aſhamed of their doctrine, that to looſe is worſe than to be idle, be-

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cauſe it is ioyned with ſo bad an action as, of neceſſitie, redoundeth to the detriment of him ſelfe, or of his neighbour, yea, and oftentimes of both. And yet, becauſe the nature of man is not able to abide continuall labour, and occaſion of buſineſſe is not alwayes offered, we may with our Chaldees in their academies followe this precept, that time ſpent in honeſt paſtime, or game of moderate pleaſure, may be ſet downe in the regiſter of happie dayes as howres, not greatly diſſonant from vertuous indeuours. Neither, ſaith Scipio, is gaming blame worthie, if we vſe it as reſt and ſleepe, after we haue ended and diſpatched our buſineſſe. I am glad (quoth Delia) that you allowe vs any time to play. I am not ſo ſtrict, quoth Perymedes; but this diſcourſe, wife, is farre from the purpoſe: therefore ſeeing we haue yet halfe the euening to ſpende, and I haue no delight to play at cardes, let me heare thee tell a tale to requite yeſternightes chat. Delia, nothing dainty with hir husband, taking the tongs in hir hand to keepe the fire in reparations, began in this manner.

Delia hir tale.

In the Ile of Lyppary there dwelled ſometime a gentleman of good parentage, as deſcended from worſhipfull and honeſt parents, learned by education, as trained vp amongſt the philoſophers in their academies, vertuous in his actions, as putting in practize thoſe principles which he hearde in their ſ[c]hooles, as axiomes; generally, well nourtred, in ſo much that he liued in very good account in the iland. This gentleman, called Alcimides, although fauoured thus with ſondrie good qualities, yet was greatly enuied by loue and fortune; for his want was ſuch as his reuenewes were

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nothing aunſwerable to his minde, but liued poorely and yet contentedly in meane eſtate. Fancie ſeeing fortune frowne, to fill vp the tragedie, preſented him with the ſight of a young gentlewoman, called Conſtance, who, being both wife and beautifull, two perſwaſions ſufficient to induce affection, was ſo narrowly marked of Alcimides, as he thought no obiect to fit his eie but her perſon, nor no melodie to pleaſe his eare but the ſound of her modeſt and graue communication. Snared thus with the conſideration of this young gentlewoman, at the firſt he found waies to proffer hir roſes and perfumes, but at the laſt pilles and hemlock. For the young virgin hearing of the vertuous diſpoſition of Alcimides, and ſeeing his minde was as well garniſhed with good qualities as his bodie with proportion, vſed *lex talionis*, and repaied him loue for loue, ſo farre as his honeſtie might deſire and her honor admitte; in ſo much that nothing was wanting in the accompliſhment of their thoughtes but her fathers conſent; who, being moued by Alcimides in the matter, flatly denied, and made this obiection, that he was to[o] poore to make his daughter any ſufficient ioynter. Which anſwere ſo mazed Alcimides, that in a deſperate moode aquainting certaine friendes with his purpoſe, he rigged forth a ſhip to ſea, with full reſolution either to retourne rych, or to leaue his louer and him ſelfe in the booſome of Neptune. Vpon which determination reſting, he looſed with his companions from Lyparie, and in manner of mart, made hauock on the coaſt of Barbarie, ſo that in ſhort time he became very rich. But inſatiate couetiſe, that like the ſerpent Hidaſpis is euer a thieſe, ſo haled him to the hope of more rich purchaſe, that at laſt he and all his men were taken by the Sarraſins, and

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carried away priſoners into Thunes. The news of this miſhap, as report muſt euer be pratling, came flying to the Ile of Lypary, that the ſhip wherein Alcimides and his ſoldiours was imbarqued was drowned in the coaſt of Barbarie. Conſtance no ſooner heard of this curſed ſtratageme, but ſhe determined to ende theſe miſeries with death, and that in the ſea, that ſhe might imitate Alcymides, who was reported to periſh in the ſame element. To the ende, therefore, hir purpoſe might the more eaſily be brought to paſſe, Conſtance walking downe to the ſhoare found a little fiſher boate readie furniſhed with maſt, ſayles and other prouiſion, floating in the hauen; which Conſtance eſpying, taking this for good occaſion, ſhe ſpeedely went into the boat, and as well as ſhe could, as the women of that iland are moſt ſkilfull in nauigation, haled forth into the maine, and there committed hir ſelfe to the mercie of the waue and winding, thinking by this meanes to procure ſoneſt fatall ende, ſith ſo many accidents were readie, as death and daunger euerie minute, paſſed thus two or three dayes alongſt the coaſt, till at laſt a ſoutheaſt wynde dryue the ſhip vpon the ſhoare of Barbarie. The barke thus beaten vp, there was at that preſent in the ſame place a poore woman who made cleane the fiſhermens nets, which ſeeing the ſhip ſo roughly arriued, thought the marriners had bene a ſleepe: to warne them, therefore, of their landing, ſhe went vp the hatches and found none, in ſo much that ſeeking further, ſhe found this young gentlewoman faſt a ſleepe, as one ſecure and careleſſe of hir misfortune; whome the poore fiſherwife waking, perceiuing by hir apparell that ſhe was a Chriſtian, demaunded in the Latine toung of whence ſhe was, and the

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cauſe of hir ſo ſtraunge imbarking? Conſtance, riſen as it were from a dreame, hearing one ſpeake Latine, thought ſhee had beene driuen back againe to Lypary, but caſting hir eye about, and ſeeing hir ſelfe in an vnknowen coaſt, ſhe craued of the woman the name of the countrey; who tolde hir ſhe was in Barbarie, neare a cittie called Suſe; which greatly grieued Conſtance that hir death was prolonged by ſuch a lukleſſe aduenture: ſo that, fearing ſome diſhonour in ſo barbarous a countrey might befall hir virgins eſtate, ſhe ſat her downe and wept. The poore woman taking pittie of her paſſions, caried hir home to hir little cottage, and there, as well as ſhe might, ſo comforted the diſtreſſed maide that ſhe tolde hir from point to point the ſome of this hapleſſe accident; and grewe ſo farre in familiaritie, that Conſtance demaunded of hir what ſhe was? who made aunſwere that ſhe was of Trapany, a ſeruant to certaine fishers, hir name Mawdleyne. Conſtance ſeeing she was a Chriſtian, and could ſpeake Latine very perfectlie, began to intreate hir that she would, for the loue of their religion and faith, tell her what courſe she had beſt take, that she remaine for a time ſafe without preiudice either of honor or honeſty. Mawdleyne, a woman of good and vertuous diſpoſition, told her that there was a Sarrazen widow in the citie, of vertuous life and good conſcience, whoſe houſe was oft a ſanctuary for the diſtreſſed: there she durſt aſſure hir ſelfe she might for a time remaine, till time and opportunitie should better prouide for her eſtate. Conſtance, glad of this newes, deſired Mawdleyne to ſauour hir with the benefit of that ſeruice; who willing to pleaſure her, before two dayes were paſt, ſetting all things to hir minde in order, went with Conſtance to the

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widowes houſe, who, hauing heard before of Mawdleyne of this maide, gaue her verye good intertainement, and as one pittying hir diſtreſſe, heard hir ſorrow with teares and remorſe. Well, Conſtance thus placed, being in the company of ſundry other maides that wrought needle-worke, ſo applied hir ſelfe to hir labour, that not only by hir diligence she procured hir miſtreſſe ſauour, but by hir courteſie the generall loue and good liking of all hir fellowes. Remaining thus quiet, though not ſatisfied, fortune, willing after ſo ſharpe a cataſtrophe to induce a comicall concluſion, tempered hir ſtorme with this pleaſant calme. Alcymedes lying thus in priſon, hauing no hope to recouer his freedome, but looking euerye daye to be condemned perpetuall ſlaue to the galleys, newes came that a nobleman of great reputation, dignitie and power, had made claime to the kingdome of Thunes as his owne, and ment by the ſworde to take it from Martucio that then preſentlye poſſeſt it, This report comming to the eares of the priſoners, Alcimedes who knew very well to ſpeake the Barbarian toong, told his keeper that it might pleaſe him to bring him to the kings preſence, hee would take ſuch order with his grace as hee ſhould in deſpight of fortune remaine conqueror. The iaylor ſeeing the requeſt was of importance, told it preſentlye to his highneſſe, who in great haſt ſent for Alcimides; who gathering the king and his nobles together, diſcouered vnto them ſuch a peece of politike ſeruice, that they all conſented to let Alcymedes haue the leading of the vaward, who undertaking the charge, as a man greatly experienced in martiall diſcipline, carried his men in ſquadrons and troupes ſo artificially as his warlike ſkil did greatly encourage the ſouldiers. Hauing thus ſet

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his men in arraye, marching forward to meete the enemy, when the battailes were within vew and readye to ioyne, Alcymedes, taking the king by the hand, preſented him to the face of all his armie, and then began to incourage them on this manner.

I need not, worthie gentlemen and ſouldiers of Barbarie, ſeeke to incourage you with a long diſcourſe, vnleſſe putting oyle in the flame, I ſhould put a ſpur to a free horſe: your former valiant reſolutions manifeſted in manye battailes, the honor whereof ſtill glories your name with renowne, aſſures me, were the enimie like the ſands of the ſea, and Mars himſelfe oppoſed againſt our forces, yet the quarrell good, and our minds armed with inuincible fortitude (the vertue that dareth fortune in hir face) maugre fates and deſtinies, you ſhall, as euer you haue done, returne with an honorable conqueſt. And for that the cauſe toucheth your king, who counteth himſelfe a ſellow-partner in your fortunes, ſee he preſents himſelfe as the firſt man in the battaile, and laſt man in the field, vnleſſe death giue him a princelie quittance of his kingdome. Let him be a myrror this day of your magnanimitie; let his actions be your preſidents: preſſe but as far as your generall, and courage, gentlemen! the victory is ours. See how your ſorrowfull countrymen, onely animated by the rebellious perſwaſion of a traitor, ſtand to receiue us, whoſe cowardize ſcarſe dare march a foote to meete vs. I ſee, yea I ſee, in their very faces, the portrature of feare, and therefore, gentlemen, God and our Right! And with that he put ſpurs to his horſe, and gaue a furious and valiant onſet vpon the enemy.

The king aſhamed to performe any leſſe then Alcimides

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had promiſed, taking a ſtrong lance in his hand, pulling down his beuier, ruſht moſt furiouſlie vpon the enemie. His ſouldiers, noting the vnlookt-for courage of their king, followed with ſuch a deſperate reſolution that the enimie, amazed at the valour of Martucio, who like a lion maſſacring whom he met, ran without ſtop through the troupes, they laid downe their weapons without any great ſlaughter. But Martucio, forgetting they were his natiue countrymen and his ſubjects, ſtill raged, till meeting him that made claime to the crowne in ſingle combat, he ſlewe him princely in the field. Stayed at laſt by one of his lordes, who told him the battell was ended by the ſubmiſſion of his ſubiects, who were aſhamed that they had beene ſo forgetfull of their allegeance, cauſing the retreat to be ſounded, he peaceablie marched on toward Suſa, where putting certaine of the cheefe offendors to the ſworde, he ſent the reſt home in quiet. The victorye ended, the king preſently ſummoned a parlament, where, with the conſent of all his commons and nobilitie, hee proclaimed poore and diſtreſſed Alcimides Duke of Tunize, and cauſed him to ride through the cittie with a garland of bayes on his head, and princely robes, in great and ſumptuous magnificence. Being thus aduanced, the report thereof came vnto the eares of Conſtance, who now knowing him aliue and in great authoritie, whome long ſince ſhe held for dead, ſhe conceiued ſuch inward ioye that ſhe could not but outwardlye commit the ſum of hir minde to the gentlewoman with whome she dwelt; who, pittying her plaints, promiſed as ſoon as opportunitie would giue her leaue to manifeſt the matter to Alcimides. Conſtance, impacient of delayes, would not let the old gentlewoman take no reſt, till one

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morning ſhe went to Alcimides, and told him that a certaine gentlewoman was come from Lippary, who deſired to ſpeake with him in ſecret. Alcimides, courteous as one whome honor had not made proud, thanked the widow for her paines, and went home to her houſe, where ſhe preſented him with the ſight of Conſtance. Alcimides, hearing long before that ſhe was dead, ſtood amazed at the ſudden aduenture, but ſhee, poore ſoule, whome loue ſtunge at the verye heart, could not abſtaine, but bluſhing, leapt about his necke, bewraying her ioye in teares.

Alcimedes, the moſt ioyfull man aliue for ſo happy an encounter, after many ſweete imbraſings paſt, demaunded the cauſe and meanes how ſhe came into Barbarie? who recounting the fore rehearſed diſcourſe, greatly gladded Alcimides for the finding of ſo truſtie and true a freend. Long he ſtayed not but that he reuealed this comicall hiſtorie to the king, who, deſirous to ſee the maide, entertained hir with great and princelie courteſie, and with all ſpeed to both their contents, ſolemnized the mariage; which paſt, he ſent them, according to their calling, riche home to their freends in Lippary.

Delia hauing ended her tale, Perimedes began to take occaſion to talke of the inconſtancie of Fortune, who onelye coueted to be counted variable in all her actions; for, quoth he, I tell thee, wife, I haue ſeene in my time many rich men, who liued ſecure in the aboundance of their wealth, driuen to ſuch extreame pouertie that their ſuperfluitie was not more then then their enſuing want; and many baze peaſants by hir flattery be ſo hoiſted vp to the top of her wauering wheele, as they bee potentates and mightie men of the earth: but her fauours are ſuch as they

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include misfortune; and when ſhe preſents the moſt comicall ſhewes, then ſhe intends the moſt balefull and diſmall ſtratagemes, as the inſtance of Alexander the great may ſerue for a preſident, who in twelue yeares making a conqueſt of the whole world, and ſo flattered by Fortune as he ſeemed to holde hir fauours in his owne hand, amidſt his moſt glee and greateſt glorye was cowardlye poyſoned in Babilon. At this Perimedes was readye to enter into a long diſcourſe: his wife Delia told him the night was farre ſpent, wherevppon taking his wiues motion for a warning, commanding her to *Couure le feu*, the poore ſmith and his wife went to bed.

The third nights exerciſe.

The next day, being a ſolempne day of ſacrifice obſerued amongſt the Ægyptians, Perimedes ſhutting vp his ſhop, as one that feared to giue the leaſt occaſion of offence, tying his deuotion to the Gods, his obedience to his king, his loue to his neighbours, and his will to the lawe, cauſing his wyfe to honor the feſtiuall rytes with her beſt rayment, him ſelfe ietting in his holy-day caſſocke, went to the temple; where offring vp his orayſons after the Ægyptian manner, the Flamins and Rabins hauing expounded their lawes, the poore Smith and his wife returned home to dinner, where hauing taken ſuch repaſt as fitted their diet and was agreeable to their poore preparation, Perimedes, to digeſt his great cheere with a little chat, began in this manner. Noting to day, wife, (quoth he) at the temple, certaine of our great lords of Ægypt, whoſe beds are framed of Arabian biſſe, whoſe houſes ſtuffed within with plate, and outwardly decked and adorned with ſuch curi-

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ous worke of porphurine, as nature in them ſeemeth to be ouerlaboured with arte: their ports, gliſtring like the pallace of the Sun, ſhew to all paſſengers wonders to be written in the regiſters of their memories. But wife, when theſe great potentates of the earth came to diſcouer their inward deuotion at their offertorie, in giuing to the Gods and the poore, I perceiued them miſerable, and ſo corrupted in the conceit of their owne wealth, that I cryed out in my thoughts, theſe men are poorer then Perimedes. For I tell thee, Delia, this haue I heard of the ancient Caldees, whoſe bookes were burned with their bones, that he onelye is riche which, abandoning all ſuperfluities, reſteth contented with what Fortune hath fauoured him; his eſtate not pinched with ſuch pouertie but he may liue honeſtlye and vertuouſlye: who, ſo reſolute in this content, maketh not his thoughts and paſſions ſubiect to the reſtleſſe deſire of gaine. *Is vere habetur diues;* for, wife, the minde is the touchſtone of content, and holdeth the ballance that proportioneth quiet or disquiet to kings: for Pharao, our great prince, is not therefore fortunate, for that he is inueſted with the diademe, for his crowne reſteth in the lap of Lachesis, and the deſtinies may depriue him of his dignitie this night. Kings, as they haue crownes, ſo they haue cares; and in paſſing vnto pleaſure they ſtep vpon thornes, and run ouer a ſea of glaſſe: not, therefore, riche for that they are kings, vnles content with his annuall revenues, and ſatisfied with ſuch limits as are left to the Pharaos. Reſting thus, he is both a king and rich, in that ſeated amidſt the glories of the world, the fundry obiects of delights drawes not away his eyes, nor as the Sirens with their inchanting melodies, nor golde nor glories can hale

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him with anye pleaſing ſorceries from the quiet caſtell of content: thus minded, Delia, I tell thee, I call him rich, and therefore holde my ſelfe one of the wealthieſt ſubiects in all Ægipt, in that all my deſires haue reſted themſelues in a peaceable concord. For my eſtate I deſire to be no higher then a ſmith, as thus ſpighting fortune by my occupation, hauing my tongs in my hand as a ſcepter to rule in my ſhop, and as Mercuries Caduceus to charme the inconſtancie of the vaine Goddeſſe: her greateſt frowne can be but want of a little worke, and that I ouerpaſſe with patience; and if ſhe ſmile, then begin I to laugh that Fortune is glad to become freends with a poore ſmith. Now for richeſſe and treaſure I have plentye, in that I wante none, but count my pouertie the verye ſtore-houſe of abondance.

Delia, hearing hir husband thus ſolemnlye deliuer ſuch ſtoicall paradoxes, ioyned iſſue with him in the ſame plea, and began to proſecute the matter in this manner. Indeed, husband, quoth ſhe, the minds of men are ſo fiered with the reſtles heate of couetize, as they beat out hotter flames then Enceladus dooth from vnder Etna; and are like the ſerpent Hidaſpis, which the more ſhe drinketh, the more ſhe is pinched with thirſt, inſomuch that they count great gifts little godds, caring not if they may gaine what meanes they vſe to get, counting all things honeſt that are profitable, and thinking gall moſt ſweete if tempered with gold. Theſe men that haue no meane I thinke moſt miſerable, could they with Nimrod build vp Babell, or with Ninus lay the foundation of Babilon: for I tell thee, Perymides, it is not the coine but the conſcience, not the coffers ſtuffed with ſtore, but a mind luld a ſleepe with pleaſing content that maketh a man rich: for he that defraudeth his neigh-

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bor with vnderminding policies, or circumuenteth him with any intricate deceit, exacting vnreaſonable taſkes and cuſtoms, wrapping his freends, as if in Dedalus laborinth, in the quiddities of preiudiciall bargaines, prying into the ſtate of the common treaſury, ſo to indommage the common-wealth for his owne commoditie, gaping as vultures after the teſtaments of the dead, not ceaſing with the rauens to pray on liueleſſe carcaſſes. Such as theſe, husband (quoth Delia), are not wealthie in that as miſerablie they want, but are poore in that they leaue no vnlawfull meanes to couet. Then, quoth Perymedes, of theſe former infered premiſes we may conclude, that poorely content is better then richlye couetous, which the ancient Romaines auered in their cenſures; for whether ſhall we eſtimate the mony that king Pyrrhus ſent to Fabritius, or els the continencie of Fabritius which made deniall of the ſame, being proffered frankelye by ſo great a potentat? And did not the anſwer of Marcus Curius more glory him and his familie with immortall renowne in reiecting the maſſe of gold ſent him by the Samnites, then al the treaſure they brought in ſuch pompe to Rome? Was not the liberalitie of Africanus who parted his ſmall farme with his brother Quintus Maximus, regiſtred in Rome as a thing deſeruing perpetuall memory, when the great wealth and poſſeſſions of Lucius Paulus periſht at his funerales, leauing behinde him no monument, but that the Romains did accompt him poore and miſerable. Theſe glorious inſtances of Roman excellencye prooue, that the true richeſſe conſiſteth not in the aboundance of wealth, but in the perfect habit of vertue; for richeſſe is caſuall and momentary, ſubiect to the frowne of fortune, as brittle as glaſſe, ſtanding vpon a globe that

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is neuer permanent; like to the trees amongſt the Natolians, that being couered with flowers in the morning, are tawny and withered before night, reſembling the frute in the garden Peſparades, which gliſtering like gold, toucht preſently turneth to aſhes: wheras vertue is not accidentall, but ſets out her flag of defiance againſt fortune, oppoſing himſelfe againſt all the conſpyring chances of this world: like Æneas armour not to be pierced with any contrary conſtellation, ſo inſerted into the minds of men, as neither can periſh by ſhipwracke, which made Bias, eſcaping from the ſea, bouldly and merily to ſaye in his greateſt want, *Omnia mea mecum porto.* And the ſonne of Anchiſes carrying his father on his backe through the flames of Troy, looking behind him, to ſay: *Animus infractus remanet, et virtus inter hoſtes et ignes viget.* Then, wife, thou ſeeſt they onely are rich that couet nothing, that want nothing, but liuing in content, inrich themſelues with vertue: then, Delia, let me boldlye ſay (and with that the ſmith ſet his hands by his ſide) that I am rich as the prowdeſt in all Ægypt. But now, that I may not be too tedious in my diſcourſe, I will, to temper mirth with melancholy, and to ſing the Satyres of Horace to the lute, rehearſe thee a pleaſant tale tending ſomewhat to this effect; and thus the ſmith began.

Perymedes tale.

Hereby in the confines of Babilon dwelled a duke, called Gradaſſo, a man whoſe many yeares had by long experience learned, that to truſt ſundry men was to ſeeke for an eele amongſt many ſcorpions; and therefore hardly granting his right hand to any man, he admitted none into fami-

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liaritie vnleſſe he might ſell his courteſie for profit, and they buie his fauour with repentance. But in priuate and ſecret counſailes he vſed no freend but himſelfe, fearing to find that in others which he found wanted in his owne cankered ſtomacke, ſo ſkilfull to ſhadowe his ſpightfull practiſes with gloſing coulers: as reſembling the Pyrite ſtone, he burned foreſt when he was thought moſt colde. To truſt anye, he thought, was to deſpiſe ſecuritie, and to deſire miſhap; and therefore, knowne more for his authoritie then by his manners, he carryed his thoughts ſealed vp with ſilence, pained with that which he moſt liked, namelye, fearefull miſtruſt. This Gradaſſo, although deſpighted by the Gods and nature for placing ſuch odious qualities in ſuch an old carcaſſe, yet was he fauoured by fortune in poſſeſſing large and ſumptuous reuenues; and not only aduanced with the tytle of honor and dignities, but alſo, wherein hee moſt ioyed, he had one onely child, called Meliſſa, a ladye ſo furniſhed with outward ſhape of body and inwarde qualities of the minde, ſo decked with the gifts of nature, and adorned with ſundry exquiſite vertues, as Ægypt did not ſo much deſpiſe hir father for his vitious diſpoſition, as they did extoll her fame for hir vertuous ſyncerity. For ſhe, although to hir great greeſe, ſeeing into hir fathers lawleſſe actions, how with pretenſed flatterye, like to the hiena, he had ſnared ſome to their vtter miſhap, and that vnder coulour of lawe, with exacted extortion he had oppreſſed the poore, ſought not onely, as farre as ſhe durſt, to pull her father from ſuch inordinate gaines, but alſo ſecretly made recompence to ſuch as hir father vniuſtly had almoſt brought to ruine.

This Meliſſa flouriſhing thus in happy fame, the old

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miſard, her father, caſting beyond the moone, knewe by experience, that as the hearbe Spattania no ſooner ſprowteth aboue the ground but it blometh, and the egges of the lapwing are ſcarce hatched before the young ones can run, ſo women, reſembling the apples of the tree Pala, are ſcarce ripe before they deſire to be pluckt, and their yeares not able to diſcerne loue before they be halfe drowned in loue. Theſe conſiderations mooued old Gradaſſo to preuent had I wiſt, with taking opportunity by the forehead; & therefore ſought out amongſt his bordering neighbours a yoong gentleman, the ſonne and heyre of a baron, whoſe revenues as they were great, ſo they adioyned fitly to his poſſeſſions, which made the doting duke to indeuour to buye him a ſonne in lawe anſwerable to his own opinion: finding his daughter therefore in fyt time and place, be brake with hir in this manner. Thou knoweſt, Meliſſa (quoth he) how carefull I have beene ſince thy mothers death, not onely ſecretly to prouide for thy welfare, but openly ſo to grace thee with exteriour fauours, as all Ægypt haue iudged me a father worthie ſuch a childe, and thee for thy obedience deſeruing what my liberalitie hath ſo careſully imparted. In thyne nonage I indeuoured to inſtruct thee in modeſtye and manners, by ſuch vertues to ſeeme gratious in the eye of euerye man; now that thou art growne to ryper yeares, and art famous for the method of thy life through all the countrey, ſeeing thou art fit for marriage, I haue ſought thee ſuch an husband as ſhal honor thee with his byrth and inrich thee with his poſſeſſions; a man though not ſo exquiſitely formed by nature as he maye ſeeme a ſecond Paris, yet of ſuch wealth as hee may countenance and credite with the aboundance of his reuenues. And to be

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breefe, daughter, it is Roſilius ſonne to the lord Roſilius, latelye deceaſed. After he had named the man, he ceaſed to heare his daughters replye. Meliſſa, noting with a ſecret miſlike hir fathers motion, yet for feare durſt not oppoſe hir ſelfe againſt his determination, but told him that as ſhe was his daughter, ſo ſhe was bound by the law of nature to obeye him as her father; and his will ſhould be to hir as a law, which by no meanes ſhe dared to infringe. This anſwer pleaſed the old couetous duke, that with as conuenient ſpeed as might be, he brake the matter to Roſilius, who hauing no more wyt then hee well could occupye, noting how faire a lady he ſhould poſſeſſe, condiſcended with great thankes to the dukes motion; and therevpon, frequenting the houſe of Gradaſſo, began after his homely faſhion to court the young lady Meliſſa, as fit to woe ſo braue a gentlewoman, as Pan to be ſent from Troye in ambaſſage to Helena; well, theſe two diſcords of deſcanting to make a concord.

It fortuned that a gentleman, next neighbour to the duke, had a young ſonne, called Bradamant, a man ſo ſufficiently graced with externall ſauours of nature to beautifie his body, and with inward quallities and vertues to aduance his minde, as he was generally liked and loued of all the country. This young gentleman, paſſing by the court of Gradaſſo, eſpied Meliſſa looking out of a window: Bradamant, amazed at the ſight of ſuch a heauenly creature, ſtood a long while aſtoniſhed at her excellent beautie, in ſo much that Meliſſa, caſting her eye aſide, eſpyed him, and with that ſhut the caſements, which ſomewhat daunted the minde of the young gentleman to be ſo ſodenly depriued of that obiect which ſo greatly pleaſed his eyes; but

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taking this her modeſt diſcourteſie in good part, he paſſed forward to take a vew of his fathers grounds, where, as he ſollemnly and ſollitaryly walked, he felt in his minde a ſparkling heate of affection, which he tooke as a toye of youth, rather to be laught at for the ſudden paſſion, then to be preuented for any enſuing danger. As thus he reſted a little perplexed, but not greatlye pained, Cupid, that grudged to looſe ſuch a nouice, hauing his winges plumed with times feathers leaſt hee might let ſlip occaſion, ſeeing this young gentleman at diſcouert, thought to ſtrike while the iron was hot; and ſo drew a boult to the head, and ſtroke Bradamant at the very harte, which pierced ſo deepe that no phyſicke could cure: for the fame of Meliſſaes life began to allure him; the report which all Ægypt made of her courteſie was a chaine to intangle hys freedome; hir honour, byrth, parentage, and incomparable beautie, gaue ſuch fierce aſſaults to his perplexed fancie, as no defenſe of reaſon was able to withſtand thoſe violent impreſſions.

Bradamant, ſeeing himſelfe pained with theſe vnacquainted fits, was driuen into a quandary, whether he ſhould valiantly reſiſt the inchanting tunes of Cupids forcerye, and ſo ſtand to the chance whatſoeuer the mayne were, or els yeelde to the alluring call of beawtye, and ſo ſpend his youth in ſeeking and ſuing for doubtfull though deſired fauours. Toſſed a while in theſe contrary thoughts, and pinched with the conſideration of his owne eſtate, he began to think that to fixe his fancie vpon Meliſſa was with the yoong griphons to pecke againſt the ſtars, and with the woolues to barke againſt the moone, ſeeing the baſeneſſe of his birth, and ſuch a rich riuall as Roſilius was, would greatly preiudice his intended ſute. Theſe conſiderations began ſomewhat to repreſſe his doting fancies; but Cupid,

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not willing to take ſo ſlender a repulſe, thought ſtraight to race out thoſe deſpairing thoughts with the comfortable conſerues of hope, and to draw Bradamant out of the laborinth of diſtruſting feare with the aſſured poſſibilities of atchieuing his enterpriſe. He, therefore, began to incourage his champion with theſe plawſible coniectures: that Meliſſa was a woman, and therefore to be woone, if beautifull, with praiſes, if coye, with praiers; if proud, with giſts, if couetous, with promiſes; to conclude, that as there is no ſtone ſo hard which cannot be cut, no hawke ſo rammage that cannot be manned, no tygre ſo fierce which cannot be tamed, ſo there is no woman ſo infected with the bitter paſſion of ſelfe-will, none ſo ſpotted with the ſtaine of helliſh crueltie, nor ſo wedded vnto wilfull frowardneſſe, but they may be drawne to the lure by ſome of the forenamed practiſes. Bradamant, pricked forward with theſe pithie perſwaſions, and yet driuen backe with the feare of ſome hapleſſe deniall, ſtood diuerſly perplexed, whether he ſhould with a momentary content ſue after loſſe, or with a long diſquiet ſeeke after gaine. Remaining awhile in theſe doubts, halfe franticke with ſuch vnaccuſtomed fits, he fell into theſe paſſionate complaints.

Oh, Bradamant! how art thou diuerſly perplexed, driuen either to purchaſe hapleſſe content with fading pleaſures, or to gaine a happy diſquiet with enſuing profits? If thou chooſe the firſt, thou art like to repent at the laſt; if the ſecond, ſure, with Hercules, after painefull labours, to obtaine fame and quiet. The Caſpians, fearing to be ſtifled with ſweete sauours, weare in their boſomes bands of hemlocke: the people Pharuſij, doubting to ſurfet with drinking the iuice of liquorice, preuent ſuch perrils with chewing

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rewbarbe. It is better to be pained with the ſting of a ſnake and recouer, then be tickled with the venime of tarantula, and dye laughing. Hard, yea, hard it is, Bradamant, to ride on Seianus horſe for his beauty, and then periſh, or to gaine the golde of Thaleſſa with aſſured miſhap. Better it is for a time, with ſorrow, to preuent dangers, then to buye fading pleaſures with repentance. Why, Bradamant, what cauſe ſhalt thou haue to repent? Is paine alwayes a companion to pleaſure? is Danger the hand-maide to Loue? is Fancye neuer painted but treading vpon thornes? Yes, no doubt, as Cupid hath arrowes that do pierce, ſo they make ſweete wounds. Venus, I grant, hath a wrinckle in her brow, but two dimples in her cheekes: ſhe frownes not vpon them that ſacrifice at Paphos, but paines ſuch as deſpiſe hir deitye. Loue, Bradamant! why doeſt thou loue? yea, alas! and therefore vnhappy becauſe in loue,—a paſſion ſo unfit for thy yoong yeares; as if thou yeeld to Cupid's allurements, thou ſhalt haue cauſe either to curſe the Deſtinies for appointing him a god, or accuſe the gods for creating thee a man: for loue, whatſoeuer the lucke be, is alwaies tempered with loſſe. If thou winne, thy gaines ſhall be like theirs who buye hony mixed with gall; the ſweetneſſe not halfe ſo much pleaſing the taſte, as the bitterneſſe infecteth the ſtomacke. Parrhasius, drawing the counterfeit of Loue, painteth hir tickling youth on the left ſide with a feather, and ſtinging him on the right with a ſcorpion; meaning that they which are ſotted with the ſorceries of Cupid, reape for a dram of golde a pound of droſſe, and for a pinte of pure oyle, a whole tun of infectious poiſon, being a fading pleaſure mixed with bitter paſſions, and a miſerye

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tempered with a few momentary delights. It is for youth, Bradamant, to ſpend their flouriſhing yeares in vertues, not in vanities; to delight in hard armours, not in delicate and effemīnate amours; not to dallye in the chamber with Paris, but to march in the field with Hector; to wiſh they could loue, not to repent they haue loued. Hercules wunne his fame, not with recounting his lawleſſe and licencious loues, but by atchieuing ſtrange and inuincible labours; the one winning him endleſſe renowne, the other vntimely death. Seeke, then, to bridle fancie with reaſon, and to reſtraine doting affections with due counſaile: quench the flame of appetite with wiſdome, and, reaching at honour, ſpurne at beautye: ſo mayſt thou ſay, Venus flames are but flaſhes, and call Cupid a deſpiſed boye, not a redoubted god.

Bradamant, thinking thus with blaſpheming curſes to ſhake of[f] fancies ſhackles, went out of his chamber to ſport himſelfe with his companions, where he paſſed away the day in playing at cheſts; but although he gaue the checke, he was faine at laſt to take the mate: for Venus, hearing with what deſpightfull tearmes he abuſed her deity, thought, ſeeing he deſpiſed loue, to make him yeeld vnto loue, and with panting ſighes to craue pardon, where with bitter ſpeeches he had railed: ſhe, therefore. ſeeing he began to make a rampire againſt fancie, thought to giue a freſh aſſault to his halfe defenſed fortreſſe, and to ſend Deſire as a herald to make the challenge, that Beautie, as a champion, might performe the charge. Which doone, Bradamant, willing to withſtand hir power, paſſed three or foure daies in perplexed paſſions, counting loue as a toye, which, being taken in a minute, might be left of at a

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moment. But he ſond as the Abenſtone, once kindled, can neuer be quenched, as the griffin, if he once ſoare into the ayre, will neuer come downe without his praye; ſo if Venus giue the aſſault, it is vnpoſſible to eſcape without ſacking: if loue diſplaye her flag, ſhe neuer returnes without victorie; which forced Bradamant to preſent them with praiers, whome he had plagued with curſes, and where he had ſhed bloud, there to offer the ſacrifice. The remembrance of Meliſſaes beautie ſo fiered his affections, that as the flye Pyrulus cannot liue out of the flame, nor the bird Trochilus keepe from the infectious crocodile, ſo vnles he might enioy what he feared to poſſeſſe, no meanes but death could cure his malady. Bradamant, pining a long while in theſe doubtfull thoughts, began once againe to debate with himſelfe, but all in vaine; yet mauger his owne mind, he burſt foorth into theſe ſpeeches.

Alas, poore Bradamant! thou reacheſt at that with thy hand which thy hart would faine refuſe, playing with the byrde Ibis which hateth ſerpents yet feedeth on their egs. Conſider, Bradamant, thou art the ſonne of a poore gentleman, and ſhe the daughter of a mighty duke; the diſdaine of thy parentage, thy liuing, thy patrimonie, is a ſufficient cooling to thee: thinke not eagles will catch at flies, or ſuch mightye potentates ſtoope to ſuch poore peaſants. The bull and the hiena cannot be fed together in one ſtall; the elephant eateth not where the mouſe hath crept; the eagle and the doue pearke not on one branche: theſe brute beaſts mooued only by ſence, thou a man, and not to be perſwaded by reaſon. Ceaſe then, Bradamant, to loue her who ſoares ſo far aboue thy reach, as looke at hir thou maiſt, but obtaine her thou canſt not: play like the tree

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Citizus, that ſuffereth no flye to light vpon his flower: let thy mind be like Hercules temple, whereinto no dog can enter: ſuffer not loue to ſcale the ſorte wherein freedome hath taken charge; ſo ſhalt thou both eſcape enſuing dangers, and prooue thy ſelfe more wiſe then amorous. Ah, Bradamant! what, dooeſt thou meane to meaſure the heauens with a line, or to furrow the ſeas with a plough? ſeekeſt thou to extinguiſh loue by force, or to preuent fancie by counſell? dooſt thou meane to quench fire with a ſworde, or to ſtop the winde with a feather? Thou knoweſt loue is to be feared of men, becauſe honoured of the Gods: Jupiter could not reſiſt fancye, nor Apollo withſtand affection, they Gods and yet in loue, thou a man and appointed to loue. It is an impreſſion, Bradamant, not to be ſuppreſſed by wiſedome, becauſe not to bee comprehended by reaſon; without lawe, and therefore muſt needes bee aboue all lawe: ſtriue not then againſt the ſtreame, feed not with the deare againſt the winde, ſeeke not to appeaſe Venus with ſlanders, but with ſacrifice. Meliſſa is beautifull and vertuous, to be wunne with intreatie, if thou feare not to attempt: what though Gradaſſo frowne, may not ſhe fauour; he ſtifled with couetiſe, and therefore muſt hate; ſhe ſtirred by Venus, and therefore muſt loue: if Meliſſa like paſſe not, if he lowre; yea let both your parents miſlike, ſo you two reſt in contented quiet. Bradamant had no ſooner vttered theſe words, but he felt his minde halfe eaſed with flattering himſelfe thus in his follies, ſo that from doubting if he might loue, he fell to deuiſing how to obtaine his loue. Reſting thus diuerſly paſſionate, Meliſſa, of the contrarye part, began greatlye to affect young Bradamant, and though his meane byrthe,

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his parentage, and lyuing, did diſſwade her from liking ſo baſe a youth, yet a reſtleſſe deſire, a ſecret idea and contemplation of his vertues and beautye, made hir thinke if Gradaſſo would graunt, ſhe could prefer Bradamant before Reſilius; ſo that hindred in a dylemma, ſhe began thus doubtfully to debate with hir ſelfe.

Oh! vnhappy Meliſſa, whoſe minde is payned with vnacquainted paſſions, and whoſe head is troubled with vnequall thoughts, ſhall thy virgins ſtate be ſtained with fond deſires, or thy young yeares darkened with Cupids ſhadowes? Tis fit for thee, Meliſſa, to ſpend thy youth in laboures not in loues, to pace ſollemnly after Veſta, not to gad wantonly after Venus: maides muſt haue deniall in their mouth and diſdayne in their harts, ſo ſhall they ſafelye remaine free, and ſecurelye deſpiſe fancie. Diana is painted kiſſing Vertue, and ſpotting Beauties face with a penſell: virgins muſt delight in ancient counſailes, not amorous conceits, leaſt in ſmelling vpon ſweete violets, they ſtumble on bitter rue. Truth, Meliſsa; thou giueſt good precepts if thou canſt follow thine owne principle; thou art perſwaded by Bradamant to loue, but take heede of ſuch balefull allurements: arme thy ſelfe againſt his charming deſire with a chaſte diſdaine, ſo ſhalt thou be ſure, as he which weareth lawrell cannot be hurte with lightning, nor he that carieth the pen of an eagle periſh with thunder, ſo ſhall neither loue nor fancie paine thee with hapleſſe paſſions. Thinke this; Bradamant is a man, and therefore inconſtant; and as he ſayth a louer, and therefore a flatterer, as fickle as the woolues of Syria, which forget their praye ere they be halfe ſatisfied; and as diſsembling as Iupiter, who feedeth Semele for a while with nectar, and then killeth hir with fire.

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Sith then, Meliſſa, to loue is to looſe, feare not Venus as a goddeſſe, but deſpiſe her as a wanton; intreate not Cupid with prayers, but with curſes; tell Fancie thou wilt reiect hir as a vaſſall, not regard hir as a vertue: for Bradamant, raile at him as a peaſant to[o] lowe for thy paſſions: in ſteed of courteſie, preſent him with Medæas inchanted caſket. Dooth Bradamant loue Meliſſa? No, he hateth Meliſſa; he faineth loue to procure thy loſſe, he flattereth to trye thy follie, and if he find thee to fond, he will bring thee a ſleepe with melodie, and then ſtrike of thy head with Mercurie. Oh, Meliſsa! condemne not Bradamant without cauſe; if thou meaneſt not to loue him, delight not to lacke him, proffer him not netles ſith he preſents thee with roſes: if he yeeld the honie, rub not his hiue with gall; anſwere him freendly, though thou ſtraine courteſie to flatter, for ſweete promiſes pleaſe more then ſower gifts, and pleaſant potions are better taken though infectious, then bitter pils though moſt wholeſome: and know this, Meliſsa, that the flame of the hill Chymera is to be quenched with haye, not with water; the mountaine in Harpaſa to be remooued with ones finger, not with the whole ſtrength; and loue to be driuen out with reaſon, not to bee thruſt out with force, leaſt in ſtriuing againſt Venus ſhe play the woman, and ſeeke to reuenge.

Meliſsa had no ſooner vttered theſe wordes, but going into her cloſet ſhe paſsed awaye the time two or three dayes perplexed: her ſweete loue Roſilius could not, with all his clowniſh courting, driue hir from hir dumpes, but ſtill all her thoughts and imaginations were fixed on the wytte and perſonage of yoong Bradamant, ſo that both the louers ſought by walking in the woods to meete there to diſcouer

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thoſe fiery paſſions, which ſecretly ſmothred within their breſts. Bradamant, knowing the courſe that his loue vſed to keepe, taking his lute in his hand, repaired to a ground whether Meliſsa preſently reſorted, and ſeeing the ſaint whom in heart ſhe did reuerence ſtealing ſecretly amidſt the thicket, ſhe determined to heare ſome part of his paſſions. Bradamant, full of melancholy dumps, tuning his lute, began to warble out this madrigale:

The ſwans, whoſe pens as white as iuory,
Eclipſing fayre Endymions ſiluer-loue,
Floting like ſnowe downe by the banckes of Po,
Nere tund their notes, like Leda once forlorne,
With more diſpairing ſortes of madrigales,
Then I whome wanton loue hath with his gad,
Prickt to the courte of deepe aud reſtleſse thoughts.
The frolike yoongsters Bacchus liquor mads
Run not about the wood of Theſſaly,
With more inchaunted fits of lunacy,
Then I whome loue, whome ſweete and bitter loue,
Fiers infects with ſundry paſſions;
Now lorne with liking ouermuch my loue,
Frozen with fearing, if I ſtep to far;
Fired with gazing at ſuch glymmering ſtars,
As ſtealing light from Phebus brighteſt rayes,
Sparkles and ſets a flame within my breſt.
Reſt, reſtleſſe loue, fond baby, be content:
Child, hold thy darts within thy quiuer cloſe,
And if thou wilt be rouing with thy bowe,
Ayme at thoſe hearts that may attend on loue,
Let countrey ſwaines, and ſilly ſwads be ſtill.
To court, yoong wag, and wanton there thy fill.

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After that Bradamant had recorded this dittie, he heard a great ruſhling in the buſhes, wherevpon deſirous to ſee what it might be, he eſpyed Meliſſa, at whoſe ſight he ſtood ſo amazed, as if with Meduſaes head he had beene turned to a ſtone. The lady, as much agaſt, hauing a cooſin of hirs with hir called Angelica, vttered not a word; but the louers, made mute with loue, ſtood as perſons in a trance, till Bradamant diſcourſing his loues, and making open his priuie paſſions, fell downe at her feete, and craued mercie. The ladye, as deepely pained as he was paſſionate, could not conceale fire in the ſtraw, nor diſsemble loue in her lookes, but flatlye tolde him that both the proportions of his bodye and the vertues of hys minde had made ſuch a conqueſt in her affections, that, were it not [for] the crabbed and couetous diſpoſition of the duke, ſhe could find in her heart to make him hir onely paramour. But hir father Gradaſso had prouided her a mariage whome ſhe durſt not refuſe, a man able with his wealth to maintaine hir, with his parentage to credit hir, and that his poſſeſſions were great gifts to content, and little gods to command euen Veſta her ſelfe to leaue hir virginitie: but, quoth ſhe, how I reſt diſcontent with the match, I appeale to the Gods and myne owne conſcience.

Bradamant hearing her ſo willing to be wonne, tolde her that pollicies in loue were not deceipts, but wiſdome; that to diſſemble in affection was to offer Venus her rights; and therfore if her fancy were ſuch as ſhe did proteſt, it were eaſie to inioye the fruition of their loues. Not ſo, quoth Meliſſa, for rather had I marrye Roſilius, and ſo wed my ſelfe to continuall diſcontent and repentance, then by being loſe in my loues and wanton in my thoughts, diſobeying my fathers com-

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maund, to diſparage mine honour and become a by-word throughout all Aegipt; for ladyes honors are like white lawnes, which ſoone are ſtayned with euerye mole. Men in their loues haue liberties, that ſoare they neuer ſo high nor ſtoope they neuer ſo lowe, yet their choice is little noted; but women are more glorious obiects, and therfore haue all mens eyes attentiuelye bent vpon them: yet (quoth ſhe) how I miſlyke of my fathers commaund, and how malecontent I am, lend me your lute, and you ſhall heare my opinion. Bradamant, glad that his miſtreſſe would vouchſafe to grace him with a ſong, deliuered hir the inſtrument, wherevpon Meliſſa, beyng verye ſkilfull, warbled out this dittye:

Obſcure and darke is all the gloomie aire,
The curtaine of the night is ouerſpred;
The ſylent miſtreſſe of the loweſt ſpheare,
Puts on her ſable coulored vale and lower[s].
Nor ſtar nor milkewhite cyrcle of the ſkye
Appeares where diſcontent doth hold her lodge:
She ſits ſhrind in a cannapie of clouds,
Whoſe maſſie darkeneſſe mazeth euery ſenſe.
Wan is her lookes, her cheekes of azure hue,
Hir haires as Gorgons foule retorting ſnakes;
Enuie the glaſſe wherein the hag doth gaze,
Reſtleſſe the clocke that chimes hir faſt a ſleepe,
Diſquiet thoughts the minuts of her watch.
Forth from her caue the fiend full oft dooth flie:
To kings ſhe goes, and troubles them with crownes,
Setting thoſe high aſpiring brands on fire,
That flame from earth vnto the ſeate of Ioue:

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To ſuch as Midas, men that dote on wealth,
And rent the bowels of the middle earth
For coine; who gape, as did faire Danae,
For ſhowers of gold: their diſcontent in blacke,
Throwes forth the viols of her reſtleſſe cares:
To ſuch as ſit at Paphos for releefe,
And offer Venus manie ſolemne vowes,
To ſuch as Hymen, in his ſaffron robe,
Hath knit a Gordion knot of paſſions.
To theſe, to all, parting the glomie aire,
Black diſcontent doth make hir bad repaire.

No ſooner had Meliſsa ended this ſonnet, but for feare the two louers, though moſt vnwilling, parted, determining when occaſion would ſerue, they would meete againe. Yet was not their meeting ſo in ſecret but old Gradaſſo knew of their conference: wherevpon he not onlye blamed his daughter, and in bitter and railing tearmes miſuſed the father of Bradamant, but ſought with all poſſible ſpeed to diſpatch the marriage, Meliſsa, paſſing the dayes in melancholie, and the night in paſſionate dumpes, that her nuptials were ſo nye. Though men determine the Gods doo diſpoſe, and oft times many things fall out betweene the cup and the lip; for the day being appointed, certaine tenants, as well gentlemen as others, that were vnder the duke, went to Pharao with generall complaints of his couetous and barbarous crueltye. Pharao, whoſe thoughts aimed at exceſſiue deſire of coine, tooke oportunitie by the hand, and thought by theſe complaints to poſſeſe himſelfe of all his poſſeſſions and treaſure: wherevpon he ſent for the duke and Roſilius, and after he had heard the complaints,

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he baniſht him, and Roſilius his ſonne in lawe, with his daughter Meliſsa, out of all the confines of Aegipt. Gradaſso, willing to anſwer to his accuſers, could not be ſuffered by the king to make any replye, but within three dayes they muſt depart; which ſo danted the duke and yoong Roſilius, that they ſtoode like thoſe men that Perſeus turned to ſtones; and poore Meliſsa ſorrowing at the hard cenſure of the king, and weeping at the mishap of hir father, cryed out againſt fortune that was ſo fickle, and the ſtarres that had ſo badlye dealt in the configuration of their natiuitie, ſeeing hir ſorrow with teares, and her fortunes with wailings. Well, to be breefe, the day came of their departure: the duke with Roſilius and Meliſsa were imbarked in a little ship, and ſo tranſported into Libia; where when they arriued, the duke, for that he had ſmall acquaintance or none in the countrie, liued obſcurely and in poore eſtate; the clowne Roſilius, hauing no quallities of the mind, onely at home relying vpon his reuenues, and now abroad driuen to ſatisfie his thirſt with his hands, and to releeue his hunger with applying himſelfe to any ſeruile kind of drudgerie. Meliſsa she got hir ſelfe into the ſeruice of a rich merchant, where with ſuch courteſie she behaued hir ſelfe, that she was generally liked of all the houshold.

While thus theſe three pilgrims liued in this penance, Bradamant, hearing of this ſtraunge accident, fell into diuers and ſundry perplexed paſſions. Firſt, the feruent affection he bare vnto Meliſsa tolde him that fortune may not part louers, nor the inconſtant conſtellation of the planets diſseuer that which fancye had vnited with ſuch a bande; that the vowes of Venus are not to be vio-

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lated; that loue muſt reſemble a cyrcle, whoſe motion neuer ceaſeth in that rounde: therfore he was bound by loue and dutie to ſayle after them into Lybia, and there to giue what releeſe he could to theſe exiles. But to theſe reſolutions came ſtrange and contrary motions: firſt, the forſaking of his father whome he moſt reuerently honoured; ſecondly, his freends whome in all duty he did reuerence; but that which pained him moſt was to leaue Egipt his countrey, which hee loued more then his life, in ſo much that, with Vliſſes hee counted the ſmoake of Ithaca ſweeter then the fiers of Troie. Theſe conſiderations drewe him from his reſolution of departure, ſo that he ſtaied for two or three daies paſſionate in Ægipt; but loue that is reſtleſſe ſuffred him to take no reſt, but in his dreames preſented him with the shape of Meliſa, and waking fancie ſet ſo playnely the idea of her perſon and perfection before his eyes, that, as one tormented with a ſecond hell, neither reſpecting father, country, nor friends, as ſoone as wynde and weather did ſerue, rigging a bonny bark to the ſea, he paſſed into Libia. Where he was no ſooner arriued, but ſtraight hee highed him to the court, where then Sacrapant, the king of that land, kept his pallace royall. Bradamant, liuing there for a ſpace as a courtier, won ſuch ſauour for his excellent wit and rare qualities, that the king held him as one of his cheefe gentlemen, and promoted him great giftes; in ſo much that who but Bradamant in all the court of Libia flowriſht thus in great credit. He fought about to finde out the duke and his daughter. Him on a day, as he paſſed downe to the ſea cliffes, he found gathering of cockles, profeſſing the ſtate of a fiſher-man; with whom, after he had parled a little, he bewrayed what he was, and in what eſtimation he was with

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Sacrapant. The duke, glad to ſee one of his countriemen and neyghbours in ſo ſtrang a land, embraced him; to whom Bradamant briefly diſcourſed his mynde as concerning the imperfections of Roſilius, how his wealth onely reſpected, whereof now he was depryued, he was a mere peaſant and ſlaue of nature, not able, being exild, though noble borne, to ſhew any ſparks of honor: ſeeing then the duke was tyed to extremities, he would now marry his daughter, and make hir liue, as hir calling deſerued, in the court. Gradaſſo no ſooner heard his minde, but he graunted to hys motion, ſo that Bradamant breaking the matter to the king Sacrapant with all his lordes, ſeeing the damzell ſo fayre, condiſcended, and with great pompe ſolempniſed the nuptials. Where Bradamant mainteyned his wyfe and his father very richly, vntill Pharao dying, the duke, Bradamant, and his wyfe Meliſſa, with the clowniſh lord Roſilius, paſſed home to theyr former poſſeſſions.

Perimedes hauing tolde his tale, he burſt forth into theſe ſpeeches. Thou ſeeſt, Delia, how farre wit is preferred before wealth, and in what eſtimation the qualities of the mynde are in reſpect of worldly poſſeſſions. Archimedes hauing ſuffered ſhipwrack on the ſea, being caſt on ſhoare, all the rest of the paſſengers ſorrowing becauſe theyr goods were loſt, he, eſpying certaine geometricall caracters, merrily and cheerefully ſayd vnto them, Feare not, fellow-mates in misfortune, for I ſee the ſteps of men, and ſo paſſed; but when hee was knowen among them, the phyloſophers releeued them all. Leaſt Perimedes ſhould haue gone forward in his diſcourſe, one of his neighbours came in to beare him company, and ſo hee ceaſt from his pratle.

If the reſt of their diſcourſe happen into my hands, then, Gentlemen, looke for newes.

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William Bubb, *Gentleman*, to his freend the Author.

AFTER that, freend Robin, you had finiſhed Perymedes, and vouchſafed to commit it to my vewe, liking the worke, and ſo much the rather for that you beſtowed the Dedication on my verye good freind Maiſter Geruis Cliſton, whoſe deſerts merit it (and one of more worth) when your labour ſhall be imploied more ſeriouſlie, the laſt ſheete hanging in the preſſe, comming into your ſtudie, I found in your deſke certaine ſonets, fained to be written by the Chaldees, what time the poore Smith and his wife liued ſo contentedlye; which ſhee hauing kept as iewels in her cheſt, and you as relikes in your chamber, not letting any but your familiars to peruſe them, for that you feared to diſcouer your little ſkill in verſe: theſe ſonets, for that they fit my humour, and will content others, or els my iudgement failes, I charge thee, by that familiar conuerſing that hath paſt betweene vs, that thou annex them to the ende of this pamphlet, which if you grant, we ſtill reſt as we haue beene: if not, *Actum eſt de amicitia*, and ſo farewell.

Thine, WILLIAM BUBB.

The Author.

Being, gentlemen, thus ſtrictly coniured by mine eſpeciall good freend, I dare not but rather hazard my credit on your courteſies then looſe, for ſo ſmall a trifle, his freendſhip whome I haue euer found as faithfull as familiar, and ſo familiar

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as can come within the compaſſe of amitie: then, I humbly intreate, if my verſes be harſhe, or want the grace that poems ſhould haue, that you will ouerſhadow them with your fauours; and pardon all, the rather for that I preſent them vpon conſtraint: if in this your courteſies ſhall freend me, I will either labour to haue better ſkill in poetrie, or els ſweare neuer to write anye more; and ſo I hartely bid you farewell.

R. G.

WHEN the Caldees ruled in Aegypt, as the Gimnoſophiſts did in India, and the Sophi in Greece, they vſed to endeuor, as far as their graue counſailes could preuaile, to ſuppreſſe all wanton affections, reſpecting not the degrees of perſons to whome they deliuered their ſatyricall exhortations: it chanced, therfore, that Pſamnetichus yoongeſt ſonne, addicted to[o] much to wanton deſires, and to ſot himſelſe in the beautie of women, one of the Caldees, hauing an inſight into his laſciuious lyfe, perſwaded him to deſiſt from ſuch fading pleaſures, whoſe momentarye delights did breede laſting reproche and infamie. The yoong prince, making light account of his words, went into his ſtudye, and writ him an ahswer, ſonnet-wiſe, to this effect:

I am but yoong, and may be wanton yet.

In Cypres ſat fayre Venus by a fount,
Wanton Adonis toying on her knee,
She kiſt the wag, her darling of accompt:
The boie gan bluſh, which when his louer ſee,
She ſmild and told him loue might challenge debt,
And he was yoong and might be wanton yet.

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The boy waxt bold, fiered by fond deſire,
That woe he could, and court hir with conceipt,
Reaſon ſpied this, and ſought to quench the fire
With cold diſdaine; but wily Adon ſtraight
Cherd vp the flame and ſaide, good ſir, what let?
I am but young, and may be wanton yet.

Reaſon replied that Beawty was a bane
To ſuch as feed their fancy with fond loue,
That when ſweete youth with luſt is ouertane,
It rues in age: this could not Adon moue,
For Venus taught him ſtill this reſt to ſet
That he was young, and might be wanton yet.

Where Venus ſtrikes with beauty to the quick,
It litle vayles ſage Reaſon to reply.
Few are the cares for ſuch as are loue-ſicke
But loue: then though I wanton it awry
And play the wag, from Adon this I get,
I am but young, and may be wanton yet.

After the young prince had ended his ſonnet, and gyuen it, as it were in deryſion, to the Caldee, the olde man, willing to gyue him a ſop of the ſame ſawce, called together his wyts, and refelled his reaſon thus, after his owne methode:

The Syren Venus nouriſt in hir lap
Faire Adon, ſwearing whiles he was a youth
He might be wanton: note his after-hap,
The guerdon that ſuch lawleſſe luſt enſueth:

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So long he followed flattering Venus lore,
Till, feely lad, he periſht by a bore.

Mars in his youth did court this luſty dame;
He woon hir loue, what might his fancy let?
He was.but young: at laſt vnto his ſhame
Vulcan intrapt them ſlily in a net,
And call'd the Gods to witneſſe as a truth,
A leachers fault was not excus'd by youth.

If crooked age accounteth youth his ſpring,
The ſpring, the fayreſt ſeaſon of the yeare,
Enricht with flowers and ſweetes, and many a thing
That fayre and gorgeous to the eyes appeare,
It fits that youth the ſpring of man ſhould be,
Richt with ſuch flowers as vertue yeeldeth thee.

After that the olde Caldee had penned this poeme, hee preſented it to the young prince, but how it tooke effect I litle know, and leaue you to ſuppoſe; but this I am ſure, Delia kept it in hir caſket as a relick, and therefore as I had it I preſent it.

This ſonnet had no name prefixed, ſo that I knowe not whoſe inuention it was; but Delia held it more deere then all the reſt, ſo that before ſhee drew it out off hir boxe ſhee prayſed it with many proteſtations; but as the argument may inferre coniecture, it was doone by a louer whoſe miſtreſſe was hard-hearted, which hee dyſcouered metaphorically and myldly, thus:

Faire is my loue for Aprill in her face,
Hir louely breſts September claimes his part,

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And lordly July in her eyes takes place,
But colde December dwelleth in her heart:
Bleſt be the months that ſets my thoughts on fire,
Accurſt that month that hindreth my deſire.

Like Phœbus fire, ſo ſparkles both her eies,
As ayre perſumde with amber is her breath;
Like ſwelling waues her louely teates do riſe,
As earth hir heart, cold, dateth me to death.
Aye me, poore man, that on the earth do liue,
When vnkind earth, death, and diſpaire doth giue.

In pompe ſits Mercie ſeated in hir face,
Loue twixt her breſts his trophees dooth imprint;
Her eyes ſhines fauour, courteſie, and grace:
But touch her heart, ah! that is framd of flint;
That fore my harueſt in the graſſe beares graine,
The rock twill weare, waſht with a winters raine.

This read ouer, ſhe clapt it into her caſket, and brought out an old ruſtie paper; and with that ſhe ſmyled on her husband, and ſpake to her neighbour ſitting by: I will tell you, goſſip, (quoth ſhe) as preciſelye as my husband ſits, hee hath beene a wag, but nowe age hath pluckt out all his coltes teeth; for when hee and I made loue one to another, hee got a learned clarke to write this dittie, ſubtilly contriued as though it had beene betweene ſheepheards, but he ment it of me and himſelfe. Perymedes laught at this, and ſo the ſonnet was read, thus:

Phillis kept ſheepe along the weſterne plaines,
And Coridon did feed his flocks hard by:

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This ſheepheard was the flower of all the ſwaines,
That trac'd the downes of fruitfull Theſſalie;
And Phillis, that did far her flocks ſurpaſſe
In ſiluer hue, was thought a bonny laſſe.

A bonny laſſe, quaint in her country tire,
Was louely Phillis; Coridon ſwore ſo:
Her locks, her lookes, did ſet the ſwaine on fire,
He left his lambes, and he began to woe.
He lookt, he ſitht, he courted with a kiſſe:
No better could the ſilly ſwad then this.

He little knew to paint a tale of loue,
Sheepheards can fancie, but they cannot ſaye:
Phillis gan ſmile, and wily thought to proue,
What vncouth greeſe poore Coridon did paie.
She aſkt him how his flocks or he did fare?
Yet penſiue thus his ſighes did tell his care.

The ſheepheard bluſht when Phillis queſtioned ſo,
And ſwore by Pan it was not for his flocke[s];
Tis loue, faire Phillis, breedeth all this woe;
My thoughts are trapt within thy louely locks:
Thine eye hath pearſt, thy face hath ſet on fire.
Faire Phillis kindleth Coridons deſire.

Can ſheepheards loue? ſaid Phillis to the ſwaine:
Such ſaints as Phillis, Coridon replied.
Men when they luſt can many fancies faine,
Said Phillis: this not Coridon denied,
That luſt had lies; but loue, quoth he, ſayes truth:
Thy ſheepheard loues, then, Phillis, what enſueth?

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Phillis was won : ſhe bluſht and hung the head,
The ſwaine ſtept to, and cher'd hir with a kiſſe ;
With faith, with troth, they ſtroke the matter dead :
So vſed they when men thought not amiſſe.
This loue begun and ended both in one ;
Phillis was loued, and ſhe lik't Corydon.

And thus, gentlemen, at my ſreends requeſt, I haue put in print thoſe bad ſonnets ; which otherwiſe I had reſolued to haue made obſcure, like the pictures that Phidias drew in his prentize-hood, which hee paynted in the night and blotted out in the day. If they paſſe but with ſilence, how ſoeuer you ſmyle at them ſecretly, I care not : if they bee ſo ill that you cannot but murmur openly at ſuch traſh, I runne to the laſt clauſe of my ſreends letter : doo this : *Aut actum de amicitia.* And ſo I bid you farewell.

FINIS.

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Miscellaneous Tracts

TEMP. ELIZ. & JAC. I.

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STRANGE NEWES,

Of the intercepting certaine Letters and a Convoy of Verſes, as they were going *Privilie* the victuall the Lowe Countries.

Unda impellitur unda.

By Tho. Nashe, Gentleman.

Printed at London by Iohn Danter, dwelling in Hoſier Lane neere Holburne Conduit.

1592.

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INTRODUCTION.

We purpose in the ensuing series, and at intervals, to place in the hands of the reader the whole of the famous Contention between Thomas Nash and Gabriel Harvey; but as it is by no means easy at all times to obtain the use of the originals, in consequence of their rarity, we cannot promise that the tracts will be reprinted consecutively. Thus, in the instance in hand, we are obliged to insert Nash's reply before we can conveniently give Harvey's attack: hereafter the latter will duly appear; and those who may be in overhaste to learn something of the provocation, may do so by turning to vol. ii of "Archaica", printed under the supervision of the late Sir Egerton Brydges in 1814, where Harvey's "Four Letters and Certain Sonnets, especially touching Robert Greene", 1592, profess to be reprinted. The truth, however, is that the whole is there modernised, so that the meaning of the author is obscured, if not misrepresented, and mistakes are introduced which render nonsense of certain passages; thus, we open the book at random, and, on p. 22, we find "*greasy* stomachs" for "queasy stomachs"; but we only mention such defects in order to put the reader on his guard against entire confidence in that text. We shall hereafter insert the "Four Letters", we hope with our accustomed fidelity, and in the mean time the reader may like to refer to "Archaica", in order to understand more distinctly, and relish more thoroughly the wit, humour, severity and even abuse in the answer of our great prose-satirist.

Harvey's replies to Nash, and Nash's retorts upon Harvey, will all be given in due time, if not in due place, beginning

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with the original provocation in Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier", and ending with Harvey's last effort, under the character of Litchfield, the barber of Cambridge: both parties were then silenced by public authority, and this fact of itself shows the importance attached to the conflict. When we shall have reproduced the entire series, the reader will be able to arrange the separate publications, either in the sequence of our numbers, or, —as we think may be the more desirable,—chronologically, as they made their appearance in the five years between 1592 and 1597. In order to render our undertaking complete, we shall be compelled to repeat some pieces that have been already, though imperfectly, reprinted, and which, standing by themselves, seem of comparatively little value.

We shall endeavour, as we proceed, to make each performance as intelligible as we can with reference to what has gone before it. The whole is full of information connected with the literary history of the day; and notices will be found in it of most of the then living writers, whether of prose or poetry; though, in many cases, what is said may be only sufficient to excite, not to gratify curiosity. Nearly all that is known of Robert Greene, the most celebrated novelist and pamphleteer of his time, is derived from this source. Harvey was no match for his adversary in animation or ridicule; but we are inclined to think that, in point of argument as well as learning, he sometimes had the best of, what our northern friends call, the "fliting."

The "&c.", in Nash's introductory Epistle, indicates a defect in every copy of the tract we have had an opportunity of examining.

J. Payne Collier.

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To the most copious Carminist of our time, and famous perſecutor of Priſcian, his very friend Maiſter *Apis Lapis*, Tho. Naſhe wiſheth new ſtrings to his old tawney Purſe, and all honorable increaſe of acquaintance in the Cellar.

GENTLE M. William, that learned writer *Rheniſh Wine and Sugar*, in the firſt book of his Comment upon Red Noſes, hath this ſaying: *veterem ferendo injuriam invitas novam;* which is as much, in Engliſh, as one cuppe of nipitaty puls on another. In moyſt conſideration whereof, as alſo in zealous regard of that high countenance you ſhew unto ſchollers, I am bold, in ſtead of new wine, to carowſe to you a cuppe of newes: which if your worſhip (according to your wonted *Chauceriſme*) ſhall accept in good part, Ile be your daily orator to pray, that that pure ſanguine complexion of yours may never be abaſht with pot-lucke, that you may taſt till your laſt gaſpe, and live to ſee the confuſion of both your ſpeciall enemies, Small Beere, and Grammer Rules.

It is not unknowne to report what a famous pottle-pot

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Patron you have beene to olde poets in your daies, and howe many pounds you have ſpent (and, as it were, throwne into the fire) upon *the durt of wiſedome* called Alcumie: yea, you are ſuch an infinite Mecænas to learned men, that there is not that morſell of meate they can carve you, but you will eate for their ſakes, and accept very thankefully. Thinke not, though under correction of your boone companionſhip I am diſpoſd to be a little pleaſant, I condemne you of any immoderation either in eating or drinking, for I knowe your governement and carriage to be every way canonicall. Verily, verily, all poore ſchollers acknowledge you as their patron, providitore and ſupporter, for there cannot a threed-bare cloake ſooner peepe forth, but you ſtrait preſſe it to be an outbrother of your bounty: three decayed ſtudents you kept attending upon you a long time.

Shall I preſume to dilate of the gravity of your round cap, and your dudgion dagger? It is thought they will make you be calld upon ſhortly to bee Alderman of the Stilliard. And that well remembred: I heard ſay, when this laſt Terme was removed to Hartford, you fell into a great ſtudy and care by your ſelfe, to what place the Stilliard ſhould be remooved. I promiſe you truely it was a

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deepe meditation, and ſuch as might well have beſeemed Eldertons Parliament of Noſes to have ſit upon.

A taverne in London, onely upon the motion, mourned all in blacke, and forbare to girt her temples with ivie, becauſe the grandam of good fellowſhip was like to depart from among them. And I wonder very much, that you *Sampſownd* not your ſelfe into a conſumption with the profound cogitation of it.

Diu vivas in amore jocisque! whatſoever you doe, beware of keeping dyet. Sloth is a ſinne, and one ſinne (as one poyſon) muſt be expelled with another: what can he doe better that hath nothing to doe than fall a drinking to keepe him from idlenes?

Fah! me thinkes my jeaſts begin already to ſmell of the caſke, with talking ſo much of this liquid provinder.

In earneſt thus: there is a *Doctor and his Fart* that have kept a foule ſtinking ſtirre in Paules Churchyard. I cry him mercie: I ſlaundred him; he is ſcarce a doctor till he hath done his acts: this dodipoule, this didopper, this profeſſed poeticall braggart hath raild uppon mee, without wit or art, in certaine foure penny-worth of Letters &c. takes for coatch horſes, for two that draw more equally in one oratoriall yoke of vaine-glory, there is not under heaven.

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What ſay you, Maiſter *Apis Lapis?* will you with your eloquence and credit ſhield me from carpers? Have you any odde ſhreds of Latine to make this lettermunger a cockeſcombe off?

It ſtands you in hand to arme your ſelfe againſt him, for he ſpeaks againſt conny-catchers; and you are a conny catcher, as conny catching is divided into three parts, the *Verſer*, the *Setter*, and the *Barnacle*.

A *Setter* I am ſure you are not, for you are no muſitian; nor a *Barnacle*, for you never were of the order of the Barnadines; but the *Verſer* I cannot acquite you of, for M. Vaux of Lambeth brings in ſore evidence of a breake-faſt you wonne of him one morning at an unlawfull game called riming. What lies not in you to amend, play the *Doctor* and defend.

A fellow that I am to talke with by and by, beeing told that his father was a rope-maker, excuſed the matter after this ſort: *And hath never ſaint had reprobate to his father?* They are his owne wordes; hee cannot goe from them. You ſee, heere hee makes a reprobate and a ropemaker *voces convertibiles:* Go too; take example by him to waſh out durt with inke, and runne up to the knees in the chan-nell, if you bee once wetſhod. You are amongſt grave

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doctors, and men of judgement in both lawes every day: I pray, aſke them the queſtion in my abſence, whether ſuch a man as I have deſcribde this *Epiſtler* to be, one that hath a good handſome pickerdevant, and a pretty leg to ſtudy the civill lawe with, that hath made many proper rimes of the olde cutte in his daies, and deſerved infinitely of the ſtate by extolling himſelfe and his two brothers in every booke he writes, whether (I ſay) ſuch a famous piller of the preſſe, now in the fourteenth or fifteenth yeare of the raigne of his rhetoricke, giving money to have this his illiterate pamphlet of Letters printed (whereas others have money given them to ſuffer themſelves to come in print) it is not to bee counted as flat ſimony, and be liable to one and the ſame penalty?

I tell you, I meane to trounce him after twenty in the hundred, and have a bout with him with two ſtaves and a pike for this geare.

If he get any thing by the bargaine, let whatſoever I write henceforward be condemned to wrappe bumbaſt in.

Carouſe to me good lucke; for I am reſolutely bent the beſt blood of the brothers ſhall pledge me in vineger. O! would thou hadſt a quaffing bowle, which, like Gawens

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ſcull, ſhould containe a pecke, that thou mightſt ſwap off a harty draught to the ſucceſſe of this voyage.

By whatſoever thy viſage holdeth moſt pretious I beſeech thee; by John Davies ſoule, and the Blew Bore in the Spittle, I conjure thee to draw out thy purſe, and give me nothing for the Dedication of my pamphlet.

Thou art a good fellow I know, and hadſt rather ſpend jeaſts than money. Let it be the taſke of thy beſt tearmes to ſafeconduct this booke through the enemies countrey.

Proceede to cheriſh thy ſurpaſſing carminical art of memory with full cuppes (as thou doſt): let Chaucer be newe ſcourd againſt the day of battle, and Terence come but in now and then with the ſnuffe of a ſentence, and *dictum puta*, weele ſtrike it as dead as a doore naile, *haud teruntii eſtimo*. We have cats meat and dogges meat inough for theſe mungrels. However I write merrily, I love and admire thy pleaſant witty humor, which no care or croſſe can make unconverſable: ſtill bee conſtant to thy content; love poetry. &c.

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To the Gentlemen Readers.

GENTLEMEN, the ſtrong faith you have conceiv'd, that I would do works of ſupererrogation in anſwering the Doctor, hath made mee to breake my daye with other important buſines I had, and ſtand darting of quils a while like the Porpentine.

I know there want not welwillers to my diſgrace, who ſay my onely Muſe is contention; and other that, with Tiberius Cæſar pretending to ſee in the darke, talke of ſtrange objectes by them diſcovered in the night, when in truth they are nothing elſe but the glimmering of their eyes.

I will not holde the candle to the Devill, unmaſke my holyday Muſe to envie; but if any ſuch deepe inſighted detractor will challenge mee to whatſoever quiet adventure of art, wherein he thinkes mee leaſt converſant, hee ſhall finde that I am *Tam Mercurio quàm Marti*, a ſcholler in ſome thing els but con[ten]tion.

If idle wittes will needes tye knottes on ſmooth bulruſhes with their tongues, faith, the worlde might thinke I had little to attend, if I ſhould goe about to vnlooſe them with my penne.

I cannot tell how it comes to paſſe, but in theſe ill eide daies of ours, every man delights with Ixion to beget children of clouds, digge for pearles in dunghils, and wreſt oyle out of iron.

Poore Pierce Pennileſſe have they turnd to a conjuring

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booke, for there is not that line in it with which they doo not ſeeke to raiſe up a ghoſt; and, like the hog that converts the sixth part of his meate into briſtels, ſo have they converted ſixe parts of my booke into bitternes.

Aretine, in a commedie of his, wittily complaineth that upſtart commenters, with their annotations and gloſſes had extorted that ſenſe and morall out of Petrarch, which, if Petrarch were alive, a hundred ſtrappadoes might not make him confeſſe or ſubſcribe too: ſo may I complaine that raſh heads, upſtart interpreters, have extorted and rakte that unreverent meaning out of my lines, which a thouſand deaths cannot make mee ere grant that I dreamd off.

To them that are abuſed by their owne jealous collections, and no determined treſpaſſe of mine, this advice, by the way of example, will I give.

One comming to Doctour Perne on a time, and telling him that he was miſerably raild on ſuch a day in a sermon in Saint Maries in Cambridge, "I but (quoth he in his puling manner of ſpeaking) did he name me? did he name me? I warrant you; goe and aſke him, and hee will ſay hee meant not mee." So they that are ungroundedly offended at any thing in Pierce Pennileſſe, first let them looke if I did name them; if not, but the matter hangeth in ſuſpence, let them ſend to mee for my exposition, and not buy it at the ſeconde hand, and I doe not doubt but they will be throughly ſatisfied.

Hee that wraps himſelfe in earth, like the foxe, to catch birds, may haps have a heavy cart go over him before he be aware, and breake his backe.

A number of apes may get the glowworme in the night

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and thinke to kindle fire with it, becauſe it gliſters ſo; but, God wote, they are beguiled: it proves in the end to be but fools fire, the poore worme alone with their blowing warmed, they ſtarvd for colde whiles their wood is un-untoucht. Who but a foppe will labour to anatomize a flye? Fables were free for any bondman to ſpeake in old time, as Æſope for an inſtance; their alluſion was not reſtrained to any particular humor of ſpite, but generally applyed to a generall vice. Now a man may not talke of a dog, but it it is ſurmiſed he aimes at him that giveth the dog in his creſt: he cannot name a ſtraw, but hee muſt plucke a wheate ſheaffe in pieces: *Intelligendo faciunt ut nihil intelligant.*

What ever they be that thus perſecute art (as the Alcumists are ſaid to perſecute nature) I would wiſh them to abate the edge of their wit, and not grinde their colours ſo harde: having found that which is blacke, let them not, with our forenamed gold-falſifiers, ſeeke for a ſubſtance that is blacker than black, or angle for frogs in a cleare fountaine.

From the admonition of theſe uncurteous miſconſterers I come *to the kilcow champion of the three brethren:* he, forſooth, wil be the firſt that ſhal give Pierce Pennileſſe a *non placet.*

It is not inough that hee bepiſt his credite, about twelve yeeres ago, with *Three proper and wittie familiar Letters*, but ſtill he muſt be running on the *letter*, and abuſing the Queenes Engliſh without pittie or mercie.

Bee it knowne unto you (Chriſtian Readers) this man is a foreſtaller of the market of fame, an ingroſſer of glorie, a mountebancke of ſtrange wordes, a meere marchant of babies and conny-ſkins.

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Hold up thy hand, G. H.! Thou art heere indited for an incrocher upon the fee-ſimple of the Latin, an enemie to carriers, as one that takes their occupation out of their hands, and doſt nothing but tranſport letters up and downe in thy owne commendation; a conſpiratour and practiſer to make printers rich by making thyſelfe ridiculous, a manifeſt briber of bookfellers and ſtationers to helpe thee to ſell away thy bookes (whoſe impreſſion thou paidſt for) that thou mayſt have money to goe home to Trinitie Hall to diſcharge thy commons.

I ſay no more but Lord have mercie upon thee, for thou art ſalne into his hands that will plague thee.

Gentlemen, will you be inſtructed in the quarrell that hath cauſed him lay about him with his penne and inckhorne ſo couragiouſly? About two yeeres ſince (a fatall time to Familiar Epiſtles) a certayne theologicall gimpanado, a demie divine, no higher that a tailors preſſing iron, brother to this huge booke-beare that writes himſelfe *One of the Emperour Juſtinians Courtiers*, tooke uppon him to ſet his foote to mine, and over crowe me with comparative tearmes. I proteſt I never turnd up any cowſheard to looke for this ſcarabe flye: I had no conceit, as then, of diſcovering a breed of fooles in the three brothers bookes: marry, when I beheld ordinance planted on edge of the pulpit againſt me, and that there was no remedy but the blind Vicar would needs let flie at me with his churchdore keies, and curſe me with bel book and candle, becauſe in my Alphabet of Idiots I had over-ſkept the Hs, what could I doe but drawe uppon him with my penne, and defende my ſelfe with it and a paper buckler as well as I might.

Say, I am as veric a Turke as hee that three yeeres ago

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ranne upon ropes, if ever I ſpeld eyther his, or anie of his kindreds name, in reproch before hee barkt againſt mee as one of the enemies of *The Lambe of God*, and fetcht allusions out of the Buttery to debaſe mee.

Heere beginneth the fray. I upbraid godly predication with his wicked converſation: I ſquirt inke into his decayed eyes with iniquitie to mend their diſeaſed ſight, that they may a little better deſcend into my ſchollerſhip and learning. The eccleſiasticall Duns, instead of recovery, waxeth ſtarke blind thereby (as a prefervative to ſome is poyſon to others): he gets an olde Fencer, his brother, to be revengd on me for my phiſicke; who, flouriſhing about my eares with his two hand ſworde of Oratory and Poetry, peradventure ſhakes ſome ruſt of it on my ſhoulders, but otherwiſe ſtrikes mee not but with the ſhadowe of it, which is no more than a flappe with the falſe ſcabberd of contumelie. Whether am I in this caſe to arme my ſelfe againſt his intent of injurie, or ſitte ſtill with my finger in my mouth, in hope to bee one of ſimplicities martyrs?

A queſt of honorable minded Cavaliers go uppon it, and if they ſhall find by the law of armes, or of ale, that I, beeing firſt provokt, am to be injoinde to the peace, or be ſworne true ſervant to cowardize and patience when wrong preſſeth mee to the warres, then will I bind my ſelfe prentiſe to a cobler, and freſh underlay all thoſe writings of mine that have trodde awrie.

Be advertiſed (gentle audience) that the Doctors proceedings have thruſt upon mee this ſowterly metaphor, who, firſt contriving his Confutation in a ſhort pamphlet of ſix leaves, like a paire of ſummer pumps, afterward (winter growing on) clapt a paire of double ſoales on it like a good

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husband, added eight ſheets more, and prickt thoſe ſheets, or ſoales, as full of the hob-nayles of reprehenſion as they could ſticke.

It is not thoſe his new clowted ſtartops, iwis, that ſhall carry him out of the durt.

Sweet Gentlemen, be but indifferent, and ẏou ſhal ſee mee deſperate. Heere lies my hatte, and there my cloake; to which I reſemble my two Epiſtles, being the upper garments of my booke, as the other of my body.

Saint Fame for mee! and thus I runne
upon him.

THO. NASHE.

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THE FOURE LETTERS CONFUTED.

GABRIEL, and not onely Gabriel, but *Gabrieliſſime Gabriel*, no Angell but Angelos, *id eſt, Nuntius*, a fawnegueſt Meſſenger twixt Maiſter Bird and Maiſter Demetrius, behold! here ſtands he that will make it good, on thy Foure Letters bodie, that thou are a filthy vaine foole. Thy booke I commend, as very well printed; and like wondrous well, becauſe all men diſlike it.

I agree with thee that there are in it *ſome matters of note*, for there are a great many barefoote rimes in it, that goe, as jumpe as a fiddle, with every ballet-makers note; and if, according to their manner, you had tun'd them over the head, it had beene nere the worſe; for by that meanes you might have had your name chaunted in every corner of the ſtreete, then the which there can be nothing more *melodiouſlye addoulce* to your *devine entelechy*. O! they would have trowld off bravely to the tune of *O man in Deſperation*, and, like Marenzos Madrigals, the mournefull note naturally have affected the miſerable dittie.

Do you knowe your owne misbegotten bodgery *entelechy* and *addoulce?* With theſe two hermophrodite phraſes, being halfe Latin and halfe Engliſh, haſt thou puld out the very guts of the inkehorne.

LETTERS.

To all curteous mindes that will vouchſafe the reading.

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COMMENT.

In their abſence, this be delivered to Megge Curtis in Shoreditch, to ſtop muſtard pots with.

THE PARTICULAR CONTENTS.

L. *A Preface to courteous mindes.*

C. As much to ſay as Proface, much good do it you; would it were better for you.

L. *A Letter to M. Emanuel Demetrius, with a ſonnet thereto annexed.*

C. That is, as it were a purgation upon a vomit, buſkins upon pantophles.

L. *A Letter to M. Bird.*

C. Or little matter wrapt up in many words.

L. *A Letter to everie favorable and indifferent Reader.*

C. *Id eſt*, An exhortation to all Readers, that they ſhall reade nothing but his works.

L. *Another Letter to the ſame, extorted after the reſt.*

C. By interpretation, a Letter whereof his invention had a hard ſtoole, and yet it was for his eaſe, though not for his honeſtie: and ſo forth, as the text ſhall direct you at large.

Here beginneth the firſt Epiſtle and firſt Booke of Orator Gabriell to the Catilinaries or Philippicks.

Wherein is divulged that venum is venum, & will infect; that that which is done cannot (*de facto*) be undone; that favour is a curteous Reader, and G. H. your thankfull debter.

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A COMMENT UPON THE TEXT.

The learned Orator in this Epiſtle *taketh preciſe order* he will not be too eloquent, and yet it ſhall be (1) *as well for enditing unworthie to be publiſhed, as for publiſhing unworthie to be endited.*

C. He had many adverſaries in those times that he wrote, amongſt the which *Cloth-breeches* and *Velvet-breeches* (his fathers poverty, and his owne pride were none of the meaneſt).

After them ſtart up one *Pierce Pennileſſe*, and hee likewiſe was a ſtumbling blocke in his way. (Penurie not long tarries after pride: pray all the ropes in Saffron Walden that I do not propheſie)! Amen, Amen, quoth M. Bird and M. Demetrius.

Hee forbeares to ſpeake much in this place of the one or the other, *becauſe his letters are more forward to accuſe them, than their owne books to condemne them:* yet, for a touch by the way, hee talks that Greene is no liverey for this winter; that *it* is pitifully blaſted and faded in everie meade by the ſtrong breath of his barbariſme.

Hee hath a twitch at Pierce Pennileſſe, too, at the parting ſtile and tearms him *the Devils Orator by profeſſion, and his Dames Poet by practiſe:* wherein mee thinks (the ſurreverence of his works not impaired) he hath verie highly overſhotte himſelfe; for no more is Pierce Pennileſſe to be cald the Devils Orator for making a Supplication to the Devill, than hee is to bee helde for a Rhethoritian for ſetting foorth *Gabrielis Scurvei Rhetor*, wherein hee thought to have knockt out the braines of poore *Tullies Orator*, but in veritie did nothing elſe, but gather a flauntinge unſavory fore-horſe noſegay out of his well furniſhed garland.

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The advancement of the Devils Oratorſhip, which he aſcribeth to Pierce Pennileſſe, me thinks had beene a fit place for his Doctorſhip, when he miſt the Oratorſhip of the Univerſitie, of which in the ſequele of his booke he moſt ſlanderouſly complaineth. Dr. Perne, Greene, no dead man he ſpareth.

What he ſhould *ſubaudi* by his *Dames Poet* I ſcarſe apprehend, except this—that Pierce his father was Dame Laws. Poet, and writte many goodly ſtories of her in *An Almond for Parrat.*

Thoſe that will take a Lecture in our Orators Letters muſt not *reade, excuſe, commend, credite or beleeve anie approoved truth* in Pierce Pennileſſe, eſpecially if it be anything that upbraideth the great Baboune brother.

Hee will ſtoppe the beginning—id eſt, when hee hath come behind a man and broke his head, ſeeke to bind him to the good abearing, *or elſe the ende were like to prove pernitious and perillous* to his confuſion.

Somewhat hee mutters of *defamation and juſt commendation*, and what a hell it is for him, that hath built his heaven in vaine glory, to bee puld by the ſleeve and bidde *reſpice finem*, looke backe to his fathers houſe; but I overſlippe it as frivolous, becauſe all the world knowes him better than he knowes himſelfe; and though he play the Phariſie never ſo in juſtifying his owne innocence, theres none will beleeve him.

Let this bee ſpoken once for all: as I have a ſoule to ſave, till this day in all my liſe, with tongue nor penne, did I in the leaſt worde or tittle derogate from the Doctor. If his brother (without any former provocation on my part, God is my witneſſe) rayld on me groſſely, expreſly named

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mee, compard me to Martin, indevord to take from mee all eſtimation of arte or witte, have I not cauſe to beſtirre mee?

Gabriell, I will beſtirre mee for all, like an alehouſe knight, thou crav'ſt of *Juſtice to doo thee reaſon:* as for *impudencie and calumny*, I returne them in thy face, that, in one booke, of tenne ſheets of paper, haſt publiſhed above two hundred lies.

Had they been wittie lies, or merry lies, they would never have greev'd mee; but palpable lies, damned lies, lies as big as one of the Guardes chynes of beefe, who can abide?

Ile make thee of my counſaile, becauſe I love thee (not): when I was at Cambridge, and but a childe, I was indifferently perſwaded of thee: mee thought by thy apparell and thy gate thou ſhouldſt have beene a fine fellow. Little did I ſuſpect that thou wert brother to *Io Pœan* (whom inwardly I alwaies grudgd at for writing againſt Ariſtotle) or any of the Hs of Hempe-hall, but a cavalier of a clean contrary houſe: now thou haſt quite ſpoil'd thy ſelfe, from the foote to the head I can tell how thou art faſhioned.

Teterrime frater, and not *fraterrime frater*, maiſt thou verie wofully exclaime, for in helping him, thou haſt crackt thy credit through the ring, made thy infamie currant as farre as the Queenes coyne goes.

But it may be thou haſt a ſider cloke for this quarrell: thou wilt object, thy father was abuſd, and that made thee write. What! by mee, or Greene? or both?

If by Greene, and not mee, thou ſhouldſt have written againſt Greene, and not mee. If by both, I will anſwere for both, but not by both; therefore I will aunſwere but for one.

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Give an inſtance, if thou canſt for thy life, wherin in any leafe of *Pierce Penileſſe* I had ſo much as halfe a ſillables relation to thee, or offred one jot of indignitie to thy father, more than naming the greateſt dignitie he hath, when, for varietie of epithites, I calde thy brother *the ſonne of a Ropemaker.*

We ſhall have a good ſonne of you anone, if you be aſhamd of your fathers occupation. Ah! thou wilt nere thrive, that art beholding to a trade, and canſt not abide to heare of it.

Thou doſt live by the gallows, and wouldſt not have a ſhooe to put on thy foot, if thy father had no trafficke with the hangman. Had I a Ropemaker to my father, and ſome body had caſt it in my teeth, I would ſoorthwith have writ in praiſe of Ropemakers, and prov'd it by ſound ſillogiſtry to be one of the 7 liberal ſciences.

Somewhat I am privie to the cauſe of Greenes inveighing againſt the three brothers. Thy hot-ſpirited brother Richard (a notable ruffian with his pen) having firſt tooke upon him, in his blundring *Perſival*, to play the Jacke of both ſides twixt Martin and us, and ſnarld privily at *Pophatchet, Paſquill* and others, that oppoſde themſelves againſt the open ſlaunder of that mightie platformer of Atheiſme, preſently after dribbed forth another fooles bolt, a booke I ſhoulde ſay, which he chriſtened *The Lambe of God.*

That booke was a learned booke, a laboured booke; for three yere before he put it in print he had preacht it all without booke.

I my ſelfe have ſome of it in a booke of ſermons that my tutor at Cambridge made mee gather every Sunday. Then being very yoong, I counted it the abjecteſt and frothieſt

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forme of divinitie that came in that place. Now, more confirmed in age and art, I confirme my ill opinion of it.

Neither do I urge this, as if it were a hainous thing for a man to put ſermons in print after hee preacht them; but obſerve the proud humor of the pert Didimus, that thinks nothing he ſpeakes but deſerves to be put in print, and ſpeakes not that ſentence in the pulpit, which before he rough-hewes not over with his penne. Beſides, I taxe him for turning an olde coate (like a broker) and ſelling it for a new.

Theſe, and a thouſand more imperfections, might have beene buried with his bookes in the bottome of a drie-fatte, and there ſlept quietly amongſt the ſhavings of the preſſe, if in his Epiſtle he had not beene ſo arrogantly cenſoriall.

Not mee alone did hee revile and dare to the combat, but glickt at *Pap-hatchet* once more, and miſtermed all our other Poets and writers about London piperly make-plaies and make-bates.

Hence Greene, being chiefe agent for the companie (for hee writ more than foure other, how well I will not ſay, but *ſat citò, si ſat bene*) tooke occaſion to canvaze him a little in his *Cloth-breeches and Velvet-breeches;* and becauſe by ſome probable collections he geſt the elder brothers hand was in it, he coupled them both in one yoake; and, to fulfill the proverb, *Tria sunt omnia*, thruſt in the third brother, who made a perfect parriall of pamphleters.

About ſome ſeven or eight lines it was which hath pluckt on an invective of ſo many leaves. Had hee liv'd, Gabriel, and thou ſhouldſt ſo unarteficially and odiouſly libeld againſt him as thou haſt done, he would have made thee an example of ignominy to all ages that are to come,

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and driven thee to eate thy owne booke butterd, as I ſaw him make an Apparriter once in a tavern eate his citation, waxe and all, very handſomly ſerv'd twixt two diſhes.

Out uppon thee for an arrant dog-killer! ſtrike a man when he is dead?

So Hares may pull dead Lions by the beards.

Memorandum. I borrowed this ſentence out of a Play. The Theater, Poets hall, hath many more ſuch proverbes to perſecute thee with, becauſe thou haſt ſo ſcornefully derided their profeſſion, and deſpitefully maligned honeſt ſports.

Before I unbowell the leane carcaſe of thy booke any further, Ile drinke one cup of lambswool *to the Lambe of God and his enemies.*

In the firſt foure leaves of it, I have ſingled out theſe godly and fruitfull obſervations.

Noble Lord, I doe it even upon former premiſſes, not for any future consequents.

My booke is not worthy of ſo honorable specialitie as your patronage.

I will not proſecute it with theological peculiars, but from the mouth of the ſword I speake, etc.

The hearts of the wicked pant: their spirits faile them: they may well call for butter out of a lordlie diſh.

You that be gentle Readers, doe you not laugh at this lawiers Engliſh *of former premiſſes aud future conſequents?*

O finicalitie! your *patronages speciallitie?* but if he proſecute it with *theologicall peculiars*, we muſt needs thruſt him *inter oves et boves, et reliqua pecora campi.*

From the mouth of the ſword I ſpeake it, *that butter out of a lordly diſh* is but lewd diet for the pulpit.

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But this is not halfe the littour of inckehornifme that thofe foure pages have pigd. I muft tell you of the *Octonarium of Ramus*, the *Sefquiamus of Phrigius*, the *Carthufianisme of Gulielmus Rikel*, of *Annals, Diaries, Coronologies*, and *Tropologicall schoolemen:* the *Abetilis of the Æthiopians* or *Pretojonnans*, of *Gulielmus Minatenfis*, and *S. Jerome allegorized*, and *Abdias, Lyra, Gryfon, Porta, Pantaleon.*

All which he reckons up to make the world beleeve he hath read much, but alleadgeth nothing out of them; nor, I thinke, on my confcience, ever read or knewe what they meane, but he hath ftole them by the wholefale out of fome Bookfellers Catalogue, or a table of tractats.

Here are fome of his profounde Annotations: *Jacob tooke Leah, for his bedfellow in the darke by night, infteede of Rachell, whereby I learne to buy my wife candle to go to bed withall, and admit her not by darke, but by light.*

Jacob *was deceived by Labans words:* ergo, *obligations are better than bils, and we muft believe no man, except he will waxe and multiplie in words, and call inke and parchment to witnes.*

Jacob *laide pilled rods with white ftrakes in the watring places of the fheepe, whereby I note that in carnal mixture the fenfes are opened.*

Judge you that be fathers of the Church, whether this be fit matter to edifie or no.

It was not for nothing, Brother Richard, that Greene told you you kift your parifhioners wives with holy kiffes; for you that wil talk of *opening the fenfes by carnal mixture* (the very act of lecherie) in a theological Treatife, and in the pulpit, I am afraide, in a privater place you will prac-

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tiſe as much as you ſpeake: *Homines raro, niſi male locuti, male faciunt: olet hircum, olet hircum!* Anie modeſt eare would abhorre to heare it.

Farewell, vncleane Vicar; and God make thee an honeſt man, for thou art too baudy for mee to deale withall.

It followes in the text,

To my very good friend Maiſter Emanuell Demetrius.

This letter of M. Bird to M. Demetrius ſhould ſeeme, by all reference or collation of ſtiles, to bee a letter which M. Birds ſecretarie, Doctour Gabriell, indited for him in his owne praiſe, and got him to ſette hand to when he had done. Or rather, it is no letter, but a certificate (ſuch as rogues have) from the head men of the pariſh where hee was borne, that Gabriel *is an excellent generall Scholler, and his father of good behaviour.*

We will not beleeve it except wee ſee the Towne ſeale ſette to it: but, ſay we ſhould beleeve it, what doth it make for thee? Have the Townesmen of Saffron Waldon ever heard thee preach, that they ſhould commend thee for an excellent generall Scholler? or (becauſe thou profeſſeſt thy ſelf a Civilian) haſt thou ſollicited any of their cauſes in the bawdy courtes therabouts? If not, go your wayes for a dolt as you came: Maiſter Birds letter ſhall not reprive you from the ladder.

But Velvet-breeches and Cloth-breeches (by the judgement of the beſt man of none of the leaſt towns in Eſſex) is *a fantaſticall and fond Dialogue, and one of the moſt licentious intollerable invectives that ever hee read.*

Why?

In it is abuſed an auncient neighbour of his.

How is he abuſed?

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Inſtead of his name, hee is called by the craft hee gets his living with.

He hath borne office in Walden above twenty yere ſincc (*hoc eſt*, had the keeping of the towne ſtocke, alias the ſtocks) *ergo* he is no Rope-maker.

He hath maintaind foure ſonnes at Cambridge: ergo Greene is a lewd fellow to ſay he gets his living backward.

Three of his ſonnes univerſally ridiculouſlie reputed of (for inamoratos on their owne works) *in both Univerſities and the whole Realme.* The fourth is ſhrunke in the wetting, or elſe the Print ſhoulde have heard of him.

One of the three (whom the Quip entitles the Phyſition) *returning ſicke from Norwitch to Linne in Julie laſt*, was paſt writing any more Almanackes, before Greene ere imagined God had thought ſo well of him to take him to him.

Livor poſt quieſcat. Mother Livers of Newington is a better fortune-teller than he was a Phisition.

A DASH THROUGH THE DUDGEN SONNET AGAINST GREENE.

Put up thy ſmiter, O gentle Peter!
Author and halter make but ill meeter.

I ſcorne to anſwer thy miſhapen rime:
Blocks have cald ſchollers bayards ere this time.

I would trot a falſe gallop through the reſt of his ragged verſes, but that, if I ſhould retort his tune dogrell aright, I muſt make my verſes (as he doth his) run hobling like a brewers cart upon the ſtones, and obſerve no length in their

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ſeete; which were *abſurdum per abſurdius*, to infect my vaine with his imitation.

The analaſis of the whole is this: an olde mechanical meeter-monger would faine raile, if he had anie witte. If Greene were *dogge-ſicke and braine-ſicke*, ſure he (poore ſecular ſatiriſt) is dolt-ſicke and brainleſſe, that with the toothleſſe gums of his poetry ſo betuggeth a dead man.

But I cannot be induced to beleve a grave man of his ſort ſhould be ſo *ravingly* bent: when all come to all, *ſhorteſt vowels and longeſt mutes* will bewray it to bee a webbe of your owne loomes, M. Gabriel: you *mute* foorth many ſuch phraſes in the courſe of your booke, which I will point at as I paſſe by.

I will not robbe you of your due commendation in anything in this Sonnet: you have counterfeited the ſtate of the olde Vice in the Morals, as right up and downe as may be.

Let. *Greene, the Connycatcher, of this dreame the author,*
For his daintie deviſe deſerveth the hauter.

Vice. Hey nan anon, ſir! ſoſt let mee make water,
Whip it to go: Ile kiſſe my maiſters daughter.
Tum diddy, tum da, ſalangte do diddle:
Sol la me ſa ſol, conatus in fiddle.

I am afraide your Doctors fart will fall out to be a fatall foyſt to your breeches, if we follow you at the hard heeles as we have begun.

Thou ſhalt not breath a whit: trip and goe; turne over a new leafe.

Maiſter Bird, in the abſence of M. Demetrius, Perge porrò.

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I found his wife curteous. Barlady, ſir, but this is ſuſpitious.

A woman is well holpen up that does you any curteſie in the abſence of her husband, when you cannot keepe it to your ſelfe, but you muſt blab it in print.

If it were any other but Miſtris Demetrius (whom I have heard to be a modeſt ſober woman, and indued with many vertues) I would play upon it a little more. In regard that ſhee is ſo, I forbeare, and crave pardon in that I have ſpoken ſo much.

Yet would I have her underſtand how well *the generall ſcholler*, her gueſt, hath rewarded hir for his kind entertainment, by bringing her name in queſtion in print.

M. Bird and Demetrius, I knowe neither of you by ſight, but this Ile ſay, being of that welth you are, you had better have ſpent a great deale of money, than come in the mouth of this baſe companion.

What reaſon have I (ſeeing your names ſubſcribed as his bolſterer, in a matter of defame that concernes mee) but to go through ſtitch with you, as well as him?

He thinks to over-beare us poore beggers with the great oſtentation of your rich acquaintance.

Lette all Noblemen take heede how they give this Thraſo the leaſt becke or countenance, for if they beſtowe but halfe a glaunce on him, hele ſtraight put it very ſolemnly in print, and make it ten times more than it is.

Ile tell you a merry jeaſt.

The time was when this *Timothie Tiptoes* made a Latine Oration to her Majeſtie. Her Highneſſe as ſhee is unto all her ſubjects moſt gratious, ſo to ſchollers ſhe is more loving and affable than any prince under heaven. In which re-

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ſpect, of her owne vertue, and not his deſert, it pleaſed hir ſo to humble the height of hir judgement, as to grace him a little, whiles he was pronouncing, by theſe or ſuch like tearmes:—*Tis a good pretie fellow: a lookes like an Italian;* and, after hee had concluded, to call him to kiſſe her royall hand. Hereuppon he goes home to his ſtudie, all intraunced, and writes a whole volume of verſes; firſt, *De vultu Itali*—of the countenance of the Italian; and then *De oſculo manus*, of his kiſſing the Queenes hande. Which two Latin poems he publiſht in a booke of his cald *Ædes Valdinenſes*, proclaiming thereby (as it were to England, Fraunce, Italie and Spaine) what favour he was in with her Majeſtie.

I diſmiſſe this parentheſis, *and come to his next buſineſſe*, which indeede is his firſt buſineſſe; for tyll Greene awakte him out of his ſelfe admiring contemplation, hee had nothing to doe but walke under the ewe tree at Trinitie Hall, and ſay,

> What may I call this tree, an ewe tree? O bonny ewe tree!
> Needes to thy boughs will bow the knee, and vale my bonnetto;

or make verſes of weathercocks on the top of ſteeples, as he did once of the weather-cocke of Alhallows in Cambridge:

> O thou weathercocke! that ſtands on the top of the church of Alhallows,
> Come thy waies downe, if thou darst for thy crowne, and take the wall on us.

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O heatheniſh and pagan hexamiters! come thy waies down frō thy Doctourſhip, and learne thy Primer of Poetry over againe, for certainly thy pen is in ſtate of a reprobate with all men of judgement and reckoning.

Come thy waies downe from thy Doctourſhip, ſaid I? *Erravi demens;* thou never wenſt up to it yet.

Fie on hypocriſie and diſſimulation, that men ſhould make themſelves better than they are!

Alas! a God's will, thou art but a plaine motheaten Maiſter of Art, and never pollutedſt thy ſelfe with any plaiſter of Doctourſhip.

Liſt, Paul's churchyard (the peruſer of everie mans works, and Exchange of all Authors), you are, a many of you, honeſt fellows, and favour men of wit.

So it is that a good gowne and a well pruned paire of mouſtachios, having ſtudied ſixteene yeare to make thirteene ill English hexameters, came to the Univerſitee Court, *regentium et non*, to ſue for a commiſſion to carry two faces in a hoode: they not uſing to deny honour to any man that deſerved it, bad him performe all the ſchollerlike ceremonies and diſputative right appertaining thereto, and he ſhould bee inſtalled.

Noli me tangere: he liked none of that.

A ſtripling that hath an indifferent prety ſtocke of reputation abroade in the worlde already, and ſome credit amongſt his neighbours, as he thinketh, would be loth to jeoperd all at one throwe at the dice.

If hee ſhould have diſputed for his degree, diſcended *in arenam et pulverem philoſophicum*, and have been foild, *Aih me!* quoth Wit, *in lamentable fort*, what ſhould have become of him? hee might have beene ſhot through, ere hee were aware, with a ſillogiſme.

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No point: *ergo*, it were wiſely done of goodman Boores ſonne, if he should go to the warres for honor, and returne with a wodden legge, when he may buy a Captaineship at home better cheape.

Pumps and Pantofles, becauſe they were well blackt and gliſtered jolly freshly on it, being rubd over with inke, had their grace at length to be Doctour, *ea lege*, that they should do their acts (that is, performe more than they were able).

Curſt be the time that ever there were any obligations made with conditions! *Unde habeas quærit nemo, ſed oportet habere:* howe Dorbell comes to bee doctour none aſks, but doctour hee muſt bee to make him right worshipfull.

Acts are but idle wordes, and the Scripture ſaith, wee muſt give account for every idle word.

Pumps and Pantofles ſweare they will jet away with a cleare conſcience at the daie of judgement; and therfore do no Acts, give no offence with idle words, onelie like a hauke let flie at a partridge, that turnes the taile and betakes her to a walnut-tree, ſo to Oxford they trudge, having their grace *ad diſputandum*, and there are confirmed in the ſame degree they tooke at Cambridge: which is, as if a Prentiſe heere in London, as ſoone as hee is enrould, should runne to ſome ſuch towne as Ipſwich, and there crave to have his freedome confirmd as of London; which, in truth, is no freedome, becauſe hee hath not ſerv'd out his prentiship.

Truſt me not for a dodkin, if there bee not all the doctourſhip hee hath, yet will the inſolent inke-horne worme write himſelfe right worſhipfull of the lawes, and perſonate this man and that man, calling him *my good* friend Maiſter Doctour at every word.

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Doctour or no Doctour, Greene *ſurfeted not of pickled hearing, but of exceeding feare of his Familiar Epiſtles.*

Hee offred in his extreameſt want twentie ſhillings to the Printer to leave out the matter of the three brothers.

Haud facilè credo: I am ſure the Printer, beeing of that honeſtie that I take him for, will not affirme it.

Marry, this I muſt ſtay: there was a learned Doctour of Phiſicke (to whom Greene in his ſickneſſe ſent for counſaile) that having read over the booke of *Velvet-breeches and Cloth-breeches*, and laughed merrilie at the three brothers legend, wild Green in any caſe either to mittigate it, or leave it out. Not for any extraordinarie account hee made of the fraternitie of fooles, but for one of them was proceeded in the ſame facultie of phiſicke he profeſt, and willinglie hee would have none of that excellent calling ill ſpoken off.

This was the cauſe of the altring of it; the feare of his Phiſitions diſpleaſure, and not anie feare elſe.

I keepe your *conſcious minde*, with all other odde ends of your halfe fac'd Engliſh, till the full concluſion of my booke, where in an honorable Index they ſhall be placed according to their degree and ſegnioritie.

We are to vexe you mightely for plucking Elderton out the aſhes of his ale, and not letting him injoy his nappy Muſe of ballad-making to himſelfe; but now, when he is as dead as dead beere, you muſt bee finding fault with the brewing of his meeters.

Hough! Thomas Delone, Phillip Stubs, Robert Armin, &c., your father Elderton is abus'd. Revenge! Revenge on courſe paper and want of matter that hath moſt ſacriligiouſly contaminated the divine ſpirit and quinteſſence of a penny a quart.

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Helter! ſkelter! feare no colours! courſe him, trounce him! one cup of perfect bonaventure licour will inſpire you with more wit and ſchollerſhip than hee hath thruſt into his whole packet of letters.

You that bee lookers on, perhaps, imagine I talke like a merry man, and not in good earneſt, when I ſay that Eldertons ghoſt and Gabriel are at ſuch ods: but then you know nothing; for there hath beene a monſtrous emulation twixt Elderton and him time out of mind. Yea, they were rivals in riming foure yeare before the great froſt. Hee expreſſely writ againſt him, 1580, in his *ſhort but ſharpe and learned judgement of Earthquakes.*

Broome boyes and corncutters (or whatſoever trade is more contemptible) come not in his way: ſtand fortie foote from the execution place of his furie; for elſe, in the full tide of his ſtandiſh, he will carrie your occupations hand-ſmooth out of towne before him, beſmeare them, drowne them: downe the river they goe *privily* to the Ile of Dogges with his pamphlets.

O! it is a peſtilent libeller againſt beggers: hee meanes ſhortly to ſet foorth a booke cald his Paraphraſe upon Paris Garden, wherein he will ſo tamper with the interpreter of the Puppits, and betouſe Harry of Tame and Great Ned, that Titius ſhall not upbraid Caius with everie thing and nothing, nor Zoylus anie more flurt Homer, nor Therſites fling at Agamemnon.

Holla! holla! holla! Flurt, fling! what reaſty rhetoricke have we here? Certes, certes, brother Hoddy-doddy, your penne is a coult by cockes body.

As touching the libertie of Orators and Poets, I will conferre with thee ſomewhat gravely, although thou beeſt a gooſe-cappe, and haſt no judgement.

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A libertie they have thou ſayſt, *but no liberty without bounds, no licence without limitation.*

Jeſu! what miſter wonders doſt thou tell us! every thing hath an end, and a pudding hath two.

That libertie Poets of late in their invectives have exceeded: they have borne their ſword up where it is not lawfull for a poynado, that is but the page of proweſſe, to intermeddle.

Thou bringeſt in *Mother Hubbard* for an inſtance. Go no further, but here confeſſe thy ſelfe a flat nodgcombe before all this congregation; for thou haſt dealt by thy friend as homely as thou didſt by thy father.

Who publikely accuſed, or of late brought Mother Hubbard into queſtion, that thou ſhouldſt by rehearſall rekindle againſt him the ſparkes of diſpleaſure that were quenched?

Forgot he the *pure ſanguine of his Faery Queene*, ſayſt thou?

A *pure ſanguine* ſot art thou, that in vaine-glory to have *Spencer* known for thy friend, and that thou haſt ſome intereſt in him, cenſereſt him worſe than his deadlieſt enemie would do.

If any man were undeſervedly toucht in it, thou haſt revived his diſgrace, that was ſo touch in it, by renaming it when it was worn out of all mens mouths and minds.

Beſides, whereas before I thought it a made matter of ſome malitious moralizers againſt him, and no ſubſtance of ſlaunder in truth, now, when thou (that proclaimeſt thy ſelfe the only familiar of his boſome, and therefore ſhouldſt know his ſecretes) gives it out in print that he overſhotte himſelfe therein, it cannot chuſe but be ſuſpected to be ſo indeed.

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Immortall Spencer! no frailtie hath thy ſame but the imputation of this Idiots friendſhip: upon an unſpotted Pegaſus ſhould thy gorgeous attired *Fayrie Queene* ride triumphant through all reports dominions, but that this mud-born bubble, this bile on the browe of the Univerſitie, this bladder of pride newe blowne, challengeth ſome intereſt in her proſperitie.

Of pitch who hath any uſe at all ſhall be abuſd by it in the end.

High graſſe that floriſheth for a ſeaſon on the houſe toppe ſadeth before the harveſt cals for it, and may well make a fayre ſhewe, but hath no ſweetneſſe in it. Such is this Aſſe in preſent, this groſſe painted image of pride, who would faine counterfeite a good witte; but ſcornfull pittie, his beſt patron, knows it becomes him as ill as an unweldy elephant to imitate a whelpe in his wantonnes.

I wote not how it fals out, but his invention is overweapond: he hath ſome good words, but he cannot writhe them and toſſe them to and fro nimbly, or ſo bring them about, that hee may make one ſtreight thruſt at his enemies face.

Coldly and dully, *idem per idem*, who cannot indite? but with life and ſpirit to limne deadnes it ſelfe *hoc eſt oratoris proprium.*

L. *Invectives by favour have beene too bolde, and ſatires by uſurpation too preſumptuous.* What pleaſure brings this to the reader? Jacke of the Falcon in Cambridge can ſay as much, and give no reaſon for it.

But I can prompt you with a demonſtration wherin invectives have been too bold. Do you remember what you writ in your Item for Earthquakes? *of double fac't Jani,*

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changeable camelions, aſpen leaves, painted ſheathes, and ſepulchers; aſſes in lions ſkinnes, dunghill cockes, ſlipperie eeles, dormiſe, &c.? Beſides your teſtimoniall of Doctour Perne, wherein it pleaſed you, of your ſingular liberalitie and bountie, to beſtowe upon [him] this beautifull Encomium:—*A buſie and dizzie head, a brazen forehead, a leaden braine, a wodden witte, a copper face, a ſtonie breſt, a factious and elviſh heart, a founder of novelties, a confounder of his owne and his friendes good giftes, a morning booke-worme, an afternoon malt worme, a right jugler, as full of his ſleightes, wiles, fetches, caſts of legerdemaine, toyes to mocke apes withall, odde ſhifts and knaviſh practiſes, as his ſkinne can holde.*

Notwithſtanding all this, *you defie, cut and longtaile that can accuſe you of any ſcandalous part either in word or deed.*

Tully, Horace, Archilochus, Ariſtophanes, Lucian, Julian, Aretine, go for no paiment with you: their declamatory ſtiles, brought to the grand teſt of your judgement, are found counterfeit; *they are a venemous and viprous brood of railers,* becauſe they have broght in a new kind of quicke fight, which your decrepite ſlow-moving capacitie cannot fadge with.

Tuſh! tuſh! you take the grave peake uppon you too much: who would think you could ſo eaſily ſhake off your olde friendes? Did not you in the fortie one page, line 2, your *Epiſtles to Collin Clout* uſe this ſpeech?

Extra jocum, I like your Dreames paſſing well; and the rather becauſe they ſavor of that ſingular extraordinary vaine and invention which I ever fancied moſt, and in a manner admired onely in Lucian, Petrarch, Aretine, Paſquill.

Dic ſodes: (Godamercie on Dicke Sothis ſoule, for he

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was a better dauncer than thou art an enditer, and with his legges he made ſome muſicke; there is none in thy Letters) anſwere mee briefly, I ſay, to the point: have I varied one vowell from thy originall text in this allegation? If not, I cannot ſee how the Doctours may well be reconcild, one while commend a man *becauſe his writings ſavour of that ſingular extraordinarie vaine, which he onely admired in Lucian, Petrarch, Aretine, Paſquil,* and then in another booke afterward to come and call those *ſingular extraordinarie admired men a venemous and viperous brood of railers.*

The auncienter ſort of Poets and Oratours ſhall plead their owne worthineſſe.

Tullie never overreached himſelf in railing ſo much as in flatterie. His Phillippicks (ſound phyſick applide to a body that could not digeſt it) are the things that eſpecially commended him to this art-thriving age of ours; and had not theſe beene, hee would certainely have beene ſentenced by a generall verdit of hiſtories for a timerous time-pleaſer.

Who cannot draw a curtaine before a deformed picture? Plautus perſonated no paraſite, but he made him a ſlave or a bondman.

Fawning and croutching are the naturall geſtures of feare; and if it bee a vertue for a vaſſaile to licke a mans ſhooes with his tongue, ſure it is but borrowed from the dogges; and ſo is biting too, if it bee accompanied with over lowd barking, or in ſuch wiſe as it cannot pinch but it muſt breake the flesh and drawe bloud.

Horace, Perſeus, Juvenall, my poore judgment lendeth you plentifull allowance of applauſe; yet had you, with the Phrygian melodie that ſtirreth men up to battaile and furie, mixt the Dorian tune, that favoreth mirth and plea-

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ſure, your unſugred pilles (however excellently medicinable) would not have beene ſo harsh in the ſwallowing. So, likewiſe, Archilochus, thou, like the preachers to the Curtizans in Roome, that expound to them all Lawe and no Goſpell, art all gall and no ſpleene. Hence came it to paſſe, that with the mere efficacy of thy incenſed Iambicks, thou mad'ſt a man runne and hang himſelfe that had angerd thee.

Thee I imbrace, Ariſtophanes, not ſo much for thy Comœdie of the Clowd, which thou wrotſt againſt philoſophers, as for in al other thy inventions thou interfuſeſt delight with reprehenſion.

Lucian, Julian, Aretine, all three admirably bleſt in the abundant giftes of art and nature; yet Religion, which you ſought to ruinate, hath ruinated your good names, and the oppoſing of your eyes againſt the bright ſunne hath cauſd the worlde to condemne your ſight in all other thinges. I proteſt, were you ought elſe but abhominable Atheiſtes, I would obſtinately defend you, onely becauſe Laureate Gabriell articles againſt you.

This I will juſtifie againſt any Dromidote Ergoniſt whatsoever: there is no other unlaſcivious uſe or end of poetry, but to infamize vice and magnifie vertue; and that if they aſsemble all the examples of verſe-founders from Homer to Hugh Copland, they shall not find anie of them but hath encountred with the generall abuſes of the times.

Whatſoever harpeth not of one of theſe two ſtrings of praiſe and reproofe, is as it were a *Dirige* in prickſong without anie dittie ſet to it, that haply may tickle the eare, but never edifies.

In the Romaine common-wealths it was lawfull for Poets

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to reprove that enormitie in the higheſt chairs of authoritie, which none elſe durſt touch, alwaies the ſacred majeſtie of their Auguſtus kept inviolate: for that was a plannet exalted above their Hexameter horizon, and it was capitall to them in the higheſt degree to diſpute of his ſetting and riſing, or ſearch inquiſitively into his predominance and influence.

The ſecrets of God muſt not be ſearcht into. Kings are gods on earth: their actions muſt not be founded by their ſubjects.

Seneca, Neroes tutor, founde his death in no verſe but Octavia. Imperious Lucan ſprinkled but one drop of bloud on his imperiall chayre, and periſht by him alſo.

Ovid once ſaw Auguſtus in a place where he would not have beene ſeene: he was exilde preſently to thoſe countries no happy man heares of.

Long might hee, in a blinde Metamorphoſis, have playd uppon all the wenches in Roome, and regiſtred their privie ſcapes, upbraided inhoſpitalitie with the fable of Licaon; alluded to ſome ambodexter lawyer under the ſtorie of Battus; have deſcribed a noted unthrift, whoſe ſubſtance hawkes and hounds have devoured, in the tale of Acteon, that was eaten up by his owne dogges; mockt alcumiſtes with Midas; picturde inamaratos under Narciſſus; and shrouded a picked effeminate carpet knight under the fictionate perſon of Hermophroditus; with a thouſand more ſuch unexileable over-thwart merrimentes, if luſt had not led him beyond the proſpect of his birth, or hee ſeene a meaner man ſinning than an Emperour.

Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis! how hath my pen loſt it ſelfe in a croude of Poets!

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Gaffer Jobbernoule, once more well over-taken: how doſt thou? how doſt thou? Holde up thy heade, man: take no care; though Greene be dead, yet I may live to doe thee good.

But *by the meanes of his death thou art deprived of the remedie in lawe, which thou intendedſt to have againſt him, for calling thy father Ropemaker.* Mas! thats true: what action will it beare? *Nihil pro nihilo;* none in law. What will it do upon the ſtage? Cannot tell; for there a man maye make action beſides his part, when he hath nothing at all to ſay; and if there, it is but a clownish action that it will beare; for what can bee made of a Ropemaker more than a Clowne? Will Kempe, I miſtruſt it will fall to thy lot for a merriment, one of theſe dayes.

In short tearmes, thus I demur upon thy long Kentish-tayld declaration againſt Greene.

Hee inherited more vertues than vices: a jolly long red peake, like the ſpire of a ſteeple, hee cherisht continually, without cutting, whereat a man might hang a jewell, it was ſo sharpe and pendant.

Why should art anſwer for the infirmities of maners? Hee had his faultes, and thou thy follyes.

Debt and deadly ſinne who is not ſubject to? With any notorious crime I never knew him tainted (and yet tainting is no infamous ſurgerie for him that hath beene in ſo many hote ſkirmiſhes).

A good fellowe hee was, and would have drunke with thee for more angels then the Lord thou libeldſt on *gave thee in Chriſts Colledge;* and in one yeare he piſt as much againſt the walles, as thou and thy two brothers ſpent in three.

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In a night and a day would he have yarkt up a pamphlet as well as in ſeaven yeare, and glad was that Printer that might be ſo bleſt to pay him deare for the very dregs of his wit.

Hee made no account of winning credite by his workes, as thou doſt, that doſt no good workes, but thinkes to bee famoſed by a ſtrong faith of thine owne worthines: his onely care was to have a ſpel in his purſe, to conjure up a good cup of wine with at all times.

For the lowſie circumſtance of his poverty before his death, and ſending that miſerable writte to his wife, it cannot be but thou lyeſt, learned Gabriell.

I and one of my fellowes, Will Monox (haſt thou never heard of him and his great dagger?) were in company with him a month before he died, at that fatall banquet of Rhenish wine and pickled hearing (if thou wilt needs have it ſo) and then the inventorie of his apparrell came to more than three ſhillings (though thou ſaiſt the contrarie). I know a Broker, in a ſpruce leather jerkin with a great number of golde rings on his fingers, and a bunch of keies at his girdle, ſhall give you thirty ſhillings for the doublet alone, if you can helpe him to it. Harke in your eare: hee had a very faire cloake with ſleeves, of a grave gooſe turd greene: it would ſerve you as fine as may bee. No more words if you bee wife: play the good husband, and liſten after it: you may buy it ten ſhillinges better cheape than it coſt him. By S. Silver, it is good to bee circumſpect in caſtinge for the worlde; there's a great many ropes go to ten ſhillings. If you want a greaſy paire of ſilke ſtockings alſo, to ſhew your ſelfe at the court, they are to be had too amongſt his moveables. *Fruſtra fit per plura quod fieri*

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poteſt per pauciora : it is pollicie to take a rich penniworth whiles it is offred.

Alas ! even his fellow writer, that proper young man, almoſt ſcornes to cope with thee, thou art ſuch a crow troden aſſe : doſt thou *in ſome reſpects wiſh him well and ſpare his name ?* in ſome reſpects ſo doth hee wiſh thee well : (*hoc eſt,* to be as well knowne for a ſoole as my Lord Welles) and promiſeth by me to talke very ſparingly of thy praiſe. For thy name, he will not ſtoupe to plucke it out of the mire, and put it in his mouth.

By this bleſſed cuppe of facke which I now holde in my hand, and drinke to the health of all Chriſten ſoules in, thou art a puiſſant epitapher.

Yea ? thy Muſes foot of the twelves, old Long Meg of Weſtminſter ! Then, I trow, thou wilt ſtride over Greenes grave and not ſtumble : if you doe, wee ſhall come to your taking up.

LETTER.

Here lies the man whom Miſtris Iſam cround with bays,
She that joyed to heare her nighingales ſweete layes.

COMMENT.

Here, Miſtris Iſam, Gabriel flouts thy bays :
Scratch out his eyes that printeth thy diſpraiſe.

She ! ſhe will ſcratch, and like a ſcritching night-owle come and make a diſmal noiſe under thy chamber windowe, for deriding her ſo dunſtically. A bigge fat luſty wench it is, that hath an arme like an Amazon, and will bang the abhominationly, if ever ſhee catch thee in her quarters. It is not your *Poet gariſh,* and your *forchorſe of the pariſh*

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that ſhall redeeme you from her fingers, but ſhee will *make actuall proofe of you*, according as you deſire of God in the under-following lines.

The next weeke, Maiſter Bird (if his inke-pot have a cleare current) hee will have at you with a cap-caſe full of French occurrences; that is, ſhape you a meſſe of newes out of the ſecond courſe of his conceit, as his brother is ſaid out of the fabulous abundance of his braine to have invented the newes out of Calabria (John Doletas propheſie of flying dragons, commets, earthquakes and inundations).

I am ſure it is not yet worne out of mens ſcorn, for every miller made a comment of it, and not an oyſter wife but mockt it.

When that fly-boat of Frenchery is once launcht, your trencher attendant, Gamaliel Hobgoblin, intends to tickle up a treatiſe of the barly kurnell, which you ſet in your garden, out of which there ſprung (as you avouched) twelve ſeverall eares of corne at one time.

Redoubted Parma was never ſo matcht if he kindle the match of his meeterdome, and let drive at him with a volley of verſes. Let not his principalitie truſt too much to it, becauſe his name is Latin for a ſhield, for Poet Hobbinoll, having *a gallant wit and a brazen penne, will honourably bethinke him, and even ambitiouſly frame his ſtile to a noble emulation of Livie, Homer, and the divineſt ſpirites of all ages*, as hee hath done to the emulation of Tullie heeretofore, when he compiled a pamphlet called *Ciceronis Conſolatio ad Dolobellam*, and publiſht it as a newe part of Tullie, which had bin hidde in a wall a thouſand and odde yeares, and was found out by him before it ever found beeing.

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The circumſtance was this: going downe the water at Cambridge one ſummer evening, and aſking certaine queſtions of the Eccho at Barnewell wall (as the manner is, paſſing by) holding her very narrowly to the poynt, ſhe revealed unto him what a treaſure ſhee had hidden amongſt her ſtores, namely, this new part of *Gabrielis Ciceronis conſolatio ad Dolobellam;* and though ſhe was verie loath to diſcloſe it, yet becauſe ſhee knewe not how ſoone God might call her, *videlicet*, how ſodainely ſhee might fall, to diſcharge her conſcience before her death, ſhee would deliver it up as freely unto him as ever it was hers: come and digge for it, he ſhoulde have it. Never more glad was ſhee in her life, that ſince ſhee muſt needes ſurrender it to the light, ſhe had chaunſt upon ſuch a Cardinall Corrigidore of incongruitie, and Tullies next and immediate ſucceſſour, under Carre, to whoſe carefull repoliſhing she might commit it.

Keepe it, quoth shee.

No; if it were a booke of golde it is THINE: reade it, new print it, dedicate it *from thy gallery at Trinitie Hall* to whom thou wilt.

Whether he uſde a ſpade or a mattocke for the unburyinge of it I know not, but extant it is, and of a hundred I have heard that it is his.

O Gabriell! if thou haſt any manhood in thy ſtarcht peake, looke upon me and weepe not.

From this day forward shall a whole armie of boies come wondring about thee, as thou goeſt in the ſtreet and cry *Kullaloo, kullaloo, with a whup hoo!* there goes the ape of Tully! tih he he! ſteale Tully, ſteale Tully! Away with the aſſe in the lions ſkinne!

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Nay, but in ſadneſſe, is it not a ſinfull thing for a ſcholler and a Chriſtian to turne Tully? A Turke would never doe it.

Be counſaild in thy calamitie; write no more *Conſolatios ad Dolabellam*, but *Conſolatio ad Doctorem Gabrielem:* thy ſelfe comfort thy ſelfe, and learn to make a vertue of contempt.

Ad ruentem parietem ne inclina is a proverbe which would have prevented all this, if thou couldſt have ſuffered thy ſelfe to have beene directed by it: for, firſt and formoſt, hadſt not thou ſtept forth to underprop the ruinous wall of thy brothers reputation, I had never medled with thee: if thou hadſt not leand too much to an olde wall, when thou pluckſt Tullie out of a wall, the damnation of this jeſt had bin yet unbegotten.

He that hath borne ſaile in two tempeſts of ſhame makes a ſport of ſhippe-wracke of good name ever after.

The wall of the welfare of Fraunce that is ſtarted from her king, her true foundation, thy writinges, (more wretched than France) would faine cleave unto, if they could tell how, and *count it a felicity to have the oportunitie of ſo heroicall an argument.*

God helpe Alexander, if hee have no other Poet to emblazon his atchievements but Cherillus.

High reſolved Earle of Eſſex, and vertuous Sir John Norris, Englands champions, envied tranquillities confidence, unworthy are your adventures Iliades to bee reported by ſuch a ragged rude as the jarring pipe of this Batillus. The Portugals and Frenchmens feare will lend your honors richer ornaments than his low-flighted affection (fortunes ſummer follower) can frame them.

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The ſeale that I have ſet to your vertues be ſilence: the argument of prayſe is unauthorized in any mans mouth but olde age.

When the better parte of youthes fervence is boyld away, and that the ſhowres of many ſorrowes have ſeaſoned our greene heads with experience, with the wither-fac'd weather-beaten mariner that talks quaking and ſhudderingly of a ſtorme that hee hath newly toyld through, our wordes will bee written in our viſage.

Even as the ſunne, ſo no ſcience ſhines in his compleat glory till it be ready to decline.

Theſe be the concluſions, that gray haires prune and cut downe the proſperitie of yong yeares with as faſt as it aſpires; but let the ſeare oake looke himſelfe in the glaſſe of truth, and he ſhall find that Methuſalems bleſſing is imbecillitie, beſtowed on any creature but the Foxe, who never is a right Foxe till he be ripe for the dunghill.

If my ſtile holde on this ſober mules pace but a ſheete or two further, I ſhall have a long beard, lyke an Iriſh mantle, droppe out of my mouth before I be aware.

Marry, God forſend! for at no hand can I endure to have my cheeks muffled up in furre, like a Muſcovian, or weare any of this Welch freeze on my face.

O! it is a miſerable thing to dreſſe haire like towe twixt a mans teeth, when one cannot drinke but hee muſt thruſt a great ſponge into the cup, and ſo cleanſe his coole porridge, as it were, through a ſtrayner ere it comes to his lippes.

This ſecond Epiſtle I have ſaid prettily well too: I thinke we were beſt begin THIRDLY WHEREAS, for ſeare a volume ſteale upon us unlookt for.

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THE ARRAINMENT AND EXECUTION OF THE THIRD LETTER.

To every Reader favourably or indifferently affected.

Text, ſtand to the Barre. Peace there belowe!

Albeit for theſe twelve or thirteene yeares no man hath beene more loath, or more ſcrupulous than my ſelfe, etc.

The body of mee! hee begins like a proclamation. Sufficeth it wee knowe you, your minde, though you say no more.

Is not this your driſt? You would have the worlde ſuppoſe you were urgde to that which proceeded of your owne good nature: like ſome that will ſeeme to bee intreated to take a high place of preferment uppon them, which privilie before they have prayde and payde for, and put all their ſtrength to clymbe up to.

You would foiſt in *non cauſam pro cauſa*, have it thought your flight from your olde companions, obſcuritie and ſilence, was onely, with Æneas, to carry your father on your backe through the fire of ſlaunder, and by that shift, with the false plea of patience, unjuſtly driven from his kingdome, filch a way the harts of the Queenes liege people!

The backe of thoſe creple excuſes I have broke in the beginning of my booke: if you have anie new infringement to deſtitute the inditement of forgerie that I bring againſt you, ſo it is.

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Heere enters *Argumentum a teſtimonio humano*, like Tamberlaine drawne in a chariot by foure Kings.

I THAT IN MY YOUTH FLATTERD NOT MY SELFE WITH THE EXCEEDING COMMENDATION OF THE GREATEST SCHOLLER IN THE WORLD, ETC.

Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avena.

Ah, neighbourhood, neighbourhood! dead and buried art thou with Robinhood: a poore creature here is faine to commend himſelfe, for want of friendes to ſpeake for him.

Not the leaſt, but the greateſt ſchollers in the world have not onely, but exceedingly ſedde him fat in his humor of *Braggadochio Glorioſo.*

Yea, Spencer him hath often Homer tearmd,
And Mounſier Bodkin vow'd as much as he;
Yet cares not Nashe for him a halfepeny.

Lamentable! lamentable! that an indifferent, untoward civill lawyer, who hath read Plutarch *de utilitate capienda ab inimicis*, and can talke of Titius and Sempronius, should be no more ſet by, but *ſet by*, thruſt aſide, while his betters carry the bredth of the ſtreet before them.

Miſery will humble the haughtieſt heart in the world. *Habemus reum confitentem:* he confeſſeth himſelf a ſinner in unſufficiency; yet, for all that the adverſitie of univerſall obloquy hath laide a heavie hand on him, ſtill he retaineth (like concealed land) ſome part of his proud mind in a

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beggars purſe, ſcorneth to ſay *Fortune my foe*, or aſke a good word for Gods ſake of anie man.

In the plainneſſe of his puft up nature he will defie any man that darc accuſe him of that he is.

Why, why *infractiſſime Piſtlepragmos*, though you were *yong in yeares, freſh in courage, greene in inexperience, and over-weaning in conceipt* (we will refuſe nothing that you give us) when you privately wrote the letters that *afterward* (by no other but your ſelfe) *were publiquely divulged*, yet when the bladder is burſt that held you up ſwimming in ſelfe love, you muſt not be diſcontented though you ſink.

I have *toucht the ulcer of your Oratourſhip* in requiting the nick-name of *The Devils Oratour*. An ulcer you may well chriſten it, as an ulcer is a ſwelling, for it was a ſwelling of ambition, no *modeſt petition* of anie merit of yours that did crave it.

The olde Foxe, Doctour Perne throughly diſcovered you for a yoong foppe, or elſe halfe a word *of our high Chauncelors commendation* had ſtood with him inviolable as an Act of Parliament.

Great men, in writing to thoſe they are acquainted with, have privie watch-words of denyal, even in the higheſt degree of praiſing: they have many followers whoſe dutifull ſervice muſt not bee diſgrac'd with a bitter repulſe in anie ſuite, though unlawfull.

It may bee, ſome of theſe long deſervers of his followers labourd him for thee: hee, like Argus, having eyes that pierce into all eſtates, ſaw thee when thou wert unſeene of thy ſelfe, and knowing thee to bee unworthy of any place of worth, would not diſcountenance his men in ſo ſmal a matter, but writ for thee very vehemently outwardly, when

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the foule of his letter (into which thy ſhallowe braine could not deſcend) included thy utter miſlike.

Yong bloud is hot, youth haſtie, ingenuitie open, abuſe impatient, choller ſtomachous, temptations buſie. In a word, the gentleman was vext, and cutte his bridle for verie anger.

The tickling and ſtirring invective vaine, the puffing and ſwelling ſatiricall ſpirit came upon him, as it came on Coppinger and Athington when they mounted into the peaſe-cart in Cheape-ſide and preacht. Needes hee muſt caſt up certaine crude humours of English hexameter verſes that lay uppon his ſtomacke: a nobleman ſtood in the way, as he was vomiting, and from top to toe he all to berayd him with *Tuſcaniſme.*

The mappe of Cambridge lay not farre off when he was in the depth of his drudgery, ſome part of the excrements of his anger felle upon it: poore Doctour Pernes picture ſtood in a corner of that mappe, and by the miſdemeanour of his mouth it was cleane defac'd.

Signior Immerito (ſo called becauſe *he was and is his friend* undeſervedly) was counterfeitly brought in to play a part in that his Enterlude of Epiſtles that was hiſt at, thinking his very name (as the name of Ned Allen on the common ſtage) was able to make an ill matter good.

I durſt on my credit undertake Spencer was no way privie to the committing of them to the print—committing I may well call it, for in my opinion G. H. ſhould not have reapt ſo much diſcredite by beeing committed to Newgate, as by committing that misbeleeving proſe to the preſſe.

I have uſually ſeen uncircumciſed doltage have the porch

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of his Paynim pilfries very hugely peſtred with praiſes. *Hay gee* (Gentlemen) comes in with his Plowmans whiſtle in prayſe of *Peter Scurſe* the penne-man, and *Turlery Ginkes*, in a light foote jigge, libels in commendation of little witte verie loſtily; but for an author to renounce his Chriſtendome to write in his owne commendation, to refuſe the name which his godfathers and godmothers gave him in his baptiſme, and call himſelfe *a welwiller to both the writers*, when hee is the onely writer himſelfe, with what face do you thinke he can aunſwere it at the day of judgement? *Eſt in te facies ſunt apti luſibus anni:* Gabriell, thou canſt play at ſaſt and looſe as well as anie man in England.

I will not lye and backbite thee as thou haſt done mee, but are not theſe thy wordes *to the curteous Buyer?*

Shew me, or Immerito, two Engliſh letters in print in all pointes equall to theſe, both for the matter it ſelfe, and alſo for the manner of handling, and ſay wee never ſaw good Engliſh in our lives.

Againe. *I eſteeme them for two of the rareſt and fineſt treaties, as well for ingenuous deviſing, as ſignificant uttering and cleanly conveying of his matter, that ever I read in this tongue; and I hartily thank God for beſtowing upon us ſuch proper and able men with their penne.*

You muſt conceit, hee was his chamber-fellowe Welwillers cloke when he ſpake this: the white-liverd ſlave was modeſt, and had not the hart to ſay ſo much in his owne perſon, but he muſt put on the vizard of an *undiſcreete friend.*

It is not worth the rehearſal: *he ſcribled it in jeaſt for exerciſe of his ſpeech and ſtile, &c., and it was the finiſter hap*

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of thoſe unfortuuate letters to be derided and ſcoft at throughout the whole realme.

The ſharpeſt part of them were read over at Counſell Table, and he referd over to the Fleet, to beare his old verſe-fellow *M. Valanger* company.

There was no remedie for it but melancholy patience.

A recantation he was glad to make *by way of articles or poſitions*, which hee moderates with a milder name of an *Apologie*, and that recantation purchaſt his libertie. Wherefore in gratefull lieu of the benefit he receiv'd by it (*although he hath hitherto unworthily ſuppreſt it*) *yet he meanes to take occaſion by this extraordinary provocation to publiſh it, with not ſo few as fortic ſuch Academicall exerciſes, and ſundrie other politike diſcourſes.*

And I deeme he will be as good as his word, for ever yet it hath beene his wont, if he writ but a letter to any friend of his in the way of thanks for the potte of butter, gammon of bacon, or cheeſe that he ſent to him, ſtraight to give copies of it abroad in the world, and propound it to yong gentlemen he came in company with, as a more neceſſary and refined methode of familiar Epiſtles than the Engliſh tongue hath hitherto been privy to.

Lord! that men ſhould be ſo malitiouſly bent to frame a matter of ſome thing: he takes a pleaſureable delight to behave himſelf ſo that he may be laught at: how would you prate and inſult, if you but knewe as much by him, as he knows by himſelfe!

Naſhe, do thy worſt: the three brothers bid a fico for thee: diſcommend thou them never ſo much, they will palpably praiſe, and ſo conſequently diſpraiſe, themſelves more in one booke they ſet ſoorth, than thou canſt diſparage

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them in tenne: yea, rather than faile, Maiſter Bird ſhall leave coppying out letters of newes, and meeter it miſchievouſly in maintenance of their ſcurrilitiſhip and ruditie.

Three to one, *par ma foy*, is oddes: not one of them writes an Almanacke, but hee reckons up all his brothers.

Bee it ſpoken heere in private, *Muſa Richardetti fratrizat ſat bene pretty:* the Muſe of Dappert Dickie doth ſing as ſweete as a cricket.

Noſti manum et ſtilum, Gabriel? it is thine owne verſe in *Ædes Valdinenſes*, all ſave the inſerting of *pretty* inſtead of *certè*, for rimes ſake.

Had phyſition John liv'd, or not dyde, a little afore Dogdayes, a ſinode of piſpots would have concluded that *Pierce Penneleſſe* ſhould be confounded without reprive.

The Spanyards called their invaſive fleete againſt England the Navie Invincible, yet it was overcome. Lowe ſhrubbes have outliv'd high cedars: one true man is ſtronger than two theeves. Gabriell and Richard, I proclaime open warres with you. March on, *Jocus*, *Ludus*, *Lepos*, my valiaunt men at armes! and forrage the frontiers of his *Fantaſticallitie* as you have begun.

Tubalcan, alias Tuball, firſt founder of Farrier's Hall, heere is a great complaint made, that *utriuſque Academiæ Robertus Greene* hath mockt thee, becauſe hee ſaid, that thou wert the firſt inventer of muſicke: ſo *Gabriell Howliglaſſe* was the firſt inventer of Engliſh hexameter verſes. *Quid reſpondes?* Canſt thou brooke it, yea or no? Is it any treaſon to thy well tuned hammers to ſay they begat ſo renowmed a childe as muſicke? Neither thy hammers nor thou, I know, if they were put to their booke oaths, will ever ſay it.

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The hexamiter verſe, I graunt to be a gentleman of an auncient houſe (ſo is many an Engliſh begger), yet this clyme of ours hee cannot thrive in: our ſpeech is too craggy for him to ſet his plough in: hee goes twitching and hopping in our language like a man running upon quagmiers, up the hill in one ſyllable, and downe the dale in another, retaining no part of that ſtately ſmooth gate, which he vaunts himſelfe with amongſt the Greeks and Latins.

Homer and Virgil, two valorous authors, yet were they never knighted: they wrote in hexameter verſes: *ergo*, Chaucer and Spencer, the Homer and Virgil of England, were ſarre overſeene that they wrote not all their poems in hexamiter verſes alſo.

In many countries velvet and ſatten is a commoner weare than cloth among us: *ergo*, wee muſt leave wearing cloth, and goe everie one in velvet and ſatten, becauſe other countries uſe ſo.

The text will not beare it, good *Gilgilis Hobberdehoy.*

Our Engliſh tongue is nothing too good, but too bad *to imitate the Greeke and Latine.*

Maſter Stannyhurſt (though otherwiſe learned) trod a foule lumbring boyſtrous wallowing meaſure in his tranſlation of Virgil. He had never been praiſd by Gabriel for his labour, if therein hee had not bin ſo famouſly abſurd.

Greene for diſpraiſing his practiſe in that kinde, is the Greene Maiſter of the blacke Art, the founder of ugly oathes, the father of misbegotten Infortunatus, the ſcrivener of Croſſebiters, the Patriark of Shifters, &c. The monarch of Croſſebiters, the wretched fellowe Prince of Beggars: Emperour of Shifters hee had called him before; but like a drunken man, that remembers not in the morn-

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ing what he ſpeakes over night, ſtill he fetcheth metaphors from conny-catchers, and doth nothing but *torment us with tautologies.*

Why thou arrant butter whore, thou cotqueane and ſcrattop of ſcoldes! wilt thou never leave afflicting a dead carcaſſe? continually read the rethorick lecture of Ramme Allie? Wiſpe, a wiſpe, a wiſpe! rippe, rippe, you kitchin-ſtuffe wrangler!

Wert thou put in the Fleete for pamphleting? Bedlem were a meeter place for thee. Be not aſhamd of your promotion: they did you honor that ſaid you were Fleete-bound, for men of honor have failde in that Fleete.

Waſt paper made thee betake thy ſelfe to *Limbo Patrum:* had it beene a booke that was vendible, the opproby had beene the leſſe; but for Chandlers merchandize to be ſo maſſacred, for ſheets that ſerve for nothing but to wrap the excrements of hufwiverie in, *Proh Deum!* what a ſpite is it. I have ſeene your name cutte with a knife in a wall of the Fleet, I, when I went to viſit a friend of mine there.

Let Maiſter Butler of Cambridge, his teſtimoniall and this controverſie, who at that time that thy joyes were in the Fleeting, and thou crying For the Lords ſake! out at an iron windowe in the lane not farre from Ludgate hill, queſtiond ſome of his companions very inquiſitivelie that were newly come from London, what novelties they brought home with them? amongſt the reſt, he broke into this hexamiter interrogatorie very abruptlie,

But ah! what newes do you heare of that good Gabriel huffe ſnuffe,
Knowne to the world for a foole, and clapt in the Fleete for a Rimer?

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Iſt true, Gibraltar? Have I found you? It was not without foundation that you burſt into that magnificall inſultation,—I THAT IN MY YOUTH FLATTERD NOT MY SELFE, etc.,—for M. Butler, for a phiſition being none of the leaſt ſchollers, hath commended you exceedingly for a foole and a Rimer. *He that threatned to conjure up Martins wit* hath written ſome thing, too, in your praiſe in Paphatchet: for all you accuſe him to have covertlie incenſt the Earle of Oxford againſt you. Marke him well: hee is but a little fellow, but hee hath one of the beſt wits in England. Should hee take thee in hand againe (as he flieth from ſuch inferiour concertation), I prophecie that there would more gentle Readers die of a merrie mortality, ingendred by the eternall jeſts he would maule thee with, than there have done of this laſt infection. I my ſelfe, that injoy but a mite of wit in compariſon of his talent, in pure affection to my native country, make my ſtile carry a preſſe ſaile, am fain to cut off half the ſtreame of thy ſport-breeding confuſion, for feare it ſhoulde cauſe a generall hicket throughout England.

Greene, I can ſpare thy revenge no more roome in this booke: thou haſt phiſition John with thee; cope thou with him, and let me alone with the Civilian and Devine, whom, if I live, I will ſo unceſſantly haunt, that to avoid the hot chaſe of my fierie quill, they ſhalbe conſtraind to enſconce themſelves in an olde urinall caſe that their brother left behind him. Yet, ere I bid thee good night, receive ſome notes as touching his phiſicallity deceaſed. *He had his grace to be Doctor ere he died.* As time may worke all things. *In Norfolke where hee practiſed, he was reputed a proper toward man at a medicine for the toothake, and one*

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of the ſkilfulleſt Phiſitions, in caſting the heavens water, *that ever came there.*

How well beloved of the chiefeſt gentlemen (and gentlewomen eſpecially) in that ſhire, it is incredible to bee ſpoken. *Aſtra petit diſertus:* hee is gone to heaven to write more aſtrologicall diſcourſes: his brothers live to inherite his olde gownes, and remember his notable ſayings, amongſt the which was one *Vale Galene!* farewell, mine owne deare Gabriell! *Valete humanæ artes!* heart and good will, but never a ragge of money.

Tunc tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet.

Cloth-breeches houſe is burnt, and the flame goes a feaſting to Pierce Pennileſſe houſe next.

Never til now, Gregory Habberdine, went thy foure letters up Holburne, up Tiburne, to hanging.

Gentlemen, by that which hath been already laid open, I doe not doubt but you are unwaveringly reſolved, this undigeſted chaos of Doctourſhip, and greedy pothunter after applauſe, is an apparent Publican and ſinner, a ſelf-love ſurfetted ſot, a broken-winded galdbacke jade, that hath borne up his head in his time, but now is quite foundred and tired; a ſcholler in nothing but the ſcum of ſchollerſhip, a ſtale ſoker at *Tullies Offices*, the droane of droanes, and maiſter drumble-bee of non proficients. What hath he wrote but hath had a wofull end? When did he diſpute but hee duld all his auditorie? His Poetry more ſpiritleſſe than ſmall beere, his Oratory arts baſtard, not able to make a man raviſhingly weepe that hath an onion at his eye. In Latin, like a louſe, he hath manie legges, many lockes fleec'd from Tullie, to carry away and cloath a little body of matter; but yet hee moves but ſlowly, is apparaild verie poorely.

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In English, ice is not ſo cold, yet on the ice of ignorance will he ſlide. No wiſe man pittie him that periſheth ſo wilfully.

Judge the world, judge the higheſt Courts of Appeale from the miſcarried worlds judgement (Cambridge and Oxford) wherein I have treſpaſſed in Pierce Pennileſſe, that hee ſhould talke of *gnaſhing of teeth, yong Phaetons, yong Icari, yong Chorebi, young Babingtons.*

Never was I in earneſt, til thus he twitted me with the compariſon of a traitour.

Babington, high was thy birth; I a bondſlave of fortune in compariſon of thee: thy fall greater than Phaetons, thy offence as heynous as Judaſſes. May never more ſuch ſoule ſeeds of offence be ſowne in ſo faire a ſhape! May they be markt alwayes to miſchiefe that meane as thou didſt! The braunches of thy ſtocke remaines yet unblaſted with anie diſobedience. God forbid that our forheades ſhould ever be blotted with our foreſathers miſdemeanours! Die, ill deeds, with your ungratious ill dooers! The living have no portion with the dead: hell once paid his due, heaven gates are open to ſucceeding poſteritie.

Prate of *Pierce Pennileſſe and his paltrie* as long as thou wilt: I will play at put-pinne with thee for all that thou art woorth, but of thy betters gette thee a better diſcourſing penne before thou deſcantes of,

L. *Greenes inwardeſt companion pinched with want, vexed with diſcredit, tormented with other mens felicitie, and overwhelmed with his own miſerie, in a raving and frantike moode, moſt deſperately exhibiteth a Supplication to the Devill.*

C. Heerein thou thinkeſt thou haſt won the ſpurs from

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all writers, but God and Dame Fiction know thou art farre wide of thy ayme; for neither was I Greenes companion any more than a carowſe or two, nor pincht with any ungentleman-like want when I invented Pierce Pennileſſe.

Pauper non eſt cui rerum ſuppetit uſus: only the diſcontented meditation of learning, generally now a dayes little valued, and her profeſſors ſet at naught and diſhartened, cauſed mee to handle that plaintife ſubject more ſeriouſly.

Vext with diſcredit (Gabriel) I never was, as thou haſt beene ever ſince *familiaritas peperit contemptum*, thy familiar epiſtles brought thee into contempt.

Though I have been pincht with want (as who is not one time or another, Pierce Pennileſſe) yet my Muſe never wept for want of maintenance as thine did in *Muſarum Lachrimæ*, that was miſerably flouted at in M. Winkfields comœdie of *Pedantius* in Trinitie Colledge.

How am I *tormented with other mens felicitie*, otherwiſe than ſaying I know a cobler that was worth five hundred pound, an hoſtler that had built a goodly inne, and might diſpend forty pound yearely by his land, a carman that had whipt a thouſand pound out of his horſe taile: if I had likewiſe reckond up a ropemaker, that by tormenting of hempe, and going backward (which the Devill would nere doe) had turnd as many mill ſixpences over the thumbe, as kept three of his ſonnes at Cambridge a long time; and that which is more, three proud ſonnes, that when they met the hangman (their fathers beſt chapman) would ſcarſe put of their hats to him, why, then thou ſhouldſt have had ſome colour of quarell: thy accuſation might juſtly have enterd his title *pro aris et focis*, whereas now it is frivolous and forceleſſe.

The ſharpeſt wits, I perceive, have none of the beſt me-

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mories: if they had, thou wouldſt nere have toucht mee with tormenting my ſelfe with other mens felicitie, for how didſt thou torment thyſelfe with other mens felicitie when in the 28 page of thy firſt tome of Epiſtles thou exclaimſt, that *in no age ſo little was ſo much made of, nothing advaunſt to be ſomething, numbers made of ciphars:* that is, by interpretation, all thoſe that were advaunſt either in the Court or Commonwealth at that time, had ſo little to commend them, nothing in account worthy of preferment, but were meere meacocks and ciphars in compariſon of thy excellent out-caſt ſelfe that liv'dſt in Cambridge unmounted.

Hang thee, hang thee! thou common cooſener of curteous readers, thou groſſe ſhifter for ſhitten tapſterly jeſts, have imitated Tarltons *Play of the Seaven Deadly Sinnes* in my plot of Pierce Penileſſe? Whom haſt thou not imitated then in the courſe of thy booke? Thou haſt borrowed above twenty phraſes and epithites from mee, which in ſober ſadneſſe thou makſt uſe of as thy owne, when thou wouldſt exhort more effectuall[y].

Is it lawfull but for one preacher to preach of the ten commandements? Hath none writ of the five ſenſes but Ariſtotle? Was ſinne ſo utterly aboliſhed with Tarltons Play of the ſeven deadly ſins, that ther could be nothing ſaid *ſupra* of that argument?

Canſt thou exemplifie unto mee (thou impotent moate-catching carper) one minnum of the particular device of his Play that I purloind? There be manie men of one name that are nothing a kindred. Is there any further diſtribution of ſins, not ſhadowed under theſe 7 large ſpreading branches of iniquity, on which a man may worke and not tread on Tarltons heeles? If not, what blemiſh is it to

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Pierce Pennileſſe to begin where the Stage doth ende, to build vertue a church on that foundation that the Devill built his chappell?

Gabriell, if there be anie witte or induſtrie in thee, now I will dare it to the uttermoſt: write of what thou wilt, in what language thou wilt, and I will confute it and anſwere it. Take truths part, and I wil prove truth to be no truth, marching out of thy dung-voiding mouth.

Divinitie I except, which admits no dalliance; but in any other art or profeſſion, of which I am not yet free, and thou ſhalt challenge me to the maiſtries in, Ile bind my ſelfe prentiſe too, and ſtudie throughly, though it never ſtand me in any other ſtead, while I liue, but to make one reply, only becauſe I wil have the laſt word of thee.

I would count it the greateſt puniſhment that *in ſpeech* could lay upon mee, to be bound to ſtudie the Daniſh tongue, which is able to make any Engliſhman have the mumpes in his mouth, that ſhall but plunge through one full point of it; yet the Daniſh tongue, or any Turks, or hogs or dogs tongue whatſoever, would I learne rather than be put downe by ſuch a ribauldry Don Diego as thou art.

Heigh! Drawer, fill us a freſh quart of *new-found phraſes*, ſince Gabriell ſaies we borrow all our eloquence from taverns; but let it be of the mighty Burdeaux grape—pure *vino de monte*, I conjure thee, by the ſame token that *the Deuils dauncing ſchoole in the bottome of a mans purſe that is emptie*, hath beene a gray-beard proverbe two hundred yeares before Tarlton was borne: ergo, *no* gramercy, Dicke Tarlton. But *the ſumme of ſummes is this*—I drinke to you, M. Gabriell, on that condition, that you ſhall not excruciate your braine to be conceited, and have no wit.

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Since we are here, on our prating bench in a cloſe roome, and that there is none in company but you, my approoved good friends, *Foure Letters and certain Sonnets*, your pages, I will rehearſe unto you ſome part of the methode of my demeanour in Pierce Pennileſſe.

Firſt, in ſo much as the principall ſcope of it is a moſt livelie anatomie of ſinne, the Divell is made speciall ſupervifor of it: to him it is dedicated, as if a man ſhould compile a curious examined diſcoverie of whoredome, and dedicate it to the Quarter Maiſters of Bridewell, becauſe they are beſt able to puniſh it.

Wherſore as there is no fire without ſome ſmoke, no complaint without ſome precedent cauſe of aggreevance, I introduce a diſcontented Scholler under the perſon of Pierce Pennileſſe, tragicallie exclaiming upon his partialeid fortune, that kept an almes boxe of compaſſion in ſtore for every one but himſelfe. He tels how he toſt his imagination like a dogge in a blanket, ſearcht everie corner of the houſe of Charitie, to ſee if he could light on any that would ſet a new nappe of an old threed-bare cloake; but, like him that having a letter to deliver to a Scottiſh Lorde, when hee came to his houſe to enquire for him, found no bodie at home but an ape that ſate in the porch and made mops and mows at him; ſo he, delivering his unperuſde papers in Powles Churchyard, the firſt that tooke them up was the ape Gabriel, who made mops and mows at them, beſlavering the outſide of them a little, but could not enter into the contents, which was an aſe beyonde his underſtanding.

With the firſt and ſecond leape hee plaies verie pretilie, and in ordinarie termes of extenuating, verdits Pierce

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Pennileſſe *for a Grammar Schoole wit;* ſaies *his margine is as deeplie learned as* Fauſte præcor gelida, *that his Muſe ſobbeth and groneth verie piteouſlie, bids him not caſt himſelf headlong into the horrible gulph of deſperation;* comes over him that *hee is a creature of wonderfull hope, as his owne inſpired courage divinely ſuggeſteth,* wils him *to inchaunt ſome magnificent* Mecenas, *to honour himſelfe in honouring him,* with a hundred ſuch grace-wanting ironies, cut out againſt the woll, that would jeopard the beſt joint of *Poetica Licentia* to procure laughter, when there crinkled crabbed countenance (the verie reſemblance of a ſodden dogges face) hath ſworne it woulde never conſent thereunto.

Not the moſt exquiſite thing that is, but the counſel table aſſe, Richard Clarke, may ſo carterly deride.

Everie milke-maide can gird with Iſt true? How ſaie you lo? who would have thought it? Good beare, bite not. A man is a man, though hee hath but a hoſe on his head.

No ſuch light paiment, Gabriel, haſt thou at my hands. I tell thee where, when, and how thou ſhewdſt thy ſelfe a Dunſivall.

Onely externall defects thou caſts in my diſh: nothing internall in thee, but I proove that it is altogether excrementall.

A ſewe elegiacall verſes of mine thou pluckeſt in pieces moſt ruthſullie, and quotes them againſt mee as advantageable, together with ſome diſmembred margine notes, but all is inke caſt away: you recover no coſts and charges. With one minutes ſtudie Ile diſtroie more, than thou art able to build in ten daies.

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Squeiſe thy hart into thy inkehorne, and it ſhall but congeal into clodderd garbage of confutation: thy ſoule hath no effects of a ſoule: thou canſt not ſprinkle it into a ſentence, and make everie line leape like a cup of neat wine new poured out, as an Orator muſt doe that lies aright in wait for mens affections.

Whome haſt thou wonne to hate mee by light crawling over my text like a cankerworme?

Some ſuperficial ſlime of poiſon haſt thou driveld from thy pen in thy ſhallow footed ſliding through my Supplication, which one pen ful of repurified inke will exceſſivelie waſh out. Shall I informe thee (that unfruitfullie endevorſt to informe authoritie againſt me) why I infixed thoſe poeticall Latine margent notes to ſome few pages in the beginning of Pierce Pennileſſe? I did it to explaine to ſuch expected ſpiefaultes as thou art, that it was no uncouth abhorrencie from the cuſtome of former writers for a man openly to bewaile his undeſerved deſtinie.

In the uncaſing of thy brother Richard I calculated the nativitie of the *Aſtrologicall Diſcourſe:* I apparentlie ſuggeſted what a lewd piece of prophecie it was: I regiſtred the infinite ſcorne that the whole realme intertaind it with; the adages that ran upon it, Tarlton's and Elderton's *nigrum theta* ſet to it, yet wilt thou, that art the ſonne and heire to ſhameleſſe impudence, the unlineall uſurper of judgement from all his true owners, the Hoyden and pointing ſtock recreation of Trinitie Hall, *vanitas, vanitatis et omnia vanitas*, inveſt that in the higheſt throne of art and ſchollerſhip, which a ſcrutinie of ſo manie millions of wel diſcerning condemnations hath concluded to be viler than newesmongrie, and that which is vileſt of all, no leſſe vile than thy Epiſtles.

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Moſt voices, moſt voices, moſt voices! who is on my ſide? who? Whether is the *Aſtrologicall Diſcourſe* a better booke than Pierce Pennileſſe? Gabriel Hangtelow ſaies it is: I am the defendant and denie it; and yet I doe not ouercull my owne workes. His aſſertion he countermures him thus:

Pierce Pennileſſe is a man better acquainted with the Diuels of hell than the ſtarres of heaven. Ergo, *the Aſtrologicall Diſcourſe is better than the notorious diabolicall diſcourſe of Pierce Pennileſſe.*

Once againe I denie his argument to bee of lawfull age. Pierce Pennileſſe is a better ſtarmunger than a Diuelmunger, which needeth no other FOR to corroborate it but this—that my yea at all times is as good as his nay.

How is the Supplication a diabolicall Diſcourſe, otherwiſe than as it intreats of the diverſe natures and properties of Devils and Spirits? In that far fetcht ſenſe may the famous *Defenſative againſt ſuppoſed Prophecies*, and *the Diſcoverie of Witchcraft* be called notorious diabolicall diſcourſes, as well as the Supplication; for they alſo intreate of the illuſions and ſundrie operations of Spirits. Likewiſe may I ſay that thoſe his Foure Letters, nowe on their triall, are foure notorious lowſie Diſcourſes, becauſe they lyingly diſcourſe little elſe ſave Greenes lowſie eſtate before his death.

M. Churchyard, our old quarrell is renued, when nothing elſe can be faſtned on mee: this Letter leapper upbraideth me with *crying you mercie:* I cannot tell, but I think you will have a ſaying to him for it. Ther's no reaſon that ſuch a one as he ſhould preſume to intermeddle in your matters: it cannot be done with any intent but to ſtirre mee

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up to write againſt you afreſh, which nothing under heav'n ſhall draw mee to doe. I love you unfainedly, and admire your aged Muſe, that may well be grandmother to our grandeloquenteſt poets at this preſent:

Sanctum et venerabile vetus omne Poema.

Shores wife is yong, though you be ſtept in yeares: in her ſhall you live when you are dead.

For that unadviſed indammagement I have done you heretofore, Ile be your champion henceforward againſt any that dare write againſt you. Onely, as ever you would light upon a good cuppe of old ſacke when you are moſt drie, pocket not up this ſlie abuſe at a rakehell rampalions hands, one that, when an injurie is deepe buried in the grave of oblivion, ſhall ſeeke to digge it up againe, recall that into mens memories which was conſumed and forgotten.

Whoreſon Ninihammer, that wilt aſſault a man and have no ſtronger weapons!

The Italian ſaith, a man muſt not take knowledge of injurie till he be able to revenge it.

Nay but, in plaine good fellowſhip, art thou ſo innocent and unconceiving that thou ſhouldſt ere hope to dash mee quite out of requeſt by telling mee *of the Counter, and my hoſteſſe Penia?*

I yeeld that I have dealt upon ſpare commodities of wine and capons in my daies; I have ſung George Gascoignes Counter-tenor: what then? Wilt thou peremptorily define that it is a place where no honeſt man, or gentleman of credit, ever came?

Heare what I ſay: a gentleman is never throughly en-

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tred into credit till he hath beene there; and that poet, or novice, be hee what he will, ought to ſuſpect his wit, and remaine halfe in doubt that it is not authenticall, till he hath beene ſeene and allowd in Unthrifts Conſiſtory.

Grande doloris ingenium! Let fooles dwell in no ſtronger houſes than their fathers built them; but I proteſt I should never have writ paſſion well, or beene a peece of a poet, if I had not arrived in thoſe quarters.

Trace the gallanteſt youthes and the braveſt revellers about towne in all the by-paths of their expence, and you shall infallibly finde, that once in their life time they have viſited that melancholy habitation.

Come, come: if you will goe to the ſound truth of it, there is no place of the earth like it, to make a man wiſe.

Cambridge and Oxford may ſtande under the elbowe of it.

I vow, if I had a ſonne, I would ſooner ſend him to one of the Counters to learne lawe, than to the Innes of Court or Chauncery.

My hoſteſſe Penia, thats a bugges word; I pry thee what morall haſt thou under it? I will depoſe, if thou wilt, that till now I never heard of ſuch English name.

There is a certaine thing called *chriſtian veritie*, and another hight *common ſenſe*, and a third cleapt *humilitie:* they are more requiſite and neceſſary for thee than *modeſtie or diſcretion for mee and my companions;* of which thou shouldſt underſtand, we are ſo well provided that we can lend thee and thy brother Richard a great deale, and yet keepe more than wee ſhall have need of for ourſelves.

Wilt thou be ſo hardy and iron-viſaged to gainſay that thy brother Vicars batchlours hood was not turnd over his

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eares for abuſing of Ariſtotle? I know thou haſt more grace than ſo: thou doſt not contradict it flatly, but ſlubbers it over faintly, and comes to recapitulate, not confute ſome of the phraſes I uſde in the unhandſoming of his divinitiſhip.

I my ſelfe, in the ſame order of diſgracing thou ſingles them foorth, will have them up againe, and ſee if thou, or anie man, can abſurdifie the worſt of them.

I ſay, and will make it good **that in the astrologicall discourse thy brother (as if hee had lately cast the heav'ns water, or beene at the anatomizing of the skies intralles in Surgeons Hall) prophesieth of such strange wonders to ensue from the starres distemperature, and the unusuall adulterie of plannets, as none but hee, that is bawd to those celestiall bodies, could ever descry.**

This too I will ratifie as truthable and legible Engliſh, **that his Astronomy broke his day with his creditors, and Saturne and Jupiter prov'd honester men than all the world tooke them for.**

That the whole Universitie hist at him, Tarlton at the Theater made ſeastes of him, and Elderton consumed his ale crammed nose to nothing, in beare baiting him with whole bundels of Ballads.

All this he barely repeates without any diſprovement or denudation at all, as if it were ſo lame in it ſelfe that it would adnihilate it ſelfe with the onelie rehearſall of it.

For the gentilitie of the Nashes (though it might ſeeme a humour borrowed from thee to bragge of it) yet ſome of us who never fought into it til of late, can prove the extancy of our anceſtors before there was ever a ropemaker in England. Wee can vaunt larger petigrees than patri-

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monies; yet of ſuch extrinſicall things, common to tenne thouſand calves and oxen, would I not willingly vaunt, only it hath pleaſed M. Printer, both in this booke and Pierce Pennileſſe, to intaile a vaine title to my name, which I care not for, without my conſent or privitie I here avouch.

But on the gentilitie of T. N. his beard, the Maiſter Butler of Pembroke Hall, ſtill I will ſtand to the death; for it is the very Prince Elector of peaks, a beard that I cannot bee perſwaded but was the Emperor Dioniſius his, ſurnamed the Tyrant, when hee playde the ſchoolemaiſter in Corinth.

Gabriell, thou haſt a prety polwigge ſparrowes tayle peake, yet maiſt thou not compare with his: thy father, for all by thine owne confeſſion *he makes haires*, had never the art to twiſt up ſuch a grim triangle of haire as that.

Be not offended, honeſt T. N., that I am thus bold with thee; for I affect thee for the names ſake, as much as any one man can do another, and know thee to be a fine fellow, and fit to diſcharge a farre higher calling than that wherein thou liv'ſt.

What more ſtuffe lurketh behind in this letter to be diſtributed into ſhop-duſt?

Pierce Pennileſſe *is as childiſh, and gariſh a booke as ever came in print: when he talks of the ſheepiſh diſcourſe of the Lambe of God and his enemies, he ſaies,* **it is monstrous and absurd, and not to bee suffred in a Christian congregation; that Richard hath scumd over the schoolmen, and of the froth of their folly made a dish of divinitie brewesse, which the dogs would not eate.**

If he ſaide ſo (as hee did) and can prove it (as hee hath

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done) by Saint Lubecke! then *the Lambe of God* is as childiſh and gariſh ſtuffe as ever came in print, indeede.

I, but how doth Pierce Pennileſſe expiate the coinquination of theſe objections?

Richard, whom (*becauſe hee is his brother, he therefore cenſures more curious and rigorous, in calling him M. H. than hee would have done otherwiſe*) *red the Philoſophie Lecture in Cambridge with good liking and ſingular commendation*, when A *per ſe* a was not ſo much as *Idoneus auditor civilis ſcientiæ*, Ergo, *the Lambe of God* beares a better fleece than hee gives out it doth.

A *per ſe a* is improoved in nothing ſince, excepting his old *Flores Poetarum* and Tarletons ſurmounting rethorique, with a little euphuiſme and *Greeneſſe* inoughe.

Gabriel reports him to the favourableſt opinion of thoſe that know A *per se a* his Prefaces, rimes, and the very timpanie of his Tarltonizing wit, his *Supplication to the Divel.*

Quiet your ſelves a little, my Maiſters, and you ſhall ſee me diſpearſe all thoſe cloudes well inough. That Richard red the Philoſophie Lecture at Cambridge, I do not withſtand; but how?

Verie Lentenlie and ſcantlie, (farre bee it wee shuld ſlander him ſo much as his brother Richard hath done, to ſaie he read it with good liking and ſingularitie). Credite mee, any that hath but a little refuſe *Colloquium* Latine to interſeame a Lecture with, and can ſaie but *Quapropter vos mei auditores*, may reade with equivalent commendation and liking.

I remember him woondrous well. In the chiefe pompe of that his falſe praiſe, I both heard him, and heard what was the univerſall ſlender valuation of him.

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There was eloquent Maiſter Knox (a man whoſe loſſe all good learning can never ſufficiently deplore), twas he and one Maiſter Jones of Trinitie Colledge that, in my time, with more ſpeciall approbation converſt in thoſe readings.

Since I have heard of two rare yong men, M. Meriton, and another, that in ſupplying that place of ſucceſſion have ſurmounted all former mediocritie, and wonne themſelves an everlaſting good name in the Univerſitie.

Theſe thou shouldſt have memoriz'd, if any; but thou art given to ſpeake well of none but thy ſelfe and thy two brothers.

Thrice fruitfull S. Johns, how many hundred perfecter ſchollers than the three brothers haſt thou nurſt at thy paps, that yet have not shakte off obſcuritie?

Mellifluous Playfere, one of the cheefe props of our aged and auntienteſt, and abſoluteſt Univerſities preſent flourishing! Where doe thy ſupereminent gifts shine to themſelves, that the Court cannot bee acquainted with them?

Few ſuch men ſpeake out of Fames higheſt pulpits, though out of her higheſt pulpits ſpeake the pureſt of all ſpeakers.

Let me adde one word, and let it not bee thought derogatorie to anie. I cannot bethinke mee of any two in England in all things comparable to him for his time. Seldome have I beheld ſo pregnant a pleaſant wit coupled with a memorie of ſuch huge incomprehenſible receipt, deepe reading and delight, better mixt than in his Sermons.

Sed quorſum hæc? how doe theſe digreſſions linke in without *ſubjectum circa quod?*

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Flaunting Richard and his Philoſophie Lecture was under our fingers even now, howſoever wee have loſt him. Hold the candle, and you ſhall ſee me caſt a figure for him extempore. Oh, hoh! I have founde him without any further ſeeking. Give me your eares: *Io Pœan!* God ſave them, they are long ones.

Now, betweene you and me declare, as if you were at shrift, whether you be not a ſuperlative blocke for al you readd the Philoſophie Lecture at Cambridge? Brieflie, brieflie: let me not ſtand all daie about you.

His conſcience accuſeth him: hee is ſtroke ſtarke dumbe; onely by ſignes he craves to bee admitted *in forma pauperis*, that we should let him paſſe for a pore fellow, and he will ſell his birthright in learning, with Eſau, for a meſſe of porrige.

Curæ leves loquuntur: he hath but a little cure to look too. *Majores ſtupent*, more living would make him ſtudie more.

For this once wee diſpence with you, becauſe you looke ſo penitentlie on it; but let me not catch you ſelling any more ſuch twiſe ſodden ſawduſt divinitie as *the Lambe of God and his enemies;* for if I do, Ile make a dearth of paper in Pater-noſter-rowe (ſuch as was not this ſeaven yeare) onelie with writing againſt thee.

A *per ſe a* can doe it: tempt not his clemencie too much. *A per se a?*

Paſſion of God! howe came I by that name? My god-father Gabriel gave it mee, and I muſt not refuſe it. Nor if you were privie whence it came would you hold it worthie to be refuſed; for before I had the reverſion of it hee beſtow'd it on a Nobleman, whoſe new faſhion'd apparell and

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Tuſcaniſh geſtures, cringing ſide necke, eies glancing, fiſnomie ſmerking having deſcribed to the full, he concludes with this verſe:

Everie ſuch A per ſe a his termes and braveries in print.

Hold you your peace, Naſhe! *That was before you were idoneus auditor civilis ſcientiæ.* It may bee ſo, for thou wert a libeller before I was borne. Yet, under correction bee it ſpoken, I have come to the ſchooles and purg'd rheume in my time: when your brother was Philoſophie Lecturer he wanted no *ſuppoſus pedum*, to ſpend away his houre, that I could help him with.

What ſince I am improved you partly have prooved to your coſt; and may doe more at large, if God ſend us more leyſure.

As for *Flores Poetarum*, they are flowers that yet I never ſmelt too. Ile pawne my hand to a halfepenny, I have read more good poets thorough than thou ever hardſt of.

The floures of your *Foure Letters* it may be I have overlookt more narrowlie, and done my beſt devoire to aſſemble them together into patheticall poſie; which I will here preſent to Maiſter Orator Edge for a new yeares gift, leaving them to his *wordie* diſcretion to be cenſured, whether they be currant in inkehorniſme or no.

Conſcius mind: canicular tales: egregious an argument; when as *egregious* is uſed in Engliſh but in the extreame ill part. *Ingenuitie: joviall mind: valarous authors: inckehorne adventures: inckehorne pads: putative opinions: putative artiſts: energeticall perſwaſions: raſcallitie: materiallitie: artificiallitie: fantaſticallitie: divine entelechy: loud mentery: deceitfull perfidy: addicted to theory: the worlds*

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great incendiarie: firenized furies: ſoveraigntie immenſe: abundant cautcles: cautelous and adventrous: cordiall liquor: Catilinaries and Phillipicks: perfunctorie diſcourſes: Davids ſweetnes olimpique: the Idee high and deepe Abiſſe of excellence: the only Unicorne of the Muſes: the Aretiniſh mountaine of huge exaggerations: the gratious law of amneſty: amicable termes: amicable end: effectuate: addoulce his melodie: Magy polimechany: extenſively emploied: precious traynment: novellets: notorietie negotiation: mechanician.

Nor are theſe all, for everie third line hath ſome of this over-rackt abſoniſme. Nor do I altogether ſcum off all theſe as the newe ingendred ſome of the Engliſh, but allowe ſome of them for a neede to fill up a verſe, as *traynment*, and one or two wordes more, which the libertie of proſe might well have ſpar'd. In a verſe, when a worde of three ſillables cannot thruſt in but ſidelings, to joynt him even, we are oftentimes faine to borrowe ſome leſſer quarry of elocution from the Latine, alwaies retaining this for a principle, that a leake of indefinence, as a leake in a ſhip, muſt needly be ſtopt with what matter ſoever.

Chaucers authoritie, I am certaine, ſhalbe alleadged againſt me for a many of theſe balductums. Had Chaucer liv'd to this age, I am verily perſwaded hee would have diſcarded the tone halfe of the harſher ſort of them.

They were the oouſe which overflowing barbariſme, withdrawne to her Scottiſh northren chancll, had leſt behind her. Art, like yong graſſe in the ſpring of Chaucers floriſhing, was glad to peepe up through any ſlime of corruption, to be beholding to ſhe car'd not whome for apparaile, travailing in thoſe colde countries. There is no

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reaſon that shee, a banisht queene into this barraine ſoile, having monarchizd it ſo long amongſt the Greekes and Romanes, should (although warres furie had humbled her to ſome extremitie) ſtill be conſtrained, when she hath recovered her ſtate, to weare the robes of adverſitie, jet it in her old rags, when she is wedded to new proſperitie.

Utere moribus præteritis, ſaith Caius Cæſar in Aulus Gellius, *loquere verbis præſentibus.*

Thou art mine enemie, Gabriell, and, that which is more, a contemptible under-foote enemie, or elſe I would teach thy old *trewantſhip* the true uſe of words, as alſo how more inclinable verſe is, than proſe, to dance after the horrizonant pipe of inveterate antiquitie.

It is no matter, ſince thou has brought godly inſtruction out of love with thee; uſe thy own deſtruction; raigne ſole Emperour of Inke-horniſme: I wiſh unto thee all ſuperabundant increaſe of the ſingular gifts of abſurditie and vaine glory: from this time forth for ever, ever, ever, evermore maiſt thou be canonized as the *Nonparraille* of impious epiſtlers, the ſhort ſhredder out of ſandy ſentences without lime, as Quintillian tearmed Seneca all lime, and no ſande, all matter and no circumſtance, the factor of the fairies and night urchins, in ſupplanting and ſetting aſide the true children of the Engliſh, and ſuborning inkehorne changlings in their ſteade; the galemafrier of all ſtiles in one ſtandiſh, as imitating everie one, and having no ſeparate forme of writing of thy owne; and, to conclude, the onely feather-driver of phraſes, and putter of a good word to it when thou haſt once got it, that is betwixt this and the Alpes. So bee it worlde without ende! Chroniclers heare my praiers: good Maiſter Stowe, be not unmindfull of him.

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Thats well remembred, now I talke of Chronicles: I founde the Aſtrologicall Diſcourſe the other night in the Chronicle. Gabriell will outface us, it is a worke of ſuch deepe arte and judgement, when it is expreſſly paſt under record for a cooſening prognoſtication. The wordes are theſe, though ſomewhat abreviated, for he makes a long circumlocution of it.

In the yeare 1583, by meanes of an Astrologicall Discourse uppon the great and notable conjunction of Saturne and Jupiter, the common sort of people were almost driv'n out of their wits, and knew not what to doe; but when no such thing hapned, they fell to their former securitie, and condemned the discourser of extreame madnesse and follie.

Ipſiſſima ſunt Ariſtotelis verba: they are the verie words of John Tell-troth, in the 1357 folio of the last edition of the great Chronicle of England.

Mehercule quidem! if it be ſo taken up, Pierce Pennileſſe may well caſt his cappe after it for ever overtaking it. But ſome thing even now, Gabriell, thou wert girding *againſt my prefaces and rimes, and the timpanie of my Tarltonizing wit.*

Well, theſe be your words, *præfaces and rimes.* Let me ſtudie a little—*præfaces and rimes. Minime verò, ſi ais nego.* I never printed rime in my life, but thoſe verſes in the beginning of Pierce Pennileſſe, though you have ſet foorth

The ſtories quaint of manie a doutie flie,
That read a lecture to the ventrous elfe;

and ſo forth as followeth in chambling rowe.

Præfaces two, or a paire of Epiſtles, I will receyve into the protection of my parentage; out of both which ſucke

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out one *ſolæciſme*, or miſchapen Engliſh word, if thou canſt for thy guts.

Wherein have I borrowed from Greene or Tarlton, *that I ſhould thanke them for all I have?* Is my ſtyle like Greenes, or my jeaſts like Tarltons? Do I talke of any counterfeit birds, or hearbs, or ſtones, or rake up any new-found poetry from under the walls of Troy? If I do, trip mee with it; but I doe not; therefore Ile bee ſo ſaucy as trip you with the grand lie. Ware ſtumbling of whetſtones in the darke there, my maiſters!

This I will proudly boaſt (yet am I nothing a kindred to the three brothers) that the vaine which I have (be it a *mcdian* vaine, or a madde man) is of my own begetting, and cals no man father in England but my ſelfe, neyther Euphues, nor Tarlton, nor Greene.

Not Tarlton nor Greene but have beene contented to let my ſimple judgement overrule them in ſome matters of wit. Euphues I read when I was a little ape in Cambridge, and I then thought it was *Ipſe ille:* it may be excellent good ſtill, for ought I know, but I lookt not on it this ten yeare: but to imitate it I abhorre, otherwiſe than it imitates Plutarch, Ovid and the choiceſt Latine authors.

If you be adviſde, I tooke *ſhorteſt vowels and longeſt meeter* in the beginning of my booke, as ſuſpitious of being acceſſarie to the making of a Sonnet wherto Maiſter Chriſtopher Bird's name is ſet: there I ſaid that you mute forth many ſuch phraſes in the courſe of your booke, which I would point at as I paſt by. Heere I am as good as my word, for I note that thou, beeing afraide of beraying thy ſelfe with writing, *wouldeſt faine bee a mute*, when it is too late to repent. Againe; thou revieſt on us and ſaiſt that

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mutes are courſed and vowels haunted. Thou art no mute, yet ſhalt thou be haunted and courſed to the full. I will never leave thee as long as I am able to lift a pen.

Whether I ſeeke to bee counted a terrible bulbegger or no, Ile baite thee worſe than a bull, ſo that thou ſhalt deſire ſome body, on thy knees, to helpe thee with letters of commendation to *Bull*, the hangman, that he may diſpatch thee out of the way, before more affliction come upon thee.

All the invective and ſatiricall ſpirits ſhall then bee thy familiars, as the furies in hell are the familiars of ſinfull ghoſts, to follow them and torment them without intermiſſion: thou ſhalt bee double girt with girds, and ſcoft at, till thoſe that ſtand by do nothing but cough with laughing.

Thou ſaieſt I profeſſe the art of railing: thou ſhalt not ſay ſo in vaine, for, if there bee any art or depth in it more than Aretine or Agrippa have diſcovered or div'd into, looke that I will ſound it and ſearch it to the uttermoſt, but ere I have done with thee Ile leave thee the miſerableſt creature that the ſunne ever ſawe.

There is no kind of peaceable pleaſure in poetrie, but I can drawe equally in the ſame yoke with the haughtieſt of thoſe ſoule-mouthd backbiters that ſay I can do nothing but raile.

I have written in all ſorts of humors privately, I am perſwaded more than any yoong man of my age in England.

The weather is cold, and I am wearie with confuting: the remainder of the colde contents of this Epiſtle be theſe.

He enviouſly indevors, ſince he cannot revenge himſelfe, to incenſe men of high calling againſt me, and would inforce it into their opinions, that whatſoever is ſpoke in Pierce Pennileſſe concerning *peſants, clownes and hipercriti-*

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call hot-ſpurs, Midaſſes, buckram giants, and the mightie Prince of Darkneſſe, is meant of them : let him prove it, or bring the man to my face to whome I ever made any undutiefull expoſition of it. I am to be my own interpreter in this firſt caſe: I ſay, in Pierce Pennileſſe I have ſet downe nothing but that which I have had my preſident for in forraine writers, nor had I the leaſt alluſion to any man ſet above mee in degree, but onely glanc'ſt at vice generallie.

The tale of the Beare and the Foxe, how ever it may ſet fooles heads a worke a farre off, yet I had no concealed end in it, but in the one to deſcribe the right nature of a bloudthirſty tyrant, whoſe indefinite appetite all the pleaſures in the earth have no power to bound in goodneſſe, but he muſt ſeeke a new felicitie in varietie of crueltie, and deſtroying all other mens proſperitie: for the other, to figure an hypocrite, let it be Martin, if you will, or ſome old dog that bites ſorer than hee, who ſecretlie goes and ſeduceth country ſwaines.

Makes them beleeve that honny which their bees brought forth was poysonous and corrupt.

That they may buy honny cheaper than by being at such charges in keeping bees.

That is not necessary they should have such stately hives, or lie sucking at such precious honnicombs.

If this (which is nothing elſe but to ſwim with the ſtreame) be to tell tales as ſhrewdly as Mother Hubbard, it ſhould ſeeme Mother Hubbard is no great ſhrewe, however thou, treading on her heeles ſo oft, ſhee may bee tempted beyond her ten commandements.

A litle before this, the foreſaid fanaticall *Phobctor, gere-*

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mumble, tirleriwhiſco, or what you will, cald forth the biggeſt gunſhot of my thundering tearmes, ſteept in *aqua fortis* and gunpowder, to come and trie them ſelves on his paper target.

But that it is no credite, Galpogas, to diſcharge a cannon againſt a lowſe, thou ſhouldſt not call in vaine: thou ſhouldſt heare Tom a Lincolne roare with a witnes. Woe worth the day and the yeare when thou heareſt him! I feareblaſt thee nowe but with the winde of my weapon. With the waſt of my words I lay waſt all the feeble fortifications of thy wit. Shewe mee the Univerſities hand and ſeale that thou art a Doctour, ſealed and delivered in the preſence of a whole Commenſement, and Ile preſent thee with my whole artillerie ſtore of eloquence.

A bots on thee for mee for a lumpiſh, leaden heeld letter dawber! my ſtile, with treading on thy clammie ſteps, is growne as heavy gated, as if I were bound to an Aldermans pace with the irons of Newgate cald the Widows Almes.

Ere I was chained to thee thus by the necke, I was as light as the Poet Accius, who was ſo lowe and ſo ſlender, that he was faine to put lead in his ſhooes for feare the winde ſhould blowe him into another countrie.

Thoſe that catch leopards ſet cups of wine before them: thoſe that will winne liking and grace of the readers muſt ſet before them continually that which ſhall cheare them and revive them.

Gabriell, thou haſt not done ſo: thou canſt not doe ſo; therefore thy works neither have, nor can any way hinder mee, nor benefit the Printer.

Even in the packing up of my booke, a hot ague hath

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mee by the backe. Maugre ſickneſſe worſt, a leane arme put out of the bed ſhall grind, and path every crum of thy booke into pin-duſt.

The next peace of ſervice thou doſt againſt Pierce Penileſſe is naming of him *wofull poveretto*, and pleaſant ſuppoſing *thou puldſt him by the ragged ſleeve.* Then matcheſt thou thy ſelfe to Uliſſes, and him to *Irus: irrita ſunt hæc omnia:* it is a ſleeveleſſe jeaſt. I have beſliv'd thee already for it: it toucheth the body and not the minde. Beſides, I was never altogether Peter Poveretto, utterly throwne downe, deſperately ſeperated from all means of releeving my ſelfe, ſince I knew how to ſeperate a knave from an honeſt man, or throw my cloake over my noſe when I ſailed by the Counter.

The ragged cognizance on the ſleeve, I may ſay to thee, carried meate in the mouth when time was: doe not diſpraiſe it yet, for it hath many high partakers. *Quæ ſequuntur hujuſmodi ſunt.*

Thou turmoilſt thy *pia mater* to prove baſe births better than the ofspring of many deſcents, becauſe thou art a muſhrumpe ſprung up in one night, a ſeely mouſe begotten on a moulehill, that thou wouldſt fayne pearch thy ſelfe on the mountaines, when thy legges are too short to overcome ſuch a long journey of glorie.

My margent notes, *Meritis expendite cauſam*, thou wouldſt rather than any thing wreſt to an enditment of arrogance, and ſo branch mee into thy tiptoe ſtocke. I cannot ſee how thou canſt compaſſe it; for though I bad them weigh the cauſe by deſerts, yet I did not aſſume too much to my owne deſerts, when I expoſtulated why coblers, hoſtlers and carmen should be worth ſo much, and I,

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a ſcholler, and a good fellow, a begger. How thou haſt arrogated to thy ſelfe more than Lucifer, or any *Miles Glorioſus* in the world would doe, I have already noted at large in his due place and order. If thou beſtowſt any curteſie on mee, and I doe not requite it, then call mee cut, and ſay I was brought up at Hoggenorton, where pigges play on the organs.

Wert thou well acquainted with me, thou ſhouldſt perceive that I am very franke where I take, and ſend away none empty-handed that give mee but halfe an ill worde.

It is a good ſigne of grace in thee, that thou confeſſeſt *thou haſt offences enough of thy owne to aunſwere, though thou beeſt not chargd with thy Fathers.* Once in thy life thou ſpeakſt true yet. I beleeve thee and pittie thee. God make thee a good man, for thou haſt beene a wilde youth hitherto.

Thy Hexameter Verſes, or thy hue and crie after *a perſon as cleare as chriſtall*, I do not ſo deeply commend, for al Maiſter Spencer *long ſince imbraſt it with an over-loving ſonnet.*

Why ſhould friends diſſemble one with another? They are very ugly and artleſſe. You will never leave your olde trickes of drawing M. Spencer into everie pybald thing you do. If ever he praiſd thee, it was becauſe he had pickt a fine vaine foole out of thee, and he would keepe thee ſtill a foote, by flattring thee til ſuch time as he had brought thee into that extreame love with thy ſelfe, that thou ſhouldſt run mad with the conceit, and ſo be ſcorned of all men.

Yet, yet, Gabriell, are we not ſet *non plus:* thy roiſterdoiſterdome hath not daſht us out of countenance. If anie

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man *uſe boiſtrous horſe play, or bee beholding to Carters Logique*, it is thy ſelfe; for with none but clownish and roynish jeaſts doſt thou rush uppon us, and keepſt ſuch a *flurting and a flinging* in everie leafe, as if thou wert the onely reaſty jade in a countrey.

Skolding, thou ſaieſt, *is the language of ſhrewes, railing the ſtile of rakehels:* what concludſt thou from thence? Do I ſcold? Do I raile?

Scolding and railing is loud miſcalling and reviling one another without wit; ſpeaking every thing a man knows by his neighbour, though it bee never ſo contrarie to all humanitie and good manners, and would make the ſtanders by almoſt perbrake to heare it. Such is thy invective againſt Greene, where thou talkſt of his lowſines, his ſurfeting, his beggerie and the mother of Infortunatus infirmities. If I ſcold, if I raile, I do but *cum ratione inſanire:* Tully, Ovid, all the olde Poets, Agrippa, Aretine, and the reſt are all ſcolds and railers, and by thy concluſion flat shrewes and rakehels; for I do no more than their examples do warrant mee.

The intoxicate ſpirit of griſly Euridice, I can toſſe over as lightly to thee, as thou haſt puſt it to mee. My hart is præoccupated with better ſpirits, which have left no houſeroome: thou haſt no ſpirite, as it should appeare by thy writing: intertaine her and the spirit of the buttery out of hand, or thou wilt be beaten hand-ſmooth out of Bucklersbury.

When I parted with thy brother in Pierce Pennileſſe **I left him to be tormented world without ende of our Poets and writers about London, for calling them piperly make-playes and make-bates, not doubting but they would drive him to this issue, that he should be constrained to goe**

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to the chiefe beame of his benefice, and there beginning a lamentable speech, with *cur ſcripſi, cur perii,* **ende with** *bravum prava decent, jubat inconceſſa voluptas,* **ende so with a trice, trusse up his life in the string of his sauce-bell.** Now, heere thou thankſt God thou art not ſo uncharitably bent to put ſo much wit in a ſpeech; like a parſon in Lancaſhire, that kneeld down on his knees in a zealous paſſion, and very hartily thankt God he never knew what that vile antichriſtian Popiſh Latine meant. Did I exhort inke and paper to pray that they might not bee troubled with him any more? Inke and paper, if they bee true Proteſtants, will pray that they may not be contaminated any more with ſuch abhomination of deſolation, as the three brothers Apocripha pamphleting.

After all this ſoule weather enſueth a calme dilatement of others too forward harmefulnes, and thy owne backward irefulneſſe: thats diſpatcht; the court hath found it otherwiſe.

Then thou goeſt about to bribe mee to give over this quarrell, and ſaiſt, if I will holde my peace, thou wilt beſtowe more complements of rare amplification upon mee, than ever thou beſtowdſt on Sir Philip Sidney, and gentle Maiſter Spencer.

Thou flatterſt mee, and praiſeſt mee.

To make mee a ſmall ſeeming amendes for the injurie thou haſt done mee, thou reckonſt mee up *amongſt the deare lovers and profeſſed ſonnes of the Muſes, Edmund Spencer, Abraham France, Thomas Watſon, Samuell Daniell.*

With a hundred bleſſings, and many prairs, thou intreatſt mee to love thee.

Content thy ſelfe, I will not.

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Thou proteſts it was not my perſon thou miſlikt (I am afraide thou wilt make mee thy ingle) *but my fierce running at Parſon Richard; excuſeſt mee by my youth, and promiſeſt to cancell thy impertinent Pamphlet.*

It were good hanging thee now, thou art in ſuch a good mind. Yet for all this, a dogge will be a dogge, and returne to his vomit, doe what a man can: thou muſt have one ſquib be more at the Devils Orator, and his Dames Poet, or thy penne is not in cleane life. I will permit thee to ſay what thou wilt, to *underlie*, as thou deſirſt, *the verdit of Fame her ſelfe*, ſo I may lie above thee. LIE above thee? tell a greater lie than thou dost? No man is able.

Thus, O heavenly Muſe! I thanke thee, for thou haſt giv'n me the patience to travel through the tedious wilderneſſe of this Gomorian Epiſtle. Not Hercules, when he cleanſed the ſtables of Ægeas, undertooke ſuch a ſtinking unſavorie exploit. By thy aſſiſtaunce through a whole region of Golden Lanes have I journeied, and now am ſafely arriv'd at *not ſpeedily diſpatcht, but haſtily bungled up as you ſee.* Graunt that all ſuch ſlow diſpatchers and haſtie bunglers may have a long time of reproach to repent them in, and not come abroad to corrupt the aire and impoſthumate mens ears with their pan-pudding profe any more. So bee it! ſay all Engliſh people after mee, that have eares to heare or eies to reade.

Feci, feci, feci! Had I my health, now I had leyſure to be merry, for I have almoſt waſht my hands of the Doctour.

His own regenerate verſes, *the jolly Fly and Gibeline and Gwelph*, ſome, peradventure, may expect that I ſhould anſwere: so I would if there were anie thing in them which

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I had not anſwerd before; but there is nothing: if there were, having driven his ſword to his head, I reſpect not what he can do with his dagger. Onely, I will looke upon the laſt ſonnet of M. Spencer to the right worſhipfull Maiſter G. H., Doctour of the lawes; or it may ſo fall out that I will not looke upon it too, becauſe (Gabriell) though I vehemently ſuſpect it to bee of thy owne doing, it is popt foorth under M. Spencers name, and his name is able to ſanctifie any thing, though falſely aſcribed to it.

The fourth letter of our Orator's, to the ſame favourable or indifferent reader, was a letter which this many a long ſummer day, I dare jeopard my maydenhead, had line hidden in his deſke; for it is a ſhipmans hoſe, that will ſerve any man as well as Green or mee.

To make ſhort, in it, as fortie times before, he brides it and ſimpers out a crie; No, forſooth: God dild you hee would not, that hee would. None ſo deſirous of quiet as hee, good olde man, who with a pure intent of peace, firſt put fore to the flame that hath hedgde him in.

He hath prevented Maiſter Bunnie of the ſecond part of his Treatiſe of Pacification; for like ſome craftie ringleader of rebellion, when hee has ſtirred up a dangerous commotion, and findes, by the too late examination of his fore unexamined defects in himſelfe, that ſo ſweete a roote will hardlie effect correſpondent fruits, ſtrait, in pollicie to get his pardon, he ſtrikes faile to the tempeſt of ſedition, and is thrice as earnest in preaching pacification, obedience and ſubmiſſion: ſo Gabriel, when he hath ſtird up againſt me what tumults he can in stationers shops, and left the quiver of his envie not an arrowe undrawne out,

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hee finds, by the audit of his ill conſumed defectes, that he is not of force inough to hold out; wherefore in pollicie, to avoid further arrearages of infamie, hee tires the text of reconciliation out of breath, and hopeth by the interceſſion of *a cuppe of white wine and ſugar to be made friends with his fellow writers.*

It cannot chooſe, but he muſt of neceſſitie be a very ſore fellow, that is ſo familiar with white wine and ſugar; for white wine, in a maner, is good for nothing but to waſh ſores in, and ſmudge up withered beauty with. Well, for all hee would have Pierce make no warres on him, he makes warres on Pierce Pennileſſe: he bebeggereth him again in this epiſtle verie bountifullie: hee ſaies *that Lordes muſt take heede how they Lord it in his preſence.*

That the Aſſe is the onelie Author he alleadgeth.

That Greene is an Aſſe in print, and he a calfe in print.

That they are both chieftaines in licentiouſneſſe, and that truth can ſaie the abhominable villanies of ſuch baſe ſhifting companions, good for nothing but to caſt away themſelves, ſpoile their adherents, etc.

For my beggerie, let that travell the countries: I have ſaid more for it than a richer man would have done; but that I take uppon me to Lord it over great Lords, thou art a moſt lewd tungd lurden to ſaie it.

Muſt they take heede how they Lord it in my preſence, what muſt they doe in thy preſence?

That ſitting like a looker on
Of this worlds ſtage, doſt note with critique pen
The ſharpe diſlikes of each condition;
Ne fawneſt for the favour of the great,

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Nor feareſt fooliſh reprehenſion,
But freelie doſt of what thee liſt intreate,
Like a great Lord of peereleſſe libertie,
Lifting the good up to high honours ſcate,
And th' evill damning ever more to die;
For life and death is in thy doomefull writing.

Whereas thou ſaiſt the Aſſe, in a manner, is the only Author I alleadge, I muſt know how you define an Aſſe before I can tell how to anſwere you; for Cornelius Agrippa maketh all the philoſophers, oratours, and poets that ever were Aſſes; and if ſo, you underſtand that I alleadge no author but the Aſſe, for all Authors are Aſſes, why I am for you: if otherwiſe, thou art worſe than a Cumane Aſſe, to leape before thou lookeſt, and condemne a man without cauſe.

What Authors doſt thou alleadge in thy booke? not two but any grammer Scholler might have alleadgd.

There is not three kernels of more than common learning in all thy *Foure Letters.* Common learning! not common ſenſe in ſome places.

Of force I muſt graunt that Greene came oftner in print than men of judgement allowed off, but nevertheleſſe he was a daintie ſlave to content the taile of a Tearme, and ſtuffe ſerving mens pockets.

An aſſe, Gabriel, it is harde thou ſhouldſt name him: for calling me calſe, it breakes no square; but if I bee a calfe, it is in compariſon of ſuch an oxe as thy ſelfe.

The chieftaines of licentiousneſſe, and truth can ſay the abhominable villanies of ſuch baſe foiſting companions, good for nothing, etc. I am of the mind wee ſhall not digeſt this neither.

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Anſwere me *ſuccinctè, et expeditè*, what one period any way leaning to licentiouſnes canſt thou produce in *Pierce Pennileſſe?*

I talke of a great matter when I tell thee of a period, for I know two ſeverall periods, or full pointes, in this laſt epiſtle, at leaſt fortie lines long a piece.

For the order of my life, it is as civil as a civil orenge: I lurke in no corners, but converſe in a houſe of credit, as well governed as any colledge, where there bee more rare qualified men and ſelected good ſchollers than in any noblemans houſe that I knowe in England.

If I had committed ſuch *abhominable villanies*, or were *a baſe ſhifting companion*, it ſtoode not with my Lords honour to keepe me; but if thou haſt ſaide it, and canſt prove it, what ſlandrous dishonor haſt thou done him to give it out that he keepes the *committers of abhominable villanies and baſe ſhifting companions*, when they are farre honeſter than thy ſelfe.

If I were by thee, I would plucke thee by the beard, and ſpit in thy face, but I would dare thee, and urge thee beyonde all excuſe to diſcloſe, and prove for thy heart bloud what villanie or baſe shifting by mee thou canſt. I defie all the worlde in that reſpect.

Becauſe thou uſedſt at Cambridge to shift for thy Friday nights ſuppers, and coſen poore victuallers and pie-wives of Doctours cheeſe and puddinges, thou thinkeſt me one of the ſame religion too.

What Greene was, let ſome other anſwere for him as much as I have done: I had no tuition over him: he might have writ another *Galatæo* of manners, for his manners everie time I came in his companie: I ſaw no ſuch

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baſe shifting or abhominable villanie by him. Something there was which I have heard, not ſeene, that hee had not that regarde to his credite in which had beene requiſite he ſhould.

What a *Calimunco* am I to plead for him, as though I were as neere him as his owne ſkinne! A thouſande there bee that have more reaſon to ſpeake in his behalfe than I, who, ſince I firſt knew him about town, have beene two yeares together and not ſeene him.

But Ile do as much for any man, eſpecially for a dead man, that cannot ſpeake for himſelfe. Let us heare how *we are good for nothing but to caſt awaie our ſelves, ſpoile our adherents, praie on our favourers, diſhonour our patrons.* Have I ever tooke any likelie courſe of caſting away my ſelfe?

Whom canſt thou name that kept me company, and reapt any diſcommoditie by me? I can name divers good gentlemen that have beene my *adherents and favourers a long time.* Let them report howe I have ſpoilde them, or praied on them, or put them to one pennie detriment ſince I firſt conſorted with them.

Have an eie to the maine-chaunce; for no ſooner ſhall they underſtand what thou haſt ſaid by mee of them, but theyle goe neere to have thee about the eares for this geare, one after another.

My patrons, or anie that bind me to them by the leaſt good turne, there is no man in England that is, or ſhall (for my ſmall power) bee more thankfull unto than I. Never was I unthankefull unto any; no, not to thoſe of whome for deedes I received nothing but unperformed deede promiſing words. It is an honor to be accuſde, and not convinſt.

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One of theſe months I ſhall challenge martirdome to my ſelfe, and writ large ſtories of the perſecution of tongues. Troth, I am as like to perſecute as be perſecuted. Let him take up his Croſſe and bleſſe himſelfe that croſſeth mee, for I will croſſe shinnes with him though everie ſentence of his were a thouſande tunnes of diſcourſes, as Gabriel ſaith, everie ſentence of his is a diſcourſe. Quods, quods! Give me my text pen againe, for I have a little more Text to launce.

The ſecretaries of art and nature, if it were not for frivolous contentions, might beſtead the common-welth with manie puiſſant engins. As, for example, Bacons brazen noſe, Architas wodden dove, dancing bals, fire breathing gourdes, artificiall flies to hang in the aire by themſelves: an egshell that shall run up to the toppe of a ſpeare.

Archimedes made a heaven of braſſe, but we have nothing to do with olde braſſe and iron.

Apollonius Regimontanus did manie pretie jugling tricks, but wee had rather drinke out of a glaſſe than a jugge; uſe a little brittle wit of our owne, than borrow any miracle mettall of the Devils.

Amongſt all other ſtratagems and puiſſant engins, what ſay you to Mates Pump in Cheapſide, to pump over mutton and porridge into Fraunce? this colde weather our ſouldiers, I can tell you, have need of it; and, poore field miſe, they have almoſt got the colicke and ſtone with eating of provant.

Conſider of it well, for it is better than all Bacons, Architas, Archimedes, Apollonius or Regiomontanus devices; for, Gabriell, that profeſſeth all theſe, with all their helpe cannot make the bias bowle at Saffron Walden run downe

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the hill, when it is throwne downe with the hardeſt hand that may bee, but it will turne up the hill againe in ſpite of a mans teeth, and, that which is worſt, give no reaſon for it.

The parrat and the peacock have leiſure to revive and repoliſh their expired workes. You ſpeake like a friend: wele liſten to you when you have repoliſhed and expired your perfected degree. A Demy Doctor? what a ſhame it is!

Becauſe your books do call for a litle more drinke, and a fewe more clothes when they are gone to bed, that is, when they lie dead, you thinke ours do ſo too. No, no: we doe not uſe to clappe a coat over a jerkin, or thruſt any of the children of our braine into their mothers wombe againe, and beget them a new after they are once borne. If it bee a horne booke at his firſt conception, let it be a horne booke ſtill; and turne not eat in the panne, convert the Paternoſter to a primer, when it hath begd it ſelfe out at the elbowes up and downe the cuntrey.

Thou didſt thou knew not what in eeking this ſhort-waſted pamphlet: iwis, thou faiſt of thy ſelfe *Thou art an old trewant, fitter to plaie the dumbe dogge with ſome antients, than the hiſſing ſnake.*

Who be thoſe antient dumbe dogs? We ſhall have you a Martiniſt when all comes to all, becauſe you cannot thrive with the Civill Law, and that you may marry her for any thing you are a kindred to her: therfore you will compare Whitegift and Cartwright, white and blacke together, name the higheſt governours of the Church without giving them anie reverence or titles of honour, imbrace anie religion which will be even with the profeſſion that favors not you.

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There is no baile or mainpriſe for it, but wee muſt have you in the firſt peeping of the ſpring, preaching out of a pulpit in the woods: you have put on wolves raiment already, ſeduced manie ſimple people under the habit of a ſheepe and *Wolfes* print. If you proteſt and lie any more, it is not your ending here like a ſermon that will make you bee reputed for a ſaint.

Readers, a decaied ſtudent, lately ſhipwrackt with *Si vales bene eſt*, having foure lightors of Letters cleane caſt away on the rocks called the Biſhop and his Clarks, deſires you all to pray for him, and he will recommend you all to God the next ſermon he penneth, or his brother Richard.

He hath a mind to pay every man his owne, though hee hath ſuſtained great loſſe in fight: *that which he cannot effect he beſeecheth the Lord to accompliſh, and even to worke a miracle upon the deafe.*

Lord! if it be thy will, let him be an Aſſe ſtill. Gentlemen, I have no more to ſay to the Doctor: diſpoſe of the victorie as you pleaſe. Shortly I will preſent you with ſomething that ſhal be better than nothing, onely give mee a gentle hire for my durtie day labor, and I am your bounden Orator for ever.

Sonnetto.

Were there no warres, poore men ſhould have no peace:
Unceſſant warres with waſpes and droanes I crie.
Hee that begins oft knows not how to ceaſe:
They have begun; Ile follow till I die.
Ile heare no truce; wrong gets no graue in mee:
Abuſe pell mell encounter with abuſe.
Write hee againe, Ile write eternally.

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Who feedes revenge hath found an endleſſe Muſe.
If Death ere made his blacke dart of a pen,
My penne his ſpeciall Baily ſhall becum :
Somewhat Ile be reputed of mongſt men,
By ſtriking of this duns or dead or dum.
Awaite the world the Tragedy of Wrath:
What next I paint ſhall tread no common path.

Aut nunquam tentes aut perfice.

THO. NASHE.

OBSERVATIONS FOR THE READERS OF THIS BOOKE.

Item, whatſoever for the moſt part is here in this Booke in change of letter, is our adverſaries owne text, and unvaried words, either in this his convicted Foure Letters, or ſome other fuſtie treatiſe, ſet forth by him heretofore.

Then, that I am wreſted and utterly divorced from my owne invention, and conſtrained ſtill ſtill, before I am warme in any one vaine, to ſtart away ſodainely, and follow him in his vanitie.

Finally, Printers have many falſe ſtiches, which are thus to bee drawen up.

In the ſecond page of C for Baboune brother, reade Baboune his brother: in the 7 for allegorized & Abdias, reade allegorized Abdias: in the 8 for ſet hand, reade, ſet his hand: idem for headmen read headman. In the firſt of D for *livor poſt quieſcat*, reade *livor poſt fata quieſcat:* in the 5 for plaiſter of Doctourſhip, reade plaiſtrie or dawbing

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of Doctourſhip: in the 7 for inſolent inckehorne worme, reade inſolent incke worme. In the 2 of E for Aſſe in preſent, read Aſſe *in preſenti:* in the 3 for beſtow upon, reade beſtow upon him: in the 5 for effect, reade efficacie. In the 4 of F for vertuous Syr John Norris, read victorious Syr John Norris. In the 5 page of H for I introduce in a diſcontented Scholler, read I introduce a diſcontented Scholler: in the 8 for this aſſentrion, reade this aſſertion. In the 5 of I for verie companie, reade verie timpanie. In the 5 page of K for in this firſt caſe, reade first in this caſe.

FINIS.

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Miscellaneous Tracts

TEMP. ELIZ. & JAC. I.

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A

QVIP FOR AN VP-*start Courtier:*

OR,

A quaint diſpute between Veluet-breeches and Cloth-breeches.

Wherein is plainely ſet downe the diſorders in all Eſtates and Trades.

LONDON
Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe, and are to bee ſold at his ſhop at Poules chayne. 1592.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE pamphlet we have here reprinted was the *causa teterrima belli* between Robert Greene, the author of it, Gabriel Harvey, who was attacked in it, and Thomas Nash, who, after the death of Greene in Sept. 1592, took up the cudgels in his behalf: it was the commencement of the "fliting", which lasted for about five years, and was considered so important, and perhaps discreditable, as to be terminated by public authority, and the tracts on either side ordered to be burned.

The "Quip for an Upstart Courtier" was one of the latest productions of its author, and it bears date, as our readers will perceive, in 1592. It has been stated that it was printed and reprinted six times in the first year; but this is a mistake from confounding it with Nash's "Pierce Penniless," which the writer himself states did go "through the pikes" of six impressions in 1592. We have never been able to find more than three editions of Greene's "Quip" in its first year; and they all, more or less, differ. The one we have chosen is the earliest extant, and it has never been reprinted: the copy in the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. v, is certainly later, and it contains variations and emendations not found in our older copy, and some of which were intended to remedy or supply defects in it: one of these [between brackets] will be observed on our last page. No known copy of 1592, or of any other year, contains the passage against old Harvey as a Ropemaker, at which young Harvey took offence, and which he revenged, as far as was in his power, in his "Four Letters and certain Sonnets," which also bear date in 1592. Harvey asserts that Greene, in his expiring moments, would have given twenty shillings to suppress the objectionable lines; and certain it is that they were suppressed, and all that remains to us

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reads very inoffensively as regards Harvey, the Ropemaker of Saffron Walden, and his three sons. We shall hereafter exactly reprint the "Four Letters," etc., and our readers will have already seen that what Nash wrote in his "Strange Newes" was intended to answer and irritate Gabriel Harvey, and to excuse and vindicate Greene.

The "Quip for an Upstart Courtier" was popular not only in this country but abroad: we have heard of a French translation of it, but we have never seen it: a Dutch one, printed at Leyden in 1601, is on our table while we write, and we were in hopes that from it we might obtain at least the sense of Greene's original attack upon the Harveys, but we have looked for it in vain: the tract is there called *Een seer vermakelik Proces tusschen Fluweelebroeck ende Laken-kroeck*. It follows the English sufficiently literally, but for convenience of reference each paragraph is there separately numbered.

Gabriel Harvey, when he was abusing Greene, then just dead, could not have known the fact, which we ascertained and published thirty years ago, that the whole substance of Greene's "Quip" was a plagiarism from a poem written by Francis Thynn and printed about the year 1580: had Harvey been aware of it, he could not have refrained from employing it against his adversary. Thynn's production is entitled "The Debate betweene Pride and Lowlines;" but as it was reprinted by the Shakespeare Society in 1841, it is not necessary that we should here dilate upon the dishonest manner in which Greene appropriated his original, adding little of his own to the language and invention of his humorous and clever predecessor. What Greene says about the Poet, near the close, is curious, because so much of the description was applicable to himself and to his conduct: it may be taken not merely as the portrait of a versifyer towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, but almost as a likeness of Greene himself.

J. P. C.

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To the Right Worſhipful Thomas Barnabie Eſquier
Robert Greene wiſheth hartes eaſe,
and heavens bliſſe.

SIR, after I had ended this Quippe for an upſtart Courtier, contayning a quaint diſpute betweene Clothbreeches and Velvet breeches, wherein, under a dreame, I ſhadowed the abuſes that Pride had bred in Englande, how it had infected the Court with aſpiring envie, the Citie with griping covetousneſſe, and the countrye with contempte and diſdaine; how, ſince men placed their delights in proud lookes and brave atyre, hoſpitality was left off, neighbourhood was exciled, conſcience was ſkoft at, and charitie lay frozen in the ſtreets; how upſtart gentlemen, for the maintainance of that their fathers never lookt after, raiſed rents, rackte their tenants, and impoſed great fines, I ſtoode in a maſe to whome I ſhoulde dedicate my labours, knowing I ſhould bee bitten by many, ſithens I had toucht many, and therefore neede ſome woorthye Patrone, under whoſe winges I might ſhroud my ſelfe from goodman finde fault: at laſt I cald to mind your Worſhip, and thought

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you the fitteſt of all my ſrends, both for duetie that I owe, and the woorſhipfull qualities you are indued withall; as also for that all Northamtonſhire reports how you are a father of the poore, a supporter of auntient hoſpitalitie, an enimie to pride, and, to be ſhort, a maintayner of Cloth breeches (I meane the old and worthie cuſtomes of the gentilitie and yeomanrye of England). Induced by theſe reasons, I humbly preſent this phamplet to your Worſhip, only craving you wil accept it as courtiouſly as I preſent it dutifully, and then I have the end of my deſire; and ſo, reſting in hope of your favourable acceptance, I humbly take my leave.

Your duetifull adopted ſonne,

ROBERT GREENE.

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To the Gentlemen Readers health.

GENTLE Gentlemen, I hope Cloth breeches ſhall find you gentle cenſors of this homely Apologie of his auntient prerogatives, ſith, though he ſpeakes againſt Velvet breeches, which you we[a]re, yet he twits not the weede but the vice, not the apparell when tis worthily worn, but the unworthie perſon that weares it, who, ſprang of a peaſant, will uſe any ſiniſter meanes to clime to preferment, being then ſo proude as the ſoppe forgets, like the aſſe, that a mule was his father. For auntient gentilitie and yeomanrie Cloth breeches attempteth this quarrell, and hopes of their favour: for upſtarts he is halfe careles, and the more bicauſe he knowes, whatſoever ſome thincke privately, they will bee no publike carpers; leaſt by kicking where they are toucht, they bewray their gald backs to the world, and by ſtarting up to find fault, prove themſelves upſtarts and fooles. So then, poore Cloth-breeches ſets downe his reſt on the courteſie of gentle Gentlemen and bold Yeomen, that they will ſuffer him to take no wrong. But ſuppoſe the worſt, that hee ſhould be fround at, and

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that ſuch occupations as hee hath, uppon conſcience, diſcarded from the Jury should commence an action of unkindneſſe againſt him, heele prove it not to hold plea, becauſe all the debate was but a dreame. And ſo, hoping all men will merrilie take it, he ſtands ſollemnlie leaning on his pike ſtaffe, till he heare what you conceave of him for being ſo peremptorie. If well, he swears to crack his hoſe at the knees to quite your courteſie: if hardly, he hath vowed, that whatſoever he dreames, never to blab it againe; and ſo he wiſheth me humbly to bid you farewell.

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A quip for an upstart Courtier.

IT was juſt at that time when the Cuckoulds quirriſter began to bewray Aprill, Gentlemen, with his never chaunged notes, that I, damped with a melancholy humor, went into the fields to cheere up my wits with the freſh aire; where ſolitarye ſeeking to ſolace my ſelfe, I fell in a dreame, and in that drowſie ſlumber, I wandered into a vale al tapiſtred with ſweete and choice flowers: there grew many ſimples whoſe vertues taught men to be ſubtill, and to thinke nature by her weeds warnd men to be wary, and by their ſecret properties to checke wanton and ſenſual imperfections. Almongſt the reſt ther was the yellow Daffadil, a flowre fit for jelous dottrels, who through the bewty of their honeſt wives grow ſuſpitious, and ſo prove themſelves in the end cuckhold heritikes: there buded out the checkred Paunſie, or partly coloured hartes eaſe, an herbe ſildome ſeene either of ſuch men as are weded to ſhrewes, or of ſuch women that have haſty husbands; yet ther it grew, and as I ſtept to gather it, it ſlipt from me, like Tantalus fruit that failes their maiſter. At laſt, woondring at this ſecret quality, I learned that none can weare it, be they kinges, but ſuch as deſire no more then they are borne too, nor have their wiſhes above their fortunes. Uppon a banke, bordring by, grewe womens weedes, Fenell I meane for flatterers, fit generally for that ſexe,

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ſith, while they are maidens, they wiſh wantonly; while they are wives they will wilfully; while they are widowes, they would willingly; and yet all theſe proud deſires are but cloſe deſſemblinges. Neere adjoining ſprouted out the courtiers comfort, Time, an herb that many ſtumble on, and yet overſlip, whoſe rancke ſavor and thick leaves have this pecular propertie, to make a ſnaile, if ſhe taſt of the ſappe, as ſwift as a ſwallow, yet joined with this prejudice, that if ſhe climbe to haſtily, ſhe fals too ſoddenly. Mee thought I ſaw divers yong courtiers tread uppon it with high diſdaine, but as they paſt away, an adder, lurking there, bit them by the heeles that they wept: and then I might perceive certaine clownes in clowted ſhoone gather it, and eate of it with greedineſſe; which no ſooner was ſunke into their mawes, but they were metamorphoſed, and lookt as proudlye, though peſants, as if they had beene borne to be princes companions.

Amongſt the reſt of theſe changelinges, whome the taſt of Time had thus altered, there was some that lifted their heads ſo high, as if they had been bred to looke no lower then ſtars: they thought *Noli altum ſapere* was rather the ſaying of a foole, then the cenſure of a philoſopher, and therefore ſtretcht themſelves on their tiptoes, as if they had been a kindred to the Lord Tiptoſt, and began to diſdain their equals, ſcorne their inferiours, and even their betters, forgetting nowe that time had taught them to ſay maſſe, howe before they had playde the clarks part to ſay Amen to the prieſt. Tuſh! then they were not ſo little as gentlemen, but their owne conceipte was the heralde to blaſon their deſcente from an old houſe, whoſe great grandfathers would have bin glad of a new cottage to hide their heades

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in. Yet, as the peacocke, wrapte in the pride of his beautious fethers, is knowne to be but a dunghill birde by his foule feete, ſo though the high lookes and coſtly ſutes argue to the eies of the world they were cavaliers of great worſhip, yet the churliſh illiberality of their mindes bewraide their fathers were not above three poundes in the kinges bookes at a ſubſidie: but as theſe upſtart changelings went ſtrouting like Philopolimarchides, the bragart in Plautus, they lookte ſo proudly at the ſame that they ſtumbled on a bed of Rue that grewe at the bottome of the banke where the Time was planted, which fall upon the dew of ſo bitter an herbe taught them that ſuch proud peacockes as over haſtily out run their fortunes, at laſt to ſpeedily fall to repentaunce; and yet ſome of them ſmild and ſaid Rue was called herbe grace, which though they ſcorned in their youth, they might weare in their age, and it was never too late to ſay *Miſerere.*

As thus I ſtood muſing at this time, borne broad, they vaniſht away, like Cadmus copeſmates that ſprang up of vipers teeth, ſo that caſting mine eie aſide after them, I ſaw where a crue of all eſtates were gathering flowers: what kind they were I knewe not, but pretious I geſte them in that they pluckt them with greedineſſe, ſo that I drew towards them to be partaker of their profits: comming neerer, I might ſee the weede they ſo wrangled for was a little daper flowre, like a ground honniſuckle, called thriſt, praiſed generally of all, but practiſed for diſtillation but of few. Amongſt the crue that ſeemed covetous of this herbe, there was a troope of old graibeards in velvet, ſattin and woorſted jackets, that ſtooped as nimbly to pluck it up by the rootes as if their joynts had bene ſupled in the oile of

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miſers ſkins: they ſpared no labor and paines to get and gather, and what they got they gave to certaine yong boies and girles, that ſtood behinde them with their ſkirtes and laps open to receive it; among whome ſome ſcattered it as faſt as their fathers gathered it, waſting and ſpoiling it at their pleaſure, which their fathers got with labour.

I thought them to be ſome herbaliſtes, or ſome apothecaries, that had imployed ſuch paines to extract ſome rare quinteſſence out of this floure; but one ſtanding by told me they were cormorantes and uſurers, that gathered it to fil their cofers with. And whereto (quoth I) is it pretious? What is the vertue of it? Mary (quoth he) to qualifie the heat of inſatiable mindes, that like the ſerpente Dipſas, never drinketh enough till they are ſo full they burſte. Why then, ſaide I, the Divell burſt them all; and with that I fell into a great laughter to ſee certaine Italionate Contes, humorous cavaliers, youthful gentlemen, and *Inamorati gagliardi*, that ſcornfully pluckt of it, and wore it a while as if they were wery of it, and at laſt left it, as to baſe a floure to put in their noſegaies. Others, that ſeemed *Homini di grand iſtima* by their lookes and their walkes, gathered earneſtly and did pocket it up, as if they meant to keepe it carefully; but as they wer carreing it away, there met them a troupe of nice wantons, faire women, that like to *Lamiæ* had faces like angels, eies like ſtars, breſtes like the golden frout in the Heſperides, but from the middle downewards their ſhapes like ſerpents. Theſe with ſyrenlike allurment ſo entiſed theſe quaint ſquires, that they beſtowed all their flowers upon them for favours, they themſelves walking home by beggars buſhe for a pennance. Amongſt this crue were lawyers, and they gathered the

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Divell and all, but poore poets were thruſt backe, and coulde not bee ſuffered to have one handfull to put amongſt their withered garlands of baies, to make them glorious. But Hob and John of the country, they ſtept in churliſhly in their high ſtartups, and gathered whole ſackfuls, inſomuch they wore beefoms of Thrift in their hats like forehorſes, or the luſty gallants in a morice dance. Seeing the crue thus to wrangle for ſo paltry a weede, I went alone to take one of all the other fragrante flowers that diapred this vally; thereby I ſaw the Batchelers buttons, whoſe vertue is to make wanton maidens weepe, when they have worne it forty weekes under their aporns for a favour.

Next them grewe the deſſembling daiſie, to warne ſuch light of love wenches not to truſt every faire promiſe that ſuch amorous batchelers make them; but ſweete ſmels breed bitter repentaunce. Hard by grew the true lovers primroſe, whoſe kind ſavour wiſheth men to be faithfull and women courteous. Alongſt in a border grew maiden hair, fit for modeſt maidens to behold, and immodeſt to bluſhe at, bicauſe it praiſeth the one for their naturall treſſes, and condemneth the other for their beaſtly and counterfeit perriwigs: there was the gentle gilliflowre that wives ſhould weare, if they were not too froward; and loyall lavender, but that was full of cukoe ſpittes, to ſhew that womens light thoghts make their husbandes hevy heads: there were ſweete lillies Gods plenty, which ſhewed faire virgins neede not weepe for wooers; and ſtore of balme which could cure ſtrang wounds, only not that wound which women receive when they looſe their maidenheads; for no herbe hath vertue inough to ſcrape out that blot, and therefore it is the greater blemish.

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Infinit were the flowers beſide that beautified the valley, that to know their names and operations I needed ſome curious herball; but I paſſe them over as needeleſſe, ſith the viſion of their vertues was but a dreame, and therefore I wiſh no man to holde anye diſcourſe herein authenticall; yet thus much I muſt ſay for a parting blow, that at the lower end of the dale I ſaw a great many women uſing high words to their husbandes, ſome ſtriving for the breeches, other to have the laſt word, ſome fretting they could not find a knot in a ruſh, others ſtriving whether it were wooll or haire the goat bare. Queſtioning with one that I met why theſe women were ſo cholericke? he, like a ſkofing fellow, pointed to a buſh of nettles: I, not willing to be ſatisfied by ſignes, aſked him what he meant thereby? Mary, (quoth hee) al theſe women that you heare brawling, frowning and ſcolding thus, have ſeverally piſt on this buſh of nettles; and the vertue of them is to force a woman that waters them to bee as peevish for a whole day, and as waſpish as if she had bene ſtung in the brow with a hornet. Well, I ſmild at this, and left the company to ſeeke further; when, in the twincklinge of an eie, I was left alone, the valley cleered of all company, and I, a diſtreſſed man, deſirous to wander out of that ſolitary place to ſeeke good conſortes and boone companions to paſſe away the day withall.

As thus I walked forward, ſeeking up the hill, I was driven halfe into a maſe with the imagination of a ſtrang wonder which fell out thus. Mee thought I ſaw an uncouth headleſſe thing come pacing downe the hill, ſtepping ſo proudly, with ſuch a geometricall grace, as if ſome artificiall bragart had reſolved to meaſare the world with his

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paces: I could not deſcrye it to bee a man, although it had motion, for that it wanted a body; yet ſeeing legges and hoſe, I ſuppoſed it to bee ſome monſter nuriſhte uppe in thoſe deſertes. At laſt, as it drew more nigh unto mee, I might percive that it was a very paſſing coſtly paire of Velvet-breeches, whoſe paines beeing made of the cheefeſt Neapolitane ſtuffe, was drawn over with the beſt Spaniſh ſatine, and marvellous curiouſly over whipt with gold twiſt, interſeemed with knots of pearle: the netherſtocke was of the pureſt Granado ſilke. No coſt was ſpared to ſett out theſe coſtly breeches, who had girt unto them a rapyer and dagger, gilt, point pendante, as quaintly as if ſom curious Florentine had trickte them up, to ſquare it up and downe the ſtreetes before his miſtreſſe. As theſe breeches were exceeding ſumptuous to the eie, ſo were they paſſing pompous in their geſtures, for they ſtrouted up and downe the vally, as proudly as though they had there appointed to act ſome deſperate combat.

Blame mee not if I were driven into a muſe with this moſt monſtrous ſight, to ſee in that place ſuch a ſtraunge headleſs Courtier, jettinge uppe and down like the uſher of a fence-ſchoole about to play his priſe, when I deeme never in any age ſuch a woonderfull object fortuned unto any man before. Well, the greater dumpe this novelty drave mee into, the more deſire I had to ſee what event would follow: where upon, looking about to ſe if that any more company would com, I might perceive from the toppe of the other hill an other paire of breeches, more ſoberly marching, and with a ſofter pace, as if they were not haſty, and yet would keepe promiſſe nevertheleſs at the place appointed. As ſoone as they were come into the

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vallie, I ſawe they were a plaine paire of Cloth-breeches, without either welt or garde, ſtraight to the thigh, of white kerſie, without a ſlop, the nether-ſtocke of the ſame, ſewed too above the knee, and onely ſeamed with a little Coventry blewe; ſuch as in *diebus illis* our great gradfathers wore, when neigbour-hood and hoſpitality had baniſhed pride out of England. Nor were theſe plaine breeches weaponleſſe, for they had a good ſower bat, with a pike in the end, able to laie on load inough if the hart were anſwerable to the weapon; and upon this ſtaffe, pitcht downe upon the ground, Cloth-breeches ſtood ſolemnly leaning as if they meant not to ſtart, but to anſwere to the uttermoſt whatſoever in that place might be objected. Looking upon theſe two, I might perceive, by the pride of the one and homely reſolution of the other, that this their meeting would grow to ſome dangerous conflict; and therefore to prevent the fatall iſſue of ſuch a pretended quarell, I ſtept betweene them both, when Velvet-breeches greeted Cloth-breeches with this ſalutation.

Proud and inſolent peſant! how dareſt thou, without leave or low reverence, preſſe into the place where I am come for to diſporte myſelfe? Art thou not afraide thy high preſumption ſhould ſommon me to diſpleaſure, and ſo force me to draw my rapier, which is never unſheathed but it turnes to the ſcabberd with a triumph of mine enemies bloud? Bold bayard avant! beard mee not to my face For this time I pardon thy folly, and grant thy legges leave to carry away thy life.

Cloth-breeches, nothing amaſed at this bravado, bending his ſtaffe as if he ment (if he were wronged) to beſtow his beniſon, with a ſcornfull kind of ſmiling made this ſmooth reply.

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Mary gippe, goodman upſtart! who made your father a gentleman? Soft fire makes ſweete mault: the curſteſt cow hath the ſhorteſt hornes, and a brawling curre of all bites the leaſt. Alas! good ſir, are you ſo fine that no man may bee your fellow? I pray you what difference is betweene you and mee, but in the coſt and the making? Though you bee never ſo richly daubde with golde, and poudred with pearle, yet you are but a caſe for the buttockes, and a cover for the baſeſt part of a mans body no more then I: the greateſt preheminence is in the garniſhing, and thereof you are proud; but come to the true uſe wee were appointed to, my honour is more then thine; for I belong to the old auncient yeomanry, yea and gentility, the fathers, and thou to a company of proud and unmannerly upſtarts, the ſonnes.

At this Velvet-breeches ſtormd and ſaid: Why, thou beggers bratte, deſcended from the reverſion of baſe povertie! is thy inſolency ſo great to make compariſon with mee, whoſe difference is as great as the brighteſſe of the ſonne, and the ſlender light of a candle? I, poore ſnake! am ſprung from the ancient Romans, borne in Italy, the miſtreſſe of the world for chivalrie, cald into England from my native home (where I was famous) to honour your country and young gentlemen heere in England with my countenance, where I am holden in high regarde, that I canne preſſe into the preſence, when thou, poore ſoule, ſhalt with cap and knee beg leave of the porter to enter; and I ſit and dine with nobility, when thou art faine to waite for the reverſion of the almes baſket. I am admitted boldly to tel my tale, when thou art fain to ſue, by means of ſupplication, and that, and thou too, ſo little regarded

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that moſt commonly it never comes to the princes hand, but dies impriſoned in ſom obſcure pocket. Sith, then, there is ſo much difference between our eſtates, ceaſe to urge my patience with thy inſolent preſumption.

Cloth-breeches, as breefe as he was proud, ſwore by the pike of his ſtaffe that his choplogicke was not worth a pinne, and that he would turne his owne weapon into his boſome, thus: Why, *ſignor Glorioſo*, (quoth he) though I have not ſuch gloſing phraſe to trick out my ſpeeches withall as you, I will come over your fallowes with this bad rethoricke. I pray you, Mounſier Malapert, are you therefore my ſuperiour, becauſe you are taken up with gentlemen, and I with the yeomanry? Doth true vertue conſiſt in riches, or humanity in welth? Is an ancient honor tied to an outward brauery, or not rather true nobility, a minde excellently qualified with rare vertues? I will teach thee a leſſon worth the hearing, proude princoks, how gentility firſt ſprung up: I will not forget the old wives logick, when Adam delvd and Eve ſpan, who was then the gentleman? but I tell thee, after the generall flood that there was no more men upon the earth but Noe and his three ſonnes, and that Cham had wickedly diſcovered his fathers ſecrets, then grew the diviſion of eſtates thus: The church was figured in Sem, gentility in Japheth, and labour and drudgerie in Cham. Sem being chaſt and holy, Japheth learned and valiant, Cham churliſh and ſervile; yet did not the curſe extend ſo farre upon Cham, nor the bleſſing upon Japheth, but if the one altered his nature, and became either indued with learning or valour, hee might bee a gentleman, or if the other degenerated from his auntient vertues, hee might bee held a peſant: where-

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upon Noe inferred that gentility grew not onely by propagation of nature, but by perfection of quality. Then is your worſhip wide that boaſt of your worth for your golde and pearle, ſith *Cucullus non facit monachum*, nor a velvet ſlop make a ſloven a gentleman. And whereas thou ſaieſt thou wert borne in Italy and caled hether by our courtiers, him may we curſe that brought thee firſt into Englande; for thou cameſt not alone, but accompanied with multitude of abhominable vices, hanging on thy bumbaſt nothing but infectious abuſes and vaine glory, ſelfe love, ſodomie and ſtrange poiſonings, wherewith thou haſt infected this glorious Iland: yea, inſolent bragert, thou haſt defiled thine own neaſt, and fatal was the day of thy birth; for ſince the time of thy hatching in Italy, as then famous for chivalrey and learning, the imperiall ſtate through thy pride hath decayed, and thou haſt, like the younge pellican, peckt at thy mothers breſt with thy preſumption, cauſing them to loſe that their forefathers with true honour conquered: ſo haſt thou beene the ruine of the Romane Empire, and now fatally art thou come into Englande to attempte heere the like ſubverſion. Whereas thou dooſt boaſt that I am little regarded where thou art highly accounted of, and haſt ſufferaunce to preſſe into the preſence, when I am for my ſimpleneſſe ſhut out of doore, I grant thy alligation in part, but not in whole; for men of high wiſdome and honour meaſure not men by the outward ſhewe of bravery, but by the inward worth and honeſty; and ſo though I am diſdained of a few overweening fooles, I am valued as well as thy ſelfe with the wiſe. In that thou ſaieſt thou canſt ſpeake, when I ſue by ſupplication, I grant it, but the tale thou telſt is the ruine of the poore;

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for comming into high favour with an impudent face, what farme is there expired, whoſe leaſe thou dooeſt not begge? what forfeite of penall ſtatutes? what conſealed landes canne overſlip thee? Yea, rather then thy bravery ſhould faile, begge powling pence for the ſmooke that comes out of poore mens chemnies. Shameſt thou not, outlandiſh upſtart, to heare me diſcourſe thy imperfections? Get thee home againe into the owne country, and let mee, as I was wont, live famous in my native home in England, where I was borne and bred; yea, and bearded Cæſar, thy countryman, till hee compaſt the conqueſt by treaſon.

The right and title in this country, baſe brat (qd Velvet-breeches) now authority favours me, I am admitted viceroy, and I will make thee do me homage, and confeſſe that thou holdſt thy beeing and reſidence in my land from the gratious favour of my ſufferance:—and with that hee laid hold on the hilts of his rapier, and Cloth-breeches betooke him to his ſtaff, when I, ſtepping betwixt them, parted them thus: Why what meane ye? Will ye decide your controverſie by blowes, when you may debate it by reaſon? This is a land of peace, governed by true juſticiaries and honorable magiſtrats, where you ſhall have equitie without parcialitie; and therefore liſten to me and diſcuſſe the matter by lawe. Your quarell is, whether of you are moſt antient and moſt worthy: you, ſir, boaſt of your country and parentage; he of his native birth in England: you claime all; he would have but his owne; both plead an abſolute title of reſidence in this country: then, muſt the courſe betweene you bee treſpaſſe or diſſeiſon of franke tenement. You, Velvet-breeches, in that you claime the firſt title, ſhall be plaintiffe, and plead a treſpaſſe of diſſeiſon

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doone you by Cloth-breeches: ſo ſhall it be brought to a jurye, and tried by a verdict of twelve or four and twenty.

Tuſh! tuſh! quoth Velvet-breeches, I neither like to bee plaintiffe, nor yet allow of the jury, for they may be partiall, and ſo condemne mee in my owne action; for the country ſwaines cannot value of my worth, nor can mine honors come within the compaſſe of their baſe wits. Becauſe I am a ſtranger in this land, and but heere latly arived, they will hold me as an upſtart, and ſo lightly eſteeme of my worthineſſe; and for my adverſary is their countriman and leſſe chargeable, hee ſhall have the lawe mitigated, if a jury of hinds or peſaunts ſhould bee impanelled. If auncient gentlemen, yeomen or plaine miniſters ſhould bee of the queſt, I were ſure to loſe the day, becauſe they loath mee, in that I have perſwaded ſo many landlordes, for the maintenance of my bravery, to raiſe their rents. You ſeeke a knot in a ruſh (qd I): you neede not doubt of that, for whome you diſtruſt and thinke not indifferent, him upon a cauſe manifeſted, challenge from your jury. If your lawe allowe ſuch large favour (quoth Velvet-breeches) I am content my title bee tried by a jury; and therefore let mine adverſary plead mee *Nul tort nul diſſeiſon.* Cloth-breeches was content with this, and ſo they both agreed I ſhould be judge and juror in this controverſie: whereupon I wiſht them to ſay for themſelves what they could, that I might diſcourſe to the jury what reaſons they alledged of their titles.

Then Velvet-breeches began thus. I cannot but greeve that I ſhould bee thus outfacſt with a carters weede, onely fit for husbandry, ſeeing I am the originall of all honorable endevours. To what end dooth youth beſtow their witts on

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lawe, phiſick or theologie, were it not the end they aime at is the wearing of me and wining of preferment. Honor noriſheth art, and for the regarde of dignity doo learned men ſtrive to exceede in their faculty.

Impiger extremos currit Mercator ad Indos,
Per mare, per ſaxa, &c.

What drives the marchants to ſeeke foren martes, to venter their goods and hazard their lives? Not, if ſtill the end of their travell were a paire of Cloth-breeches: no; velvet, coſtly attire, curious and quaint apparell is the ſpur that prickes them forward to attempt ſuch daunger. Doth not the Souldiors fight to bee brave, the Lawyer ſtudy to countenance himſelf with coſt; the artificer takes paines only for my ſake, that, wearing mee, he may brag it amongſt the beſt: what credit carries he now adayes, that goes pind up in a cloth-breech? who will keepe him company that thinkes well of himſelfe, unleſſe hee uſe the ſimple ſlave to make cleane his ſhoone. The worlde is chaungde and men are growen to more witte, and their mindes to aſpire after more honorable thoughts: they were dunces *in diebus illis:* they had not the true uſe of gentility, and therefore they lived meanely and died obſcurely; but now mennes capacities are refined: time hath ſet a newe edge on gentlemens humors, and they ſhew them as they ſhould be, not like gluttons, as their fathers did, in chines of beefe and almes to the poore, but in velvets, ſattins, cloth of gold, pearle, yea, pearle lace, which ſcarſe Caligula wore on his birth day. And to this honorable humor have I brought theſe gentlemen ſince I came from Italy. What is the end of ſervice to a man, but to countenance himſelfe

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and credite his maiſter with brave ſuites? The ſcurvy tapſters and oſtlers *ſex populi* fill pots and rubbe horſeheeles to prancke themſelves with my glory. Alas! were it not to weare me, why would ſo many apply themſelves to extraordinary idleneſſe? Beſide, I make fooles be reverenſt, and thought wiſe amongſt the common ſort. I am a ſevere ſenſor to ſuch as offend the law, provided there be a penalty annexed that may bringe in ſome profit: yea, by me the chiefeſt part of the realme is governed; and therefore I refer my title to the verdict of any mens judgement.

To this mildly Cloth-breeches anſwered thus:—As I have had alwaies that honeſt humor in mee to meaſure all eſtates by their vertues, not by their apparell, ſo did I never grudge at the bravery of any whom birth, time, place, or dignitie made worthie of ſuch coſtly ornaments; but if by the favour of their prince and their owne deſarts they merited them, I helde [it] both lawfull and commendable to anſwere their degrees in apparell, correſpondent unto their dignities. I am not ſo preciſe directly to inveigh againſt the uſe of velvet, either in breeches or in other ſutes, nor will I have men goe, like John Baptiſt, in coates of camels hair. Let princes have their diademes, and Cæſar what is due to Cæſar: let noblemen goe as their birth requires, and gentlemen as they are borne or beare office. I ſpeake in mine owne defence, for the auncient gentilitie and yeomandrie of Englande, and inveigh againſt none but ſuch malapart upſtarts as raiſed up from the plough or advanced for their Italian deviſes, or for their witleſſe wealth, covet in bravery to match, nay, to exceede the greateſt noblemen in this land. But leaving this digreſſion, mounſier Velvet-breeches, againe to the particulers

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of your fond allegation. Whereas you affirme your ſelfe to be both original and final end of learning: alas! proud princox, you preach a bowe to hie: did all the philoſophers beat their braines, and buſie their wits to wear velvet breeches? Why, both at that time thou wert unknowne, yea unborne, and all exceſſe in apparell had in high contempt; and now in theſe daies all men of worth are taught by reading that exceſſe is a great ſin, that pride is the firſt ſtep to the downefall of ſhame. They ſtudy, with Tully, that they may ſeeme borne for their countryes as well as for themſelves: the Divine to preach the Goſpell; the Lawyer to reforme wronges and maintaine juſtice; the Phiſition to diſcover the ſecretes of Gods woonders by working ſtrange cures: to bee breefe, the end of all beeing is to knowe God, and not, as your worſhip, good maiſter Velvet-breeches, wreſts, to creepe into acquaintance.

I will not denie but there bee as fantaſticall fooles as your ſelfe, that perhapes are puft up with ſuch preſuming thoughts, and ambitiouſly aime to trick themſelves in your worſhips maſking ſutes; but while ſuch climbe for great honours, they often fall to great ſhames. It may bee thereupon you bring in *Honor alit artes;* but I geſſe your maiſterſhip never tried what true honour meant, that truſſe it uppe within the compaſſe of a paire of velvet-breeches, and place it in the arrogancy of the hart. No, no: ſay honor is idolatry, for they make fooles of themſelves, and idols of their carcaſes: but he that valueth honor ſo, ſhall read a lecture out of Apuleius Golden Aſſe to learne him more wit. But now, ſir, by your leave, a blowe with your next argument; which is, that marchants hazard their goods and lives to be acquainted with your maiſterſhip.

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Indeed, you are awry; for wiſe men frequent marts from profit, not for pride, unleſſe it be ſome that, by wearing of velvet breeches and apparell too high for their calling, have prooved banckerouts in their youth, and have beene glad in their age to deſire my acquaintance, and to truſſe up their tailes in home ſpun ruſſet. Whereas thou doſt object the valour of hardy ſoldiers to grow for the deſire of brave apparell: tis falſe, and I knowe, if any were preſent, they would prove upon thy bones that thou wert a lier. For their countries good, their princes ſervice, the defenſe of their friends, the hope of favour is the finall ende of their reſolutions; eſteeming not only them, but the worlds glory, fickle, tranſitory and inconſtant.

Shall I fetch from thine own country weapons to wound thy ſelfe withall? What ſaieſt thou to Cincinnatus? Was not he called to be Dictator from the plough, and after many victories, what did he jet up and downe the court in coſtly garments and velvet breeches? No; he deſpiſed dignitie, contemned vaine glory and pride, and returned agayne to his quiet contented life in the country. How much did Caius Fabritius value their [them]? Numa Pompilius, Scevola, Scipio, Epaminondas, Ariſtides? they held themſelves wormes meate, and counted pride vanity; and yet thou art not aſhamed to ſay thou art the ende of ſoldiours worthy honor. I tell the, ſawcy ſkipjack, it was a good and a bleſſed time heer in England when K. Stephen wore a pair of cloth breeches of a noble a paire, and thought them paſſing coſtly: then did he count Weſtminſter Hal but to little to be his dining chamber, and his almes was not bare bones in ſtead of broken meat, but luſty chines of beefe fel into the poore mans baſket. Then

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charitie floriſhed in the Court, and young courtiers ſtrove to exceede one an other in vertue, not in braverie: they rode not with fans to ward their faces from the wind, but with burgants to reſiſt the ſtroke of a battleaxe: they could then better exhort a ſoldior to armor, then court a lady with amorets: they cauſed the trumpette to ſound them pointes of warre, not poets to write them wanton eligies of love: they ſought after honourable fame, but hunted not after fading honor: which diſtinction, by the way, take thus. There bee ſome that ſeeke honor, and ſome are ſought after by honor: ſuch upſtarts as fetch their pedigree from their fathers auncient leather apron, and creep into the Court with great humility, redy at the firſt *Baſciare li piedi di la voſtra ſignioria*, having gotten the countenance of ſome nobleman, will ſtrait be a kindred to Cadwaller, and ſweare his great grand mother was one of the Burgeſſes of the Parliament Houſe, will at laſt ſteale by degrees into ſome credite by their double diligence, and then winde ſome woorſhipfull place as far as a hungry ſow can ſmell a fir reverence, and then with their friends ſeeke, day and night, with coyne and countinance til they have got it. Others there be whome honor it ſelfe ſeekes, and ſuch bee they whome vertue doth frame fit for that purpoſe, that riſing up by high deſarts, as learning or valour, merite more then eyther they looke for, or their prince hath anye eaſe conveniently to beſtowe on them. Such honor ſeekes, and they with a bluſhing conſcience entertain him, be they never ſo high in favour: yet they beg no office, as the ſhameleſſe upſtart doth, that hath a hungry eie to ſpie out, an impudent face to ſue, and a flattering toong to intreat for ſome void place of worſhip, which little belonged to

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them, if the prince intended to beſtow offices for vertue not favour. Other, M. Velvet-breeches, there be of your crue, that pinch their bellies to poliſh their backs, that that keepe their mawes emptie to fill their purſſes, that have no ſhewe of gentility but a velvet ſlop, who by pouling, or ſelling of land that their fathers lefte, will beſtowe all to buy an office about the Court that they may be worſhipfull, extorting from the poore to raiſe uppe their money that the baſe deceiving companions have laid out to have an office of ſome countenance and credite, wherein they may have of mee, better then themſelves, be tearmed by the name of worſhip. The laſt whome vertue pleadeth for, and neither ſilver, gold, frendes nor favour advanceth, be men of great worth, ſuch as are thought of worſhip, and unwillingly entertaine her, rather vouchſafing proſered honor for their countries cauſe, then for any proud opinion of hoped preferment.

Bleſſed are ſuch landes whoſe officers are ſo placed, and where the prince promoteth, not for coine or countenance, but for his worthy deſerving vertues. But leaving this by talke, me thought I heard you ſay, Signior Velvet-breeches, that you were the father of mechanicall actes, and handicraftes were found out to foſter your bravery. In faith, goodman Goſecape, you that are come from the ſtartups, and therfore is called an upſtart, *quaſi* ſtart up from clowted ſhoone, your lips hunge in your light when you brought forth this logicke; for, I hope, there is none ſo ſimple, but knowes that handicraftes and occupations grew for neceſſity, not pride; that mens inventions waxed ſharpe to profite the common wealth, not to prancke up themſelves in bravery. I pray you, when Tubalcane invented

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tempring of mettals, had he velvet breeches to weare? In fadneſſe where was your woorſhip when his brother found out the accordes and diſcordes of muſicke hidden in hell, and not yet thought on by the Devill, to caſt forth as a baite to bring many proud fooles to ruine?

Indeed, I cannot denie but your worſhip hath brought in deceipt as a journeyman into all companies, and made that a ſubtil craft, which, while it was holden in eſteeme, was but a ſimple miſterie: now every trade hath his ſleightes, to ſlubber up his worke to the eie, and to make it good to the ſale, howſoever it prooves in the wearinge. The ſhoomaker cares not if his ſhooes hold the drawing on: the tailor ſowes with hot needle and burnte thred. Tuſhe! pride hath baniſht conſcience, and velvet-breeches honeſtie, and every ſervile drudge muſt ruffle in his ſilkes, or elſe he is not ſuteable.

The world was not ſo *a principio*, for when velvet was worne but in kinges caps, then conſcience was not a brome man in Kent ſtreat, but a courtier; then the farmer was content his ſonne ſhould hold the plough, and live as he had done before: beggars then feared to aſpire, and the higher ſortes ſcorned to envie. Now every lowt muſt have his ſonne a courtnoll, and thoſe dunghill drudges waxe ſo proud, that they wil preſume to wear on their feet what kings have worne on their heades. A clownes ſonne muſt be clapt in a velvet pantofle, and a velvet breech, though the preſumptuous aſſe be drownd in the Mercers booke, and make a convey of all his lands to the uſurer for commodities: yea, the ſop muſt goe like a gallant for a while, although at laſt in his age hee begge. But, indeede, ſuch young youths, when the broker hath bleſt them with ſainte

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Needams croſſe, fall then to privy liftes and coſenages, and when their credit is utterly crackt, they practiſe ſome bad ſhift, and ſo come to a shamefull ende.

Laſtly, whereas thou ſaiſt, thou art a ſevere ſenſour to punish ſins, as auſtere as Cato to correct vice, of truth I hold thee ſo in penal ſtatutes, when thou haſt begged the forfeite of the prince: but ſuch correction is open extortion and oppreſſion of the poore; nor can I compare it better, M. Velvet-breech, then to the wolfe chaſtiſing the lambe for diſturbing their fountaine, or the Devill caſting out Devilles through the power of Belſebub. And thus much, curteous ſir, I have ſaid to diſplay the follies of mine adverſary, and to shewe the right of mine owne intereſt.

Why, then, quoth I, if you have both ſaide, it reſteth but that wee hadde ſome to empanell upon a jury, and then, no doubt, but the verdict would ſoone bee given on one ſide.

As thus I was talking to them, I might ſee comming downe the hill a brave dapper Dicke, quaintly attired in velvet and ſattin, and a cloake of cloth raſh, with a cambricke ruffe, as ſmoothly ſet, and he as neatly ſpunged, as if he had been a bridgrome; only I geſt by his pace a farre off he ſhould be a tailor, his head was holden uppe ſo pert, and his legges ſhackle hamd, as if his knees had been laced to his thighes with points. Comming more neere, indeed, I ſpied a tailors morice pike on his breſt, a Spaniſh needle, and then I fitted my ſalutations, not to his ſutes, but to his trade, and incountred him by a thread bare courteſie, as if I had not knowne him, and aſked him of what occupation he was? A taylor, quoth he. Marry then, my freend, quoth I, you are the more welcome, for heere is a

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greate quarrell growne betwixt Velvet-breeches and Cloth-breeches for their prerogative in England: the matter is growne to an iſſue; ther muſt a jury be empannelled, and I would deſire and intreat you to be one of the queſt.

Not ſo, quoth Cloth-breeches: I challenge him. And why? quoth I. What reaſon have you? doth he not make them both? Yes, quoth hee, but his gaines is not alike. Alas! by me he getteth ſmall: onelye hee is paid for his workemanſhip, unleſſe by misfortune his ſhieres ſlipp awry, and then his vailes is but a shred of home-ſpunne cloth; whereas in makinge of velvet breeches, where there is required ſilcke lace, cloth of golde, of ſilver, and ſuch coſtly ſtuffe, to welte, garde, whipp-ſtitch, edge, face and draw out, that the vales of one velvet breeche is more then twenty payre of mine. I hope there is no taylor ſo preciſe, but he can play the cooke and licke his owne fingers: though he looke up to heaven, yet hee can caſt large shreds of ſuch rich ſtuffe into hell under his shop-boord. Beſides, hee ſettes downe, like the Clarke of the Checke, a large bill of reckoninges, which for he keepes longe in hys pocket, he ſo powders for ſtinking, that the yoong upſtart, that needes it, feels it ſalt in his ſtomack a month after. Beſide, ſir, Velvet-breeches hath advanſt him; for whereas in my time he was counted but goodman Taylor, now hee is growne, ſince velvet-breeches came in, to be called a marchant, or Gentleman Marchant Taylor, gevinge armes and the holy Lamb in his creaſt, where before hee had no other cogniſance but a plaine Spanish needle, with a Welſch Cricket on the top. Sith, then, his gaine is ſo greate, and his honour ſo advaunſt by Velvet-breeches, I will not truſt his conſcience, nor shall he come uppon my jury.

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Indeed, you have ſome reaſon, quoth I ; but perhaps the tailor doth this upon meer devotion to punish pride, and, having no other authority nor meane, thinkes it beſt to pinche them by the purſe, and make them pay well, as to aſke twiſe ſo much ſilke lace, and other ſtuffe as would ſuffice, and yet to over reach my yong maiſter with a biil of reckoning that will make him ſcratche where it itcheth not. Heerein I hold the taylor for a neceſſary member to teach yoonge novices the way to weeping croſſe, that when they have waſted what their ſathers lefte them by pride, they may grow ſparing and humble by inforced povertye ; and by this reaſon the tailor plaies Gods part : he exalteth the poore and pulleth downe the proud ; for of a wealthy eſquiers ſonne hee makes a threedbare begger ; and a ſcornefull tailor hee liſts up an upſtart ſcurvy gentleman. Yet, ſeeing you have made a reaſonable challenge to him, the tailor ſhall bee none of the queſt.

As I bad him ſtand by, there was comming alongſt the valley towardes us a ſquare ſet fellow, well fed, and as briſkly apparelled in a black taffata dublet and ſpruice leather jerkin, with chriſtall buttons, a cloake facſt a fore with velvet, and a Coventry cap of the fineſt wool ; his face ſomthing ruby bluſh, cherry-cheeked, like a ſhreed of ſcarlet, or a little darker like the lees of old claret wine : a noſe *autem* noſe, purpled preciouſly with pearle and ſtone, like a counterfeit worke ; and betweene the filthy reumicaſt of his bloudſhotten ſnowt there appeared ſmale holes, whereat wormes heads peeped, as if they meant by their appearance to preach, and ſhewe the antienty and antiquity of his houſe.

This fiery facſt churle had upon his fingers as many gold

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rings as would furniſh a goldſmiths ſhop, or beſeeme a pandor of long profeſſion to weare. Wondring what companion this ſhould bee, I inquired of what occupation he was? Marry, ſir, quoth hee, a broker: why do you aſke? have you any pawnes at my houſe? No, quoth I, nor, by the helpe of God, never will have; but the reaſon is to have you upon a jury. At this word, before I could enter my diſcourſe unto him, Velvet-breeches ſtart up, and ſwore hee ſhould be none of the queſt: he would challenge him. And why? quoth I: what know you by him? This baſe churle is one of the moaths of the common wealth: hee is the ſpoile of young gentlemen, a blood ſucker of the poore, as thirſty as a horſe leach, that will never leave drinking while he burſt; a knave that hath intreſt in the leaſes of forty baudy houſes, a receiver for lifts, and a diſhonorable ſupporter of cutpurſes: to conclude, hee was gotten by an Incubus, a he Divell, and brought forth by an overworne refuſe, that had ſpent her youth under the ruines of Bowbies Barne.

O monſtrous invective! quoth I. What reaſon have you to bee thus bitter againſt him? Oh! the villaine, quoth hee, is the Divells factor, ſent from Hell to torment young gentlemen upon earth: he hath fetcht me over in his time, onely in pawnes, in ten thouſand pound in gold. Suppoſe, as gentlemen, through their liberall mindes may want that I need, money, let mee come to him with a pawne worth ten pound, hee will not lend upon it above three pound, and he will have a bill of ſaile, and twelve penſe in the pound every month; ſo that it comes to ſixteen pence, ſith the bill muſt be monthly renued, and if you breake but your day, ſet down in the bill of ſaile, your pawne is loſt, as full

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bought and ſold, you turnd out of your goods, and he an unconſcionable gainer. Suppoſe the beſt: you keepe your day, yet paying ſixteen pence a month for twenty ſhillings, you pay as good for the lone as fower ſcore in the hundred. Is not this monſtrous exacting upon gentlemen? Beſide, the knave will be diligently attending and waiting at dicing houſes, where wee may be at play, and there hee is ready to lend the looſer money uppon ringes and chaines, apparell or any other good pawne; but the poore gentleman payes ſo deere for the lavender it is laid up in, that if it lie long at a brokers houſe, hee ſeemes to buy his apparell twiſe: nay, this worme eaten wretch hath deeper pitfalls yet to intrap youth in; for hee beeing acquainted with a young gentleman of faire living, in iſſue of good parents or aſſured poſſibility, ſooths him in his monſtrous expenſes, and ſaies he carries the mind of a gentleman, promiſing if hee want, hee shall not lack for a hundred pounds or two, if the gentleman need: then hath my broker an uſurer at hand, as ill as himſelf, and hee brings the money; but they tie the poore ſoule in ſuch Darbies bandes, what with receiving ill commodities and forfeitures uppon the bonde, that they dub him Sir John Hadlande before they leave him, and share like wolves the poore novices wealth betwixt them as a pray. Hee is (ſir), to bee breefe, a bowſie, bawdy miſer, good for none but himſelfe and his trug; a carle that hath a filthy carcaſſe without a conſcience, a body of a man wherein an infernall ſpirit, in ſteed of a ſoule, dooth inhabit, the ſcum of the ſeven deadly ſins, an enemy to all good mindes, a devourer of young gentlemen, and, to conclude, my mortall enemy; and therefore admit of my challenge, and let him be none of the jury.

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Truly (qd Cloth-breeches), and I am willing he should be diſcarded too, for were not bad brokers (I will not condemne all) there would bee leſſe filching and ſewer thieves; for they receive all is brought them, and buy that for a crowne that is worth twenty shillings: deſire of gaine blindes their conſcience, and they care nor how it bee come by, ſo they buy it cheape. Beſide, they extort upon the poore that are inforced through extreame want to pawne their cloathes and houſeholde ſtuffe, their pewter and braſſe; and if the poore ſoules that labour hard miſſe but a day, the baſe minded broker takes the forfeite without remorſe or pitty. It was not ſo *in diebus illis*, but thou, proud upſtart Velvet-breeches, has learnd all Englishmen their villany, and all to mainetaine thy bravery: yea, I have knowne of late, when a poore woman laid a ſilver thimble, that was ſent her from her friends for a token, to pawn for ſix pence, and the broker made her pay a halfpeny a weeke for it, which comes to two shillings a yere, for ſix pence. Sith, then, hys conſcience is ſo bad, let him be shuffled out amongſt the knaves for a diſcarding card.

Content, qd I, and bad the broker ſtand backe; when there were even at my heeles three in a cluſter, pert youthes all, and neatly tired. I queſtioned them what they were, and the one ſayd hee was a barber, the other a surgeon, and the third an apoticary.—How like you of theſe (qd I), shall they be of your jury? Of the jury? quoth Cloth-breeches: never one by my conſent, for I challenge them all. Your reaſon, qd I, and then you shall have my verdict.

Marry (qd Cloth-breeches), firſt for the barber: he cannot be but a partiall man on Velvet-breeches ſide, ſith he

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gets more by one time dreſſinge of him, than by ten times dreſſing of me. I come plaine to be polde, and to have my beard cut, and pay him two pence: Velvet-breeches, he ſittes downe in a chaire wrapt in fine cloathes, as though the barber were about to make him a footcloth for the Vicar of Saint Fooles: then begins he to take his ſiſſars in his hand and his combe, and ſo to ſnap with them as if he meant to give a warning to all the lice in his nittye lockes for to prepare themſelves, for the day of their deſtruction was at hande: then, comes he out with his fuſtian eloquence, and, making a low conge, ſaith, "Sir, will you have your wor. haire cut after the Italian maner, ſhorte and round, and then frounſt with the curling yrons to make it looke like a halfe moone in a miſt? or like a Spanyard, long at the eares, and curled like the two endes of an olde caſt perriwig? or will you bee Frenchified with a love locke downe to your ſhoulders, wherein you may weare your miſtreſſe favour? The Engliſh cut is baſe, and gentlemen ſcorne it: noveltye is daintye. Speake the woord, ſir, my ſiffars are ready to execute your worships wil." His head being once dreſt, which requires in combing and rubbing ſome two howers, hee comes to the baſon: then, being curiouſly waſhed with no woorſe than a camphere bal, he deſcends as low as his berd, and aſketh whether he pleaſe to be ſhaven or no? whether he will have his peak cut ſhort and ſharpe, amiable like an *inamorato*, or broad pendant like a ſpade, to be terrible like a warrior, and a ſoldado? whether he wil have his crates cut low like a juniper buſh, or his fuberches taken away with a raſor? if it be his pleasure to have his appendices primd, or his muſtachios foſtered to turn about his eares like the branches

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of a vine, or cut down to the lip with the Italian laſh, to make him loke like a halfe faced bauby in bras? Theſe quaint tearmes, Barber, you greet maiſter Velvet-breeches withall, and at every word or ſnap with your ſiſſars, and a cring with your knee; whereas when you come to poore Cloth-breeches you either cut his beard at your owne pleaſure, or elſe, in diſdaine, aſke him, if he will be trimd with Chriſts cut, round like the halfe of a Holland cheeſe, mocking both Chriſt and us: for this your knaverie my wil is you ſhall be none of the jury.

For you, maiſter Surgion, the ſtatutes of England exempts you from being of any queſt; and beſide, alas! I ſeldome fall into your hands, as being quiet and making no brawls to have wounds, as ſwartrutting Velvet-breeches dooth; neither doe I frequent whore-houſes to catch the marbles, and ſoe to grow your patient. I knowe you not, and therefore I appeale to the ſtatute: you shall have nothing to doe with my matter. And for you, M. Apoticarie, alas! I looke not once in ſeven yeare into your ſhop, without it be to buy a peniworth of wormeſeed to give my child to drinke, or a little triacle to drive out the measels, or perhaps ſome dregs and powders to make my ſicke horſſe a drench withall; but for my ſelfe, if I be il at eaſe, I take kitchin phiſicke, and make my wife my doctor, or my garden my apoticaries ſhop; whereas queaſie maiſter Velvet-breeches cannot have a fart awrye, but he muſt have his purgations, pils and gliſters, or evacuate by electuaries: he muſt, if the leſt ſpot of morphue come on his face, have his oyle of tartar, his *Lac Virginis*, his camphire diſſolved in verjuice, to make the foole as faire, forſooth, as if he were to play Maid-marian in a May game or Moris-

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daunce. Tuſh! he cannot diſgeſt his meale without ſuckats, nor (ſhall I ſpeake plainely! pleaſe the trug, his miſtres, without he goe to the Apothecaries for *Eringion*, *Oleum formicarum alatarum*, and *aqua mirabilis* of ten pound a pint.—If maſt Velvet-breeches with drinking theſe drugs hap to have a ſtinking breath, then, forſooth, the Apoticarie muſt play the perfumer to make it ſweet: nay, what is it about him that he blameth not nature for framing, and formeth it a new by art; and in all this who but mounſier the Apoticary? Therefore, good ſir (quoth he) ſeeing you have taken upon you to be trior for the challenges, let thoſe three, as partial companions, be packing.

Why (qd I), ſeeing you have yielded ſuch reaſon of refuſall, let them ſtand by. Preſently, looking about for more, comes ſtalking downe an aged grand ſir in a blacke velvet coat and a blacke cloath gowne welted and faced, and after him, as I ſuppoſed, foure ſerving men, the moſt il favoured knaves, me thought, that ever I ſawe: one of them had a buffe leather jerkin, all greaſie before with the droppings of beere that fell from his beard, and by his ſide a ſkeine like a brewers long knife; and muffled he was in a a cloake turnd over his noſe, as though he had beene aſhamed to ſhewe his face. The ſecond had a belly like a buckingtub, and a threed bare blacke coat unbottoned before upon the breſt, whereon the map of drunkenneſſe was drawne with the bawdy and bowſie excrements that dropt from his filthy leaking mouth. The third was a long leane old ſlavering ſlangrell, with a braſell ſtaffe in the one hand, and a whipcord in the other, ſo pourblind that hee had like to have ſtumbled upon the company before he ſaw them. The fourth was a fat chuffe, with a ſower looke, in

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a blacke cloke faced with taffata, and by his ſide a great ſide pouch like a faulkner: for their faces, all foure ſeemed to be bretheren: they were ſo bumbaſted with the flockes of ſtrong beere, and lined with the lees of old facke, that they looked like foure blowne bladders painted over with redde oaker, and waſht over with the ſuds of an old ſtale dye. All theſe, as well the maiſter as the following mates, would have past away, but that I ſtept before them and inquired firſt of the formoſt, what he was? Mary, qd he, a Lawier. Then, ſir, qd I, we have a matter in controverſie that requireth counſaile, and you are the more welcome. What is it? qd he. Mary, ſaid I, whether Cloth-breeches or Velvet-breeches are of more worth, and which of them hath the beſt title to bee reſident in England? At this the Lawier ſmild, and Velvet-breeches, ſtepping forth, tooke acquaintance of him, and commending his honeſtye, ſaid there could not be a man of better indifferency of the jury; when Cloth-breeches, ſtepping in, ſwore hee marvelled he was not, as well as the Surgeon, exempted by act of Parliament from being of any queſt, ſith, as the Surgion was without pitty, ſo he was without conſcience; and thereupon infered his challenge, ſaieng the Lawyer was never frend to Cloth-breeches, for when lowlineſſe, neighbourhood and hoſpitality lived in England, Weſtminſter hall was a dining chamber, not a den of controverſies; when the king himſelfe was content to keepe his S. Georges day in a plaine paire of kerſie hoſe; when the duke, earle, lord, knight, gentleman and eſquire aimed at vertue, not at pride, and wore ſuch breeches as was ſpun in his houſe: then the lawier was a ſimple man, and in the higheſt degree was but a bare ſcrivener, except Judges of the land, which tooke in hand

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ſerious matters, as treaſons, murthers, felonies and ſuch capitall offences; but ſildome was there any pleas put in before that proud upſtart Velvet-breeches, for his maintenaunce, invented ſtrange controverſies, and ſince hee began to domineer in England hee hath buſd ſuch a proud buſie covetous and incroching humor into every mans head, that lawiers are grown to bee one of the cheefe lims of the commonwealth; for they doo nowe adaies *de lana caprina taxare*, go to law if a hen do but ſcrape in his orchard; but howſoever right bee, might carries awaie the verdict. If a poore man ſue a gentleman, why he ſhootes up to the ſkie, and the arrow falls on his owne head: howſoever the cauſe go, the weakeſt is thruſt to the wall. Lawiers are troubled with the heate of the liver, which makes the palms of their hands ſo hot, that they cannot be coold unleſſe they be rubd with the oyle of angels; but the poore man, that gives but his bare fee, or perhaps pleads *in forma pauperis*, he hunteth for hares with a taber, and gropeth in the darke to find a needle in a bottle of hay. Tuſh! theſe lawiers have ſuch dilatory and foren pleas, ſuch dormers, ſuch quibs and quidits, that, beggering their clyents, they purchaſe to themſelves whole lordſhips. It booteth not men to diſcourſe of their little conſcience, and great extortion, only ſuffice they bee not ſo rich as they bee bad, and yet they bee but too wealthy. I inveigh not againſt law nor honeſt lawiers, for there be ſome well qualified, but againſt extorting ambodexters, that wring the poore; and becauſe I know not whether this bee ſuch a one or no, I challeng him not to bee of my jury.

Why then, quod I, his worſhip may depart; and then I queſtioned what he in the buff jerkin was? Mary, qd he, I

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am a ſerjeant: hee had no ſooner ſaid ſo but Velvet-breeches leapt back, and drawing his rapier, ſwore he did not only challenge him for his jury, but alſo proteſted, if he ſtirred one foot towards him, hee would make him eate a peece of his poinard. And what is the reaſon, qd I, that there is ſuch mortall hatred betwixt you and the ſerjeant? Oh ſir, qd Velvet-breeches, ſearch him and I warrant you the knave hath precept upon precept to arreſt me, hath worne his mace ſmooth with onely clapping it upon my ſhoulder, hee hath had me under *coram* ſo often. Oh! that reprobate is the uſurers executioner, to bring ſuch gentlemen to limbo as he hath overthrowne with his baſe brocage, and bad commodities; and as you ſee him a fat knave with a ſoggie face, wherein a cup of old ſack hath ſet a ſeale to make the bowſie drunkard to dye of the dropſy, ſo his conſcience is conſumed, and his hart robd of al remorſe and pity, that for mony he wil betray his own father: for wil a cormorant but ſee him to arreſt a yong gentleman, the rakehel wil be ſo eager to catch him, as a dog to take a beare by the eares in Pariſh-garden; and when he hath laid hold upon him, he uſeth him as curteouſly as a butchers cur would do an oxe cheeke, when hee is hungry: if he ſee the gentleman hath mony in his purſſe, then ſtraight with a cap and knee he carries him to the taverne, and bids him ſend for ſome of his frendes to bale him; but firſt he covenants to have ſome braſe of angels for his paines, and beſides he cals for wine as greedily as if the knaves mother had been brocht against a hogſhed when he was begotten. But ſuppoſe the gentleman wants pence, he wil either have a pawne, or elſe bringe him to the Counter without reſpect of manhood or honeſtye. I ſhould ſpend the whole day

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with diſplaying his villanies; therefore, breefly let this ſuffice: he was never made by the conſent of God, but his ſlovenly carkaſe was framed by the Divell of the rotten carian of a woolfe, and his ſoule of an uſurers damned ghoſt, turnd out of hell into his body to do monſtrous wickedneſſe againe upon the earth; ſo that he ſhal be none of my jury, neither ſhal he come nearer me then the length of my rapier will ſuffer him.

Indeede, qd Cloth-breeches, generally ſerjeantes be bad, but there be amongſt them ſome honeſt men that will do their duties with lawfull favour; for, to ſay truth, if ſerjeants were not, how should men come by their debts? mary, they are ſo cruel in their office that if they arreſt a poore man, they will not ſuffer him (if hee hath no mony) to ſtay a quarter of an houre to talke with his creditor, although perhaps at the meeting they might take compoſition, but only to the Counter with him, unles he will lay his pewter, braſſe, coverlets, ſheets or ſuch houſhold ſtuffe to them for pawne of paiment of ſome coine for their ſtaying. Therefore, let him depart out of this place, for his roome is better then his company.

Well then, quoth I, what ſay you to theſe three? and with that I queſtioned their names: the one ſaid hee was a Sumner; the other a Gaolor, and the third an Infourmer. Jeſus bleſſe me! (quoth Cloth-breeches) what a ging was heere gathered together! no doubt hell is broke looſe, and the Divel meanes to keep holiday. I make challeng againſt them al, as againſt worſe men than thoſe that gave evidence againſt Chriſt. For the Sumner, it bootes me to ſay little more againſt him then Chaucer did in his Canterbury Tales, who ſaid hee was a knave, a briber and a

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bawd: but leaving that authority, although it be authenticall, yet thus much I can ſay of my ſelfe, that theſe drunken droſy ſonnes go a tooting abroad (as they themſelves term it) which is to heare if any man hath got his maid with child, or plaies the good ſelow with his neighbours wife: if he finde a hole in any mans coate that is of wealth, then he hath his peremtory ſcitation ready to ſcite him to the archdeacons or officials court, there to apeere and abide the ſhame and penalty of the law: the man, perhaps in good credit with his neighbours, loath to bring his name in queſtion, greſeth the Sumner in the fiſt, and then he wipes him out of the booke, and ſuffers him to get twenty with child, ſo he keepe him warm in the hand. He hath a ſaying to wanton wives; and they are his good dames, and as long as they feede him with cheeſe, bacon, capons and ſuch od reverſions; they are honeſt and they be never ſo bad: he ſweares to the official complaints are made upon envy, and the women of good behaviour. Tuſh! what bawdry is it he wil not ſuffer, ſo he may have mony and good cheere, and, if he like the wench well, a ſnatch himſelfe; for they know all the whores in a country, and are as lecherous companions as may be. To be breefe, the Sumner lives upon the ſins of people, and out of harlatry gets he all his commodity. As for the Gaoler, although I have beene little troubled in priſon to have experience of his knavery, yet I have heard the poore priſoners complaine how cruell they be to them, extorting with extraordinary fees, ſelling a duble curtall (as they call it) with a duble jug of beere for 2 pence, which containes not above a pint and a halfe. Let a poore man be arreſted into one of the Counters, though he but ſet his foot

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in them but halfe an hour, he ſhal be almoſt at an angels charge, what with garniſh, croſſing and wiping out of the booke, turning the key, paying the chamberleine, feeing for his jury, and twenty ſuch extortions invented by themſelves, and not allowed by any ſtatute. God bleſſe me, gaoler, from your henhouſes, as I wil keepe you for comming on my queſt. And to you, M. Infourmer, you that looke like a civil citizen, or ſome handſome petty-fogger of the law, although your crimſon noſe bewrayes you can ſup of a coole cup of ſack without any chewing, yet have you as much ſly knavery in your ſide pouch there, as would breed the confuſion of fortye honeſt men.

It may bee, ſir, you marvell why I exclaime againſt the Informer, ſith hee is a moſt neceſſary member in the common wealth, and is highly to the Prince's advauntage for the benefit of pennal statues and other abuſes, whereof he giveth speciall inteligence. To wipe out this doubt, I speake not againſt the office, but the officer, againſt such as abuse the lawe when they ſhould use it; and such a one I geſſe this fellowe to bee by the carnation tincture of his ruby nose. Therefore, let us ſearch his bagge, and ſee what traſh you ſhall finde in it. With that, although the Infourmer were very loath, yet wee pluckt out the ſtuffing of his pouch, and in it was found a hundred and od writtes: whereat I woundred, and Cloth-breeches ſmiling bad me read the labels, and the parties names, and then examine the Infourmer how many of them he knewe, and wherein they had offended? I followed his counſaile, and of all he knew but three, neither could hee tell what they had done amiſſe to bee arreſted, and brought in question.

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Cloth-breeches, ſeeing me ſtand in a maſe, began thus to reſolve mee in my doubt: Perhaps, quoth hee, you marvell why the Inſourmer hath all theſe writtes, and knowes neither the parties, nor can object any offence to them. To this I anſwere; that it beeing a long vacation, hee learned in the rowles all thoſe mens names, and that they were men of indifferent wealth. Now meanes hee to go abroad and ſearch them out, and arreſt them; and though they knewe not wherein, or for what cauſe they ſhould bee troubled, yet rather than they will come up to London, and ſpend their mony, they will beſtowe ſome od angell upon maiſter Inſourmer, and ſit at home in quiet. But suppoſe ſome be ſo ſtuborne as to ſtand to the triall, yet can this cunning knave declare a *Tamquam* againſt them, ſo that though they be cleered, yet can they have no recompence at all, for that he doth it in the Courts behalfe. I wil not unfold al his villanies, but he is an abuſer of good lawes, and a very knave; and ſo let him be with his fellowes.

I both wondred and laught to heare Cloth-breeches make this diſcourſe, when I ſawe two in the valley together by the eares, the one in leather, the other as blacke as the Divell. I ſtept to them to part the fraie, and queſtioned what they were, and wherefore they brawled. Marry, quoth hee that lookt like Lucifer, though I am blacke, I am not the Devill, but indeed a Collier of Croiden, and one, ſir, that have ſold many a man a falſe ſack of coalss, that both wanted meaſure, and was halfe full of duſt and droſſe. Indeed, I have been a lieger in my time in London, and have plaied many mad pranckes, for which cauſe you may apparantly ſee I am made a curtal, for the Pillory (in the ſight of a great many good and ſufficient witneſſes) hath

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eaten off both mine eares; and now, ſir, this Ropemaker hunteth mee heere with his halters. I geſſe him to bee some evill ſpirit, that in the likeneſſe of a man would, ſince I have past the Pillory, perſwade me to hange myselfe for my offences; and therefore, ſith I cannot bleſſe me from him with *Nomine Patris*, I lay *Spiritus Sanctus* about his ſhoulders with a good crab-tree cudgell, that he may get out of my company.

The Ropemaker replied that, honeſtly journeying by the way, he acquainted himſelfe with the Collier, and for no other cauſe pretended. Honeſt with the Divell! quoth the Collier; howe can he be honeſt, whoſe mother, I geſſe, was a witch, for I have heard them ſay that witches ſay their praiers backward, and ſo doth the Ropemaker yearne his living by going backward; and the knaves cheefe living is by making fatall inſtruments, as halters and ropes, which divers deſperate men hang themſelves with. Well, quoth I, what ſay you to theſe? ſhall they be on the jury? Velvet-breeches ſaid nothing, but Cloth-breeches ſaid, in the Ropemaker he found no great falſhood in him; therefore hee was willing he ſhould bee one; but for the Collier hee thought it neceſſary, that as he came, ſo he ſhould depart. So then I bad the Ropemaker ſtand by till more came, which was not long, for there came three in a cluſter. As ſoone as they drue nie, I ſpied one, a fat churle with a ſide ruſſet coate to his knee, and his hands all to tanned with ſhifting his ouſe, yet woulde I not take notice what they were, but queſtioned with them of their ſeverall occupations. Marry, quoth the firſt, I am a tanner, the ſecond a ſhoemaker, and the third a currier: then turning to the Plaintife and Defendant, I aſked them if they would

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allowe of thoſe parties? No, by my faith, quoth Cloth-breeches: I make challenge to them all, and I will yeeld reaſons of import againſt them. And first to you, maiſter tanner: are you a man worthy to be of a jury, when your conſcience cares not to wronge the whole Common-wealth? You reſpect not publike commodity, but private gaines; not to benefit your neighbour, but for to make the proud princoxe your ſonne an upſtart gentleman, and becauſe you would marry your daughter, at the leaſt, to an eſquire, that ſhee may, if it be poſſible, be a gentlewoman. And how comes this to paſſe? by your tanne-fats for ſooth; for whereas by the anciente lawes and ſtatutes of England you ſhould let a hyde lye in the ouſe at the least nine moneths, you can make good leather of it before three moneths; you have your dooves dung, your marle, your aſhen barke, and a thouſand thinges more to bring on your leather apace, that it is ſo badly tanned that when it comes to the wearinge, then it fleetes away like a peece of browne paper. And whereas your backs of all other ſhould be the beſt tanned, you bring them ſo full of horne to the market, that, did you not greaſe the ſealers of Leaden Hall throughly in the firſt, they ſhould never bee ſealed, but turned away and made forfet by the ſtatute. I cannot at large lay open your ſubtill practiſes to beguile the poore commun-alty with bad leather; but let this ſuffice: you leave no villanie unfought to bring the block head your ſonne to go before the clowne his father trimely trickt up in a paire of velvet-breeches.

Now, maiſter Currier, to your coosenage. You cannot bee content onely to burne the leather you dreſſe for fault of liquor, becauſe you would have the shoomaker pay well,

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and you put in little ſtuffe: and, beſides, when as in backs you ſhould onely put in tallow, hard and good, you put in ſoft kitchenſtuffe mixt, and ſo make the good and well tanned leather, by your villany, to fleet and waſt away, but alſo you grow to bee an extorting knave, and a foreſtaller of the market; for you will buy leather ſides, backs, and calve ſkines, and ſel them to the poore ſhoomakers at an unreaſonable rate by your falſe retaylinge, getting infinite goods by that exceſſive price, both undoing the poore ſhoomaker, and cauſing us that we pay extreamely for ſhooes. For if the currier bought not leather by the whole of the tanner, the ſhoomaker might have it at a more reaſonable price; but the ſhoomaker being poore is not, perhaps, able to deale with a dicker of hides, nor, perhaps, with a cuple of backs, and the tanner will not truſt him: then the cooſening and extorting currier comes up with this—I will lend you for a day; and ſo pincheth him that hee is ſcarce able to finde his children bread.

But well hath the Prince and the honourable Lords of the privie counſaile provided by an Act of Parliament that no currier ſhall buy leather, either backs or hides, of the tanner, ſo to bridle the extorting and foreſtalling cooſenage; but craftilier and ſubteller hath the knave currier crosbitten the ſtatute, in that he deales thus with the tanner: he makes him hold his leather unreaſonably to the ſhoomaker, and ſo, when he cannot ſell it, he laies it up in the curriers house, under a colour, whereas, indeed, he hath ſold it him. Suppose this ſhifte be ſpied and prevented, then compoundeth hee with ſome knave ſhoomaker, ſome base rakehell without a conſcience, that neither reſpecteth God, the commonwealth, nor his company, and, forſooth, he is

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halfe with the currier, who letteth him have ſome hundred marke to laye out for leather every moneth, whereas hee ſpendes not in his ſhop a hundred markes woorth in a yeare: ſo the ſhoomaker buies it to abuſe the ſtatute for the currier, and the currier by that meanes undooeth the other ſhoomakers. Thus two crafty knaves are met, and they neede no broker.

Now to you, gentle craſte, you maſſe shoomakers: you can put in the inner ſole of a thin calves ſkin, when as the shoo is a neates leather shoo, which, you know, is cleane contrary both to conſcience and the ſtatute. Beſide, you will joine a neates leather vampy to a calves leather heele: is not heere good ſtuffe, maister shoomaker? Well, for your knavery, you shall have thoſe curſſes which belonges unto your craft: you shall be lighte-footed to travell far, lighte-witted upon every ſmall occaſion to give your maiſter the bagge: you shall be most of you unthrifts, and almoſt all perfect good fellowes. Beſide, I remember a merry jeſt how Mercury brought you a dangerous diſeaſe, for he requeſted a boone of you, which fell out to your great diſadvantage, and to recreate us heere a little, gentle craſte, what fell to your trade by that winged God? As it happened on a time that Jupiter and Mercury traveilinge together upon earth, Mercury was wonderfully hungry and had no money in his purſe to buy him any foode; and at laſte, to his great comforte, hee ſpied where a company of taylors were at dinner with buttred peaſe, eating their pease with theyr needels pointes, one by one. Mercury came to them and aſked them his almes: they proudly bad him ſit downe, and doo as hee ſaw they did, and with that delivered him a needle. The poore god, beeinge paſſing

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hungry, could not content his maw with eating one by one, but turned the eie of the needel and eate two or three together; which the tailors ſeeing, they ſtart up and ſaid, What, fellow, a ſhowell and a spaede to buttred peaſe! hast thou no more manners? Get out of our company—and ſo they ſent him packing with many ſtroakes. Mercury comming back, Jupiter demaunded him what newes; and he told him how churliſhly hee was used amongſt the tailors. Well, wandring on further, Mercury eſpied where a company of shoomakers were at dinner with powdered beefe and breweſſe: going to them, before he could aſke them any almes, they ſayd, Welcome, good fellow! what, is thy ſtomach up? Wilt thou doe, as wee doe and taste of beefe? Mercury thanked them and ſat downe and eate his belly full, and dranke well of good double beere, and when hee had done went home to his maſter.

Aſſoone as he came Jupiter aſked him what newes, and hee ſaid, I have lighted amongſt a crue of ſhoomakers, the beſt fellowes that ever I met with all: they have frankely fed mee without grudging, and therefore graunt mee a boone for them. Aſke what thou wilt, Mercury, quoth hee, and it ſhall bee done. Why then, quoth hee, graunt that for this good turne they have done mee, they may ever ſpend a groat afore they can yearne two pence. It ſhall bee graunted, quoth hee.

Mercury, aſſoone as Jupiter had ſaid the word, bethought himſelf and ſaid—Nay; but that they may yearne a groate afore they ſpend two pence; for my tongue ſlipt at firſt. Well, Mercury, quoth hee, it cannot bee recald: the firſt wiſh muſt ſtand. And hereof, by Mercurys boone, it grew that all the gentle craft are ſuch good fellowes, and

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ſpendethriftes. But, howſoever, none of thoſe three, neither shoomaker, tanner, nor currier, ſhall bee accepted to bee of the jury.

As they went away with fleas in their ears, beeing thus tanted by Cloth-breeches, wee might ſee where there came a troupe of ancient gentlemen, with their ſervingmen attending upon them. The foremoſt was a great old man, with a white beard, all in ruſſet, and a faire black cloake on his back, and attending uppon him ſome five men; their cognifance, as I remember, was a pecock without a taile: the other two that accompanied him ſeemed meaner then himſelfe, but yet gentlemen of good worſhip: whereupon I went towards them and ſaluted them, and was ſo bould as to queſtion what they were, and of their buſineſſe. The moſt ancienteſt anſwered he was a knight, and thoſe two his neighbours, the one an eſquire, the other a gentleman, and that they have no urgent affaires, but only to walke abroad to take the freſh aire. Then did I ſhew them both Cloth-breeches and Velvet-breeches, and told them the controverſy, and deſired their aide to be upon the jury. They, ſmiling, anſwered they were content; and ſo did Cloth-breeches ſeem to rejoyce that ſuch honeſt antient Engliſh gentlemen ſhould be triers of his title. But Velvet-breeches, ſtorming, ſtept in and made challeng to them all. I demanded the reaſon why he ſhould refuſe gentlemen of ſo good calling, and he made me this anſwere.

Why, you may geſſe the inward minde by the outward apparell, and ſee how he is adicted by the homely robes he is ſuted in. Why, this knight is mortall enimy to pride, and ſo to me: he regardeth hoſpitality and aimeth at honor with releeving the poore: you may ſee, although his

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landes and revenewes be great, and he able to maintain himſelf in great bravery, yet he is content with home ſpun cloth, and ſcorneth the pride that is now adaies uſed amongſt young upſtarts: he holdeth not the worth of his gentry to be and conſiſt in velvet breeches, but valeweth true fame by the report of the common ſort, who praiſe him for his vertue, juſtice, liberality, houſekeeping and almes-deeds. *Vox populi vox Dei:* his tenants and farmers would, if it might bee poſſible, make him immortall with their praiers and praiſes. He raiſeth no rent, racketh no lands, taketh no incombs, impoſeth no mercileſſe fines, envies not an other, buyeth no houſe over his neighbours head, but reſpecteth his country and the commodity thereof as deere as his life. Hee regardeth more to have the needy fed, to have his boord garniſhed with full platters then to famous himſelf with exceſſive furniture in apparel. Since, then, he ſcorneth pride, he muſt of force proclaime himſelfe mine enimy, and therefore he ſhal be none of my jury; and ſuch as himſelfe I geſſe the Squire and the Gentleman, and therefore I challeng them all three.

Why, quoth I, this is ſtrange, that a man ſhould be drawne from a queſt for his goodneſſe: if men of vertue be challenged, whom ſhall we have upon the jury? Your objection helpes not, maiſter Velvet-breeches; for if hee be a man of ſo godly a diſpoſition, he will neither ſpeake for feare or favour: hee will regard neither the riches of the one, nor the plaine poverty of the other. Whereupon, ſith you have made mee trior, I allowe them all three to bee of the jury; and ſo I requeſted them to ſit down till our jury was ful, which they courteouſly did, although Velvet-

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breeches frownd at it. When I, looking for more, ſaw wher ther came a troope of men in apparell ſeeming poore honeſt citizens: in all they were eight. I demaunded of them, what they were, and whether they were going? One of them that ſeemed the welthieſt, who was in a furred jacket, made anſwere, that they were all frends going to the buriall of a neighbour of theirs that yeſternight died; and if it would do him any pleaſure to heare their names, they were not ſo dainty but that they would tell them. And ſo then he began to tell me that by his art he was a Skinner: the ſecond ſaid he was a Joiner, the third was a Sadler, the fourth a Waterman, the fift was a Cutler, the ſixt was a Bellows mender, the ſeaventh a Plaiſterer, and the eight a Printer.

In good time, quoth I; it is commendable when neighbours love ſo well together, but if your ſpeede bee not over much, I much requeſt you to bee of a jury. So I diſcourſed unto them the controverſie betwene Cloth-breeches and Velvet-breeches, and to what iſſue it muſt grow by a verdict: they ſeemed al content, and I turned to the Plaintiſe and Defendant, and aſked if they would make challeng to any of theſe? I ſcorne, qd Velvet-breeches, to make any great objection againſt them, ſith they bee mecanicall men, and I almoſt hold them indifferent; for this I know, they get as much or more by me than by him: the Skinner I uſe for furres, whereas this baſe Cloth-breeches hath ſcarce a gowne faced once in his life: the Sadler for coſtly imbroidered ſaddels; the Joiner for ſeeling my houſe; the Cutler for gilt rapiers; the Waterman I uſe continually, ten times to his once; and ſo likewiſe of the Plaiſterer: for the Bellowesmender, alas! poore ſnake, I knowe him not:

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for the Printer, by our Lady, I thinke I am ſome tenne pounds in his debt for bookes; ſo that for my part, let them all paſſe. And for me too, qd Cloth-breeches; but yet a little to put them in remembrance of their follies, let me have a bout with them all. And firſt to you, maiſter Skinner, to whome I can ſay but only this, that whereas you ſhould only put the backs of ſkinnes into facing, you taw the wombs and ſo deceive the buier: beſides, you have ſome fantaſtike ſkin brought you not worth two pence, with ſome ſtrange ſpots, though it bee of a libbet, you will ſweare it is a moſt pretious ſkin, and came from Muſco, or the fartheſt parts of Calabria. The Sadler he ſtuffes his pannels with ſtraw or hay, and over gaſeth them with haire, and makes the leather of them of morts, or tand ſheeps ſkins. The Joyner, though an honeſt man, yet hee maketh his joynts weake, and putteth in ſap in the morte-ſels, which ſhould be the hart of the tree, and all to make his ſtuffe ſlender. And you, Cutler, you are patron of ruffions and ſwaſh bucklers, and will ſell them a blade that may be thruſt into a buſhell; but if a poore man come that cannot ſkill of it, you ſell him a ſworde or rapier, new overglaſed, and ſwear the blade came either from Turkey or Toledo. Now, maiſter Waterman, you will ſay there is no ſubtility in you, for ther is none ſo ſimple but that knowes your fares, and what is due betweene Greenwich and London, and how you yearne your mony painfully with the ſweat of your browes: al this is true, but let me whiſper one thing in your eare: you will play the good-fellow too much if you be well greaſed in the fiſt; for if a young gentleman and a prety wench come to you and ſay, Waterman, my frend and I meane to go by water and to

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be merry a night or two, I care not which way, nor whether we go, and therefore where thou thinkeſt we may have beſt lodging, thither carry us: then, off goes your cap, and away they go to Brainfoord or ſome other place, and then you ſay, Hoſteſſe, I pray you uſe this gentleman and his wife wel: they are come out of London to take the aire and mean to be merry heere a night or two, and to ſpend their mony frankly, when God wot they are neither man nor wife, nor perhaps of any acquaintance before the match made in ſome bawdy taverne; but you know no ſuch matter, and therefore, Waterman, I pardon you. And for you, Plaiſterer and Bellowſmender, I paſſe you over; and ſo do I the Printer too, only this I muſt needes ſay to him, that ſome of his trade will print lewd bookes, and bawdy pamphlets, but *Auri ſacra fames quid non?* And therefore I am content they ſhal be al of the jury.

I was glad there were ſo many accepted at once, and hoped that now quickly the jury would be ful: looking about me, ſtraight I might ſee one alone come running as faſt as he could. I wondred what he ſhould be that made ſuch haſt, and the Skinner told me he was an honeſt man, and one of their company, by his occupation a Bricklaier. Oh! qd Velvet-breeches, a good honeſt ſimple man: he hath beene long in my worke, building me a ſumpteous houſe. But I challeng him, qd Cloth-breeches, for he is a jugler. How, qd I, can it be? ſee, he goeth very homelie in leather, and hath his ruler in his hand, and his trowel at his ſide, and he ſeemeth not as one that were given to ſuch qualities. Yes, qd Cloth-breeches: he hath this policie: when he maketh a ſtately place, al glorious to the eie, and ful of faire chambers, and goodlie roomes, and about the

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houſe, perhaps, ſome threeſcore chimnies ; yet hee canne ſo cunningly caſt by his art that three of them ſhal not ſmoke in a twelve moneth, and ſo ſpoiles he ſo much good morter and brick. Why, qd I, the fault is not in the workeman but in the houſekeeper; for now a dayes men build for to pleaſe the eie, not to profite the poore: they uſe no roſt but for themſelves and their houſhold, nor no fire but a little court chimny in their own chamber: how can the poore bricklayer then bee blamed, when the niggardnes of the lord or maſter is the cauſe no more chimnies do ſmoke? for would they uſe ancient hoſpitality as their foreſathers did, and value as lightly of pride as their great grandfathers, then ſhould you ſee every chimny in the houſe ſmoke, and prove that the pore artificer had done his part. Why then, qd Cloth-breeches, as you pleaſe: admitte him of the queſt. But what be thoſe, qd Cloth-breeches, that come heere ſo ſoberly? I hope they be honeſt men, for they looke very demure. I will inquire, ſaid I; and with that ſteppinge to them I demaunded their names; and very courtiouſly the one ſaid he was a Brewer, the other a Butcher, the third a Baker, and the fourth a Vitler. Hearing what they were, I was glad, gheſſing, ſith they were ſo honeſt and ſubſtantiall men, that they would helpe to make up the jury ; when Velvet-breeches, with a grim and foure countenance, gave them this challenge. I hold it not neceſſary (quoth hee) that theſe have any thinge to deale in my cauſe, ſith I am at ods with them all, at leaſt in forty pounds a peece: for this ſeaven yeares I have beene indebted unto them for breade, beefe, beere, and other victuals: then, ſith they have credited mee longe, and I have had ſo little care to pay them, I

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doubt now they wil reveng themſelves and paſſe againſt me in the verdict. Nay (quoth I) the rather will they hold on your part, for if they be honeſt wiſe menne (as they ſeeme to bee) they will be carefull of your prefermente, ſeeing the more highely you are advaunced, the more like are they to come by their owne. If, therefore, you can object no other pointes of diſhoneſty againſt them, I ſee no reaſon why they ſhould bee put by. If you doe not (quoth Cloth-breeches) then heare me, and I will prove them unfit to have any dealings here. And, firſt, for the Butcher. I pray you, goodman kil-calſe, what havocke play you with puffing up of meate, and blowing with your pricker as you flea it? have you not your artificiall knaveries to ſet out your meat with prickes, and then ſweare he hath more for mony then ever you bought; to ſell a peece of an olde cow for a chop of a young oxe, to waſh your olde meate that hath hung weltring in the ſhop with new bloud, to truſſe away an olde eaw in ſtead of a young weather; and although you know it is hurtful, and forbidden by the ſtatutes, to flea your hides, ſkines, backs, with cuts and ſlaſhes to the impoveriſhing of the poore ſhoomaker when hee buies it, yet, I pray you, how many ſlaughters do you make in a poore calves ſkin? Oh, Butcher! a long lent be your puniſhment, for you make no conſcience in deceiving the poore.

And you, Maſſe Brewer, that grow to be worth forty thouſand pounds by your ſelling of ſoden water, what ſubtilty have you in making your beare, to ſpare the malt and put in the more of the hop to make your drinke (be barly never ſo cheape) not a whit the ſtronger, and yet never ſell a whit the more meaſure for mony? you can,

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when you have taken all the hart of the malt away, then clap on ſtore of water, tis cheape enough, and maſh out a tunning of ſmale beare, that it ſcoures a mans mawe like Renniſh wine. In your conſcience how many barrels draw you out of a quarter of malt? Fie! I conceale your falſhood, leaſt I ſhould bee too broad in ſetting downe your faults. And for you, goodman Baker, you that love to be ſeene in the open market place upon the pillory, the world cries out of your wickedneſſe: you crave but one deare yeare to make your daughter a gentlewoman: you buy your corne at the beſt hand, and yet wil not be content to make your bread weight by many ounces: you put in yeaſt and ſalt to make it hevie, and yet al your policy cannot make it but fine for the pillory: the poore crie out, the rich find fault, and the Lord Maior and Sherifs, like honorable and worſhipful magiſtrats, every day walke abroad and weigh your bread, and yet al will not ſerve to make you honeſt men; but were extremity uſed, and the ſtatute put in the higheſt degree in practiſe, you would have as few eares on your heads as the Collier. Laſt to you, Tom Tapſter, that tap your ſmale cannes of beere to the poore, and yet fill them half ful of froth; that carde your beere (if you ſee your gueſts begin to be drunke) halfe ſmal and halfe ſtrong: you cannot be content to pinch with your ſmall pots and your oſtry faggots, but have your truggs to drawe men on to villany, and to bring cuſtomers to your houſe, where you ſell a joint of meat for xii pence, that coſt you ſcarce ſix; and if any chance to go on the ſkore, you ſkore him when he is a ſleepe, and ſet up a groat a day more than he hath, to finde you drinking pots with your companions. To be ſhort, thou art a knave, and

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I like not any of the reſt: the way lies before you, and therfore you may be gon, for you ſhal be none of the queſt.

I ſmild to ſee Cloth-breeches ſo peremptory, when I ſawe five ſat fellows all in damaſk cotes and gownes, welted with velvet very brave, and in great conſultation, as if they wer to determine of ſome waighty matter: drawing neere, I ſaw they were welthy citizens; ſo I went and reverently ſaluted them, and told them how we neded their aide about the appeaſing of a controverſie, ſhewinge them where the knight, eſquire and other ſtaied, till we might finde men to fill up the jury: they were contented, but Velvet-breeches excepted againſt fower of them, and ſaid they were none of his friendes; that was the Marchant, Goldſmith, Mercer and Draper. His allegations were theſe; that they were all fethered of one winge, to fetch in young gentlemen by commodities under the colour of lending of mony; for the Marchant delivered the yron, tin, lead, hops, ſugars, ſpices, oiles, browne paper, or whatſoever elſe, from ſixe moneths to ſixe moneths, whiche when the poore gentleman came to ſell againe, hee could not make threeſcore and ten in the hundred beſide the uſury. The Mercer he followeth the upſtart gentleman that hath no government of himſelfe, and he fedeth his humor to go brave: he shall not want ſilkes, ſattins, velvets to pranck abroad in his pompe; but with this proviſion, that he muſt bind over his land in a ſtatute marchant or ſtaple, and ſo at laſt forfeit all unto the mercileſſe Mercer and leave himſelf never a foot of ground in Englande, which is the reaſon that for a few remnauntes of velvets, and ſilkes, the Mercer creepeth into whole lordſhips. The Goldſmith is not behinde, for moſt of them deale with uſury, and let young gentlemen

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have commodities of plate for ten in the hundred, but they muſt looſe the faſhion in ſellinge it againe (which cuts them ſore): beſide they are moſt of them ſkilde in alcumy, and can temper mettales ſhrewdly, with no little profite to themſelves and disadvantage to the buier, beſide puffe rings and quaint conceits which I omit. And ſo for you, Draper: he fetcheth them off for livery cloth, and cloth for ſix moneths and ſix, and yet hath he more knacks in his budget; for hee hath ſo darke a ſhop that no man can well chooſe a peece of cloth, it ſo ſhadows the die and the thred, a man ſhall be deceived in the wool and the nap, they cauſe the clothworker ſo to preſſe them; beſide he impoſeth this charge to the clothworker, that he draw his cloth and pull it paſſing hard when he puts it upon the tenters, that he may have it full bredth and length, till threed and all teare and rent in peeces. What care they for that? have they not a drawer to ſerve their turne to drawe and ſeame up the holes ſo cunningly that it ſhal never be eſpide? My ſelfe have ſeene in one broad cloth eighteene ſcore holes torne, rackt and puld by the clothworker only to pleaſe the draper and deceive the common wealth. To be ſhort, the clothworker, what with rowing and ſetting in a fine nap, with powdering and preſſing it, with ſhering the wool to the prooſe of the threed, deale ſo cunningly that they prove themſelves the Drapers miniſter to execute his ſubtilties: therefore, if he chance to come, let him be remembered.

Now, ſir, for the Vintner: he is an honeſt and ſubſtantial man, a frend of all goodfellows, and truly my frend for my mony, and worthy to be of the jury. Why no, quoth Clothbreeches; I am of another mind, for I hold him as

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deceitful as any of the reſt. What the Vintner! why he is a kind of Negromancer, for at midnight, when al men are in bed, then he, forſooth, fals to his charmes and ſpels, ſo that he tumbles one hogſhead into another, and can make a cup of claret that hath loſt his colour to looke high with a daſh of red wine at his pleaſure. If he hath a ſtrong Gaſcoigne wine, for feare it ſhould make his gueſts to ſoone drunke, he can allay it with ſmall Rochel wine: he can cheriſh up white wine with ſack; and perhaps, if you bid him waſh the pot cleane when hee goes to drawe you a quart of wine, hee will leave a little water in the bottome, and then draw it ful of wine: and what if he do? tis no harme: wine and water is good againſt the heat of the liver. It were infinet to rehearſe the jugling of Vintners, the diſorder of their houſes, eſpecially of the perſons that frequent them; and therefore, ſith Velvet-breeches hath put by the Marchant, Goldſmith, Mercer and Draper, the Vintner ſhal go with them for company.

As theſe were going away in a ſnuff for beeing thus plainly taunted, we might ſee a made merry crue come leaping over the field, as frolickly as if they ought not al the world two pence, and drawing more nearer, we might perceive that either bottle-ale or beere had made a fray with them, for the lifting of their feet ſhewed the lightnes of their heads. The formoſt was a plain country Sir John, or Vicar, that had proclaimed by the rednes of his noſe he did go oftner into the alehouſe then the pulpit; and him I aſked what they were, and whether they were going? What are you, qd the Preſt, that ſtandeth by the high way to examine me and my frends? heeres none in my company but are able to anſwere for themſelves. I, ſeing they

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weere al ſet on a merry pin, told the cauſe, and how the controverſie grew betwixt Cloth-breeches and Velvet-breeches, and that we needed them to bee of the queſt. Marry (quoth Sir John), a good motion: know, theſe al are my pariſhioners, and we have beene drinkinge with a poore man, and ſpending our monye with him, a neighbour of ours that hath loſt a cow. Nowe for our names and trades: this is a Smith, the ſecond a Weaver, the third a Miller, the fourth a Cooke, the fifth a Carpenter, the ſixt a Glover, the ſeaventh a Pedler, the eight a Tinker, the ninth a Waterberer, the tenth a Husbandman, the eleventh a Diar, and the twelfth a Sailor, and I their Vicar: how could you, ſir, have a fitter jury then me and my pariſhioners? You are a little to breefe, qd Cloth-breeches. Are you not ſome puritane, M. Parſon, or ſome fellow that raiſeth up new ſciſmes and hereſies amongſt your people? A plague on them all, quoth I, ſir; for the world was never in quiet, devotion, neighbourhoode, nor hoſpitality never flouriſhed in this land ſince ſuch upſtart boies and ſhittle witted fooles became of the miniſtry. I cannot tel; they preach faith, faith, and ſay doing of almes is papiſtry; but they have taught ſo long *Fides ſolam juſtificat* that they have preached good workes out of our pariſh: a poore man ſhal as ſoone breake his neck as his faſt at a rich mans doore. For, my frend, I am indede none of the beſt ſchollers, yet I can read an Homily every Sunday and holyday, and keepe company with my neighbours, and goe to the ale-houſe with them, and if they be fallen out, ſpende my money to make them friends; and on the Sundaies ſometime, if goodfellowſhip call me away, I ſay both morning and evening praier at once, and ſo let them have a

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whole afternoone to play in. This is my life: I ſpend my living with my pariſhioners; I ſeek to do al good, and I offer no man harm.

Well (qd Clothbreeches), I warrant thou art an honeſt Vicar, and therefore ſtand by; thou ſhalt be one of the gueſt; and for you, Smith, I ſee no great fault in you: you yearne your living by the ſweat of your browes, and ther can be no great knavery in you, only I would have you to amend your life for drinking, ſith you are never at quiet, unles the pot be ſtill at your noſe. But you, Weaver, the proverbe puts you down for a crafty knave: you can filch and ſteale almoſt as il as the Tailor: your wooſe and warpe is ſo cunningly drawne out that you plague the poore country huſwives for their yearne, and dawbe on ſo much drigs that you make it ſeeme both well wrought, and to beare weight, when it is ſlenderly woven, and you have ſtolne a quarter of it from the poore wife. Away! be packing, for you ſhall be caſhierd. What, Miller! ſhake hands with your brother the Weaver for knavery: you can take toll twiſe, and have falſe hoppers to convey away the poore mans meale. Begone: I love not your duſty lookes; and for company, goodman Cooke, goe you with him, for you couſin the poore men and country Tearmers with your filthy meat: you wil buy of the worſt and cheapeſt, when it is bad enough for dogs, and yet ſo pouder it and parboile it, that you will ſell it to ſome honeſt poore men, and that unreaſonable too: if you leave any meate over night, you make a ſhift to heate it againe the next day; nay, if on the Thursday at night there be any left, you make pies of it on Sunday mornings, and almost with your ſlovenly knavery poyſon the

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poore people. To be ſhort, I brook you not, and therefore be walking.

For the Carpenter, Glover, and Waterbearer, the Husbandman, Dier, and Sailor, ſith your trades have but petty ſlights, ſtand you with Maiſter Vicar; you are like to help to give in the verdict: but for the Pedler and the Tinker, they are two notable knaves, both of an haire, and both cozin germaines to the Divel. For the Tinker, why he is a drouſie, baudy, drunken companion, that walks up and down with a trug after him, and in ſtopping one hole, he makes three; and if in convenient place they meet with one alone, perhaps rifle him or her of all that ever they have. A baſe knave, without feare of God, or love to any one but to his whore and himſelfe. The Pedler as bad, or rather worſe, walketh the country with his dockſey at the leaſt, if he have not to mortes dels, and *Autem mortis:* he paſſeth commonly through every paire of ſtockes, either for his drunkennes or his lechery: and, beſide, it is reported, you can lift, or nip a bounge like a *guire Cove*, if you want pence, and that you carry your pack but for a colour to ſhadow your other villanies: well, howſoever you are both knaves, and ſo be jogging.

Well, qd I, I ſuppoſe the jury be almoſt full; I beleeve we want not above three or four perſons: looke you where they come to make up the number, and they ſhould be men of good diſpoſition, for they ſeeme to be al of the country. As ſoone as they came to us I met them, and told them the matter, and they were content. The one ſaid he was a Graſier, the other a Farmer, the other a Shepheard. To them both; what think you of theſe three? qd I. Marry, ſaith Velvet-breeches, two of them are honeſt

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men, but the other is a baſe knave; but tis no matter, ſhuffle him in amongſt the reſt. Nay, by your leave, quoth Cloth-breeches, I will ſhuffle out theſe two, for they are very Cormorants of the country, and devoure the poore people with their monſterous exaction. And firſt I alledge againſt the Graſier, that he forſtalleth paſturs and medow grounds for the ſeeding of his cattell, and wringeth leaſes of them out of poore mens hands: and in his buying of cattell he committeth great uſury; for if it prove a wet yeare, then hee maketh havock and ſelleth deare: if it be a dry yeare, then he buyeth cheape, and yet having paſture keepes them till he may come to his owne priſe. He knoweth as well as the Butcher by the feede of a bullock how much tallow he will yeelde; what his quarters will amount unto; what the Tanner will give for the hide; nay, what the ſowſe wives are able to make of the inwards; ſo that he ſels it ſo deare to the Butcher, that he can ſcarce live of it: and therefore what ſubtilty the Butcher uſeth commeth from the Graſier; ſo that I exempt him from the queſt as a bad member and an ill friend to Cloth-breeches. And for you, Maſſe Farmer, you know how through you covetous Land-lords raiſe their rents; for if a poore man have but a plough land, if you ſee his paſtures beare good graſſe, and his earable ground good corne, and that he proſpereth and goeth forward on it, and provideth and maintaineth his wife and ſervants honeſtly, then *Invidus alterius rebus marceſſit opinis, vicinumque pecus grandius uber habet.* Then ſtraight envy pricks the Farmer forward, and hee bids the Landlord far more than the poore man paies yearely for it; ſo that if he bee a tenant at will, hee puts him out to beg in the ſtreat; or when his

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leaſe comes out, hee over loades him in the fine, and thus bloudſucketh hee the poore for his owne private profite. Beſides, the baſe chuffe, if he ſees a forward yeare, and that corne is likely to be plenty, then he murmureth againſt God, and ſwereth and proteſteth he ſhall be undone, reſpecting more the filling of his owne coffers by a dearth, then the profit of his country by a generall plenty. Beſide, ſir, may it pleaſe you, when new corne comes into the market, who brings it in to relieve the ſtate? Not your maſterſhip, but the poore husbandman that wants pence; for you keepe it till the back end of the yeare; nay, you have your garners which have corne of two or three years old, upon hope ſtill of a deare yeare, rather letting the weaſels eat it, then the poore ſhould have it at any reaſonable price. So that I conclude, you are a Cormorant of the common wealth, and a wretch that lives of the ſpoile of the needy; and ſo I leave you to jet with the Graſier. Marry, for the Shepheard, unleſſe it be that he killeth a Lambe now and then, and ſaies the fox ſtole him, I know little craft in his budget: therefore, let him be amongſt the honeſt men of the jury.

Wel, Clothbreeches, qd I, you are very peremptory in your challenges. What ſay you, heere comes three or foure citizens, will any of theſe ſerve the turne? I cannot tell, qd he, till I know their names and conditions. With that I ſtept afore the company, and enquired what they were? The eldeſt of them, being a grave citizen, ſaid he was a Grocer; the reſt his good and honeſt neighbours, a Chandler, a Haberdaſher, a Clothworker, and two ſtrangers, one a Wallon, the other a Duchman. How like you of theſe? qd I, to Velvet-breeches. Wel enough, qd he, for

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I am little acquainted with them, yet I know they favour me, becauſe I have, on a Sunday, ſeen them all in their ſilkes. I, marry, quoth Cloth-breeches, but they never get that bravery with honeſty: for the Clothworker, his faults were laid open before, when we had the Draper in queſtion, and therefore let him be packing. For you, Chandler, I like not your tricks: you are too converſant with the kitchenſtuffe wives: you, after your week or ſnuffe is ſtiffened, you dip it in filthy droſſe, and after give him a coat of good tallow, which makes the candles drop and waſt away, to the great hinderance of the poore workmen that watcheth in the night. Beſide, you pinch in your waights, and have falſe meaſures, and many other knaveries that I omit; but this be ſure, you ſhal not meddle in my matter: neither the Haberdaſher, for he trims up old felts and makes them very faire to the eie, and faceth and edgeth them neatly, and then he turns them away to ſuch a ſimple man as I am, and ſo abuſeth us with his cooſenage. Beſide, you buy gumd taſata, wherwith you line hats, that will ſtraight aſunder aſſone as it comes to the heat of a mans head. To be breefe, I am not well ſkild in your knaveries; but, indeed, you are too ſubtill for poore Cloth-breeches, and therfore you ſhalbe none of the jury.

Marry, the Grocer ſeemes an honeſt man, and I am content to admit him; only take this as a caveat by the way, that you buy of the garbellers of ſpices the refuſe that they ſift from the marchaunt, and that you mix again and ſell to your cuſtomers. Beſides, in your beaten ſpices, as in peper, you put in bay beries and ſuch dros, and ſo wring the poor; but theſe are all ſlight cauſes, and ſo I overpaſſe them and vouchſafe you to be of the queſt. But I pray

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you, what be thoſe two honeſt men? Quoth the Grocer, the one a Duchman and a Shoomaker, the other a Frenchman and a Milainer in S. Martins, and ſels ſhirts, bands, bracelets, jewels, and ſuch pretie toyes for gentlewomen. Oh! they be of Velvet-breeches acquaintance, upſtarts as well as he, that have brought with them pride and abuſes into England. And firſt of the Millainer: what toies deviſeth he to feed the humor of the upſtart gentleman withall, and of fond gentlewomen; ſuch fans, ſuch ouches, ſuch brooches, ſuch bracelets, ſuch graundcies, ſuch periwigs, ſuch paintings, ſuch ruffes and cuffs, as hath almoſt made England as ful of proud foppries as Tire and Sidon were. There is no ſeamſter can make a band or a ſhirt ſo wel as his wife, and why forſooth? Becauſe the filthy quean weares a traunce, and is a Frenchwoman forſooth; whereas our Engliſhwomen of the Exchange are both better workwomen, and will afford a better penniworth. And ſo for the drunken Dutchman, this ſhoomaker; he and ſuch as he is, abuſeth the commonwealth and the poor mechanicall men and handicrafts men of London; for our new upſtart fooles, of Velvet-breeches fraternity, liketh nothing but that the outlandiſh aſſe maketh: they like no ſhoo ſo well as that the Dutchman maketh, when our Engliſh men paſſe them far; and ſo for chandlers and al other occupations, they are wronged by the Duch and French. And therefore, ſith the commons hates them, they cannot be my friends, and therefore let them be launching to Fluſhing, for they ſhal be no triers of my controverſie. Well, quoth I, now I ſuppoſe the jury is full, and we ſee no more comming: let us cal them, and ſee how many we have. So they appeared to their names as followeth.

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The names of the jury to be empanelled.

1 *Knight*
2 *Eſquire*
3 *Gentleman*
4 *Prieſt*
5 *Printer*
6 *Grocer*
7 *Skinner*
8 *Dier*
9 *Pewterer*
10 *Sadler*
11 *Joyner*
12 *Bricklaier*
13 *Cutler*
14 *Plaiſterer*
15 *Saylor*
16 *Ropemaker*
17 *Smith*
18 *Glover*
19 *Husbandman*
20 *Shepheard*
21 *Waterman*
22 *Waterbearer*
23 *Bellowſmender.*

What! is it not poſſible to have one more to make up the foure and twenty? As I was thus ſpeaking, I eſpied a far off a certain kind of an overworne gentleman, attired in velvet and ſatin, but it was ſomewhat dropped and greaſie, and bootes on his legges whoſe ſoles wexed thin, and ſeemed to complaine of their maiſter, which, treading thriſt under his feet, had brought them into that conſumption: he walked not as other men in the common beaten way, but came compaſſing *circum circa*, as if we had beene Divells, and he would draw a circle about us; and at every third ſtep he looked back, as if he were afraid of a Baily or Sarjant.

After him followed two pert Appleſquires: the one had a murrey cloth gowne on, faced down before with gray conny, and laide thick on the ſleeves with lace, which he quaintly bare up to ſhow his white taffata hoſe, and black-ſilk ſtockings; a huge ruffe about his necke wrapt in his

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great head like a wicker cage, a little hat with brims like the wings of a doublet, wherein he wore a jewell of glaſſe, as broad as a Chancery ſeale: after him followed two boies in cloakes like butterflies, carrying one of them his cutting ſword of choller, the other his dauncing rapier of delight. His Comerade that bare him company was a jolly light timberd Jack a Napes, in a ſute of watchet taffata cut to the ſkin, with a cloake all to bedawbed with colourd lace: both he and my gowned brother ſeemed by their paſe, as if they had ſome ſutes to Mounſieur Boots. At length comming neer, I might decerne the firſt to be a Poet, the ſecond a Plaier, the third a Muſitian, alias the Uſher of a dauncing ſchoole.

Well met, Maiſter Poet, quoth I, and welcome your friends alſo, though not ſo perticularly known: ſo it is, though none of you three be common wealthsmen, yet upon urgent neceſſitie we muſt be forced to imploy you. We have a jury to be empanelled immediately, which one of you three muſt help to make up, even he which approves himſelf the honeſteſt man. They are all honeſt men and goodfellowes, quoth Velvet-breeches: therefore it is no matter whether of them we chooſe.

The doctors doubt of that, quoth Cloth-breeches; for I am of a different opinion. The firſt, whome by his careleſſe ſlovenly gate at firſt ſight I imagined to be a Poet, is a waſte good and an unthrift, that he is born to make the taverns rich, and himſelfe a begger: if he have forty pounds in his purſe together, he puts it not to uſury, neither buies land nor marchandiſe with it, but a moneths commodity of wenches and capons. Ten pound a ſupper! why, 'tis nothing, if his plough goes and his inkhorne be

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cleere. Take one of them worth twenty thouſand pounds and hang him. He is a king of his pleaſure, and counts al other boores and peſants, that though they have mony at command, yet know not like him how to domineere with it to any purpoſe, as they ſhould. But, to ſpeak plainely, I think him an honeſt man, if he would but live within his compaſſe, and generally no mans foe but his own. Therefore I hold him a man fit to be of my jury. Nay, quoth Velvet-breeches, I have more mind to theſe two; for this Poet is a proud fellow, that becauſe he hath a little wit in his budget will contemn and miſlike us that are the common ſort of gentlemen, and thinke we are beholding to him, if he do but beſtow a fair looke upon us. The Plaier and the Uſher of a dauncing ſchoole are plaine, honeſt, humble men, that for a penny or an old caſt ſute of apparell——

Indeed, quoth Clothbreeches, you ſay troth: they are but too humble, for they be ſo lowly that they be baſe minded. I mean not in their lookes or apparell, for ſo they be peacockes and painted aſſes, but in their corſe of life, for they care not how they get crowns, I meane how baſely, ſo they have them; and yet of the two I hold the Plaier to be the better Chriſtian, although in his owne imagination too full of ſelfeliking and ſelfelove, and is unfit to be of the jury, though I hide and conceale his faults and ſopperies in that I have beene merry at his ſports: onely this I muſt ſay, that ſuch a plaine country fellow as my ſelfe they bring in as Clownes and Fooles to laught at in their play, wheras they get by us, and of our almes the proudeſt of them all doth live. Well, to be breefe, let him trot to the ſtage, for he ſhall be none of the jury.

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And for you, maſter Uſher of the dauncing ſchoole, you are a leader into all miſrule: you inſtruct gentlemen to order their feet, when you drive them to miſorder their manners. You are a bad fellow, that ſtand upon your tricks and capers till you make young gentlemen caper without their landes. Why, ſir, to be flat with you, you live by your legs as a jugler by his hands: you are given over to the pumps and vanities of the world; and, to be ſhort, you are a keper of miſrule and a lewd fellow, and you ſhall be none of the queſt.

Why, then, quoth I, you are both agred that the Poet is he that muſt make up the xxiiij. They anſwered both, he and none but he. Then I, calling them all together, bad them lay their hands on the booke; and firſt I cald the knight, and after the reſt as they followed in order: then, I gave them their charge thus:

Worſhipful ſir, with the reſt of the jury, whome we have ſolicited of choice honeſt men, whoſe conſciences will deale uprightly in this controverſie, you and the reſt of your company are heere, upon your oth and othes, to inquire whether Cloth-breeches have done deſſeiſon unto Velvet-breeches, yea or no, in or about London, in putting him out of franke tenement, wronging him of his right, and imbolliſhing his credit: if you finde that Cloth-breeches hath done Velvet-breeches wrong, then let him bee ſet in his former eſtate, and allow him reſonable damages.

Upon this they laied their handes on the booke and were ſworne, and departed to ſcrutine of the matter by inquiry amongſt themſelves, not ſtirring out of our ſight, nor ſtaying long, but ſtraight returned, and the Knight for them all, as the formoſt, ſaid thus: So it is that we have

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with equity and conſcience conſidered of this controverſie betweene Velvet-breeches and Cloth-breeches, as touching the prerogative of them both, which are moſt worthy to bee rightly reſident and have ſeiſon in frank tenement heere in England, and we do finde that Cloth-breeches is by many hundred yeares more antient, ever ſince Brute [was] an inhabitant of this Iland; one that hath beene *in diebus illis* a companion to kings, an equall with the nobility, a friend to gentlemen and yeomen, and patron of the poore, a true ſubject, a good houſekeeper, and generall[y] as honeſt as hee is ancient: whereas Velvet-breeches is an upſtart come out of Italy, begot of Pride, nurſed up by Selfelove, and brought into this country by his companion Nuſangleneſſe: that hee is but of late time, a raiſer of rents and an enemy to the common-wealth, and one that is not any way to be preferred in equity before Cloth-breeches. [Therefore by general verdict we adjudge Cloth-breeches] to have don him no wrong, but that he hath lawfully claimed his title of franke tenement, and in that wee appoint him for ever to bee reſident.

At this verdict, pronounſt by the Knight, all the ſtanders by clapt their hands, and gave a mighty ſhout; whereat I ſtarted and awaked, for I was in a dreame in my bed, and ſo roſe up and writ in a merry vaine what you have heard.

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